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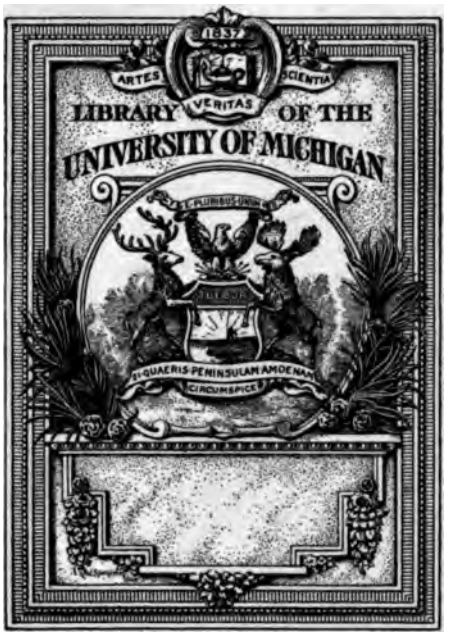
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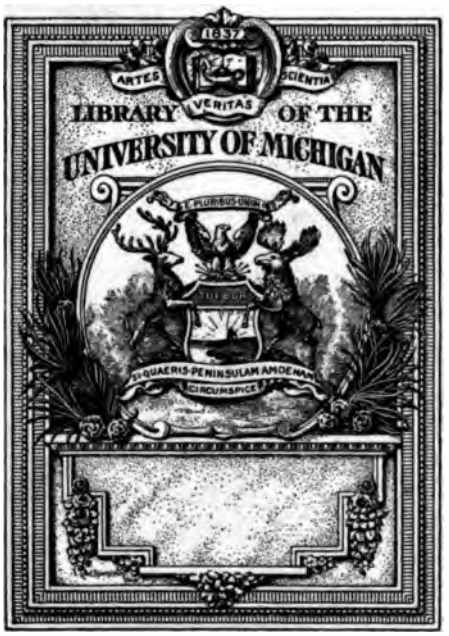
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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

31618

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

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1883

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MEMOIRS

OF

CAPTAIN JOHN CREICHTON.

FROM HIS OWN MATERIALS.

DRAWN UP AND DIGESTED BY

DR. J. SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

MEMOIRS, &c.

THE Printer's Advertisement sufficiently explains the purpose of these Memoirs, which form a most extraordinary picture of the times in which they were written. That a soldier of fortune, like Creichton, bred up, as it were, to the pursuit of the unfortunate fanatics, who were the objects of persecution in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., should have felt no more sympathy for them than the hunter for the game which he destroys, we can conceive perfectly natural: Nor is it to be wondered at that a man of letters, overlooking the cruelty of this booted apostle of prelacy in the wild interest of his narrations, should have listened and registered the exploits which he detailed. But what we must consider as shocking and even disgusting, is the obvious relish with which these acts are handed down to us in Swift's own narrative. The best apology is, that the reporter assumed the tone and spirit of the original hero, and that any trait of remorse, or penitence, would have utterly injured the authenticity of the Memoirs. If, however, the generous and free-born spirit of Swift could regard with complacence the pitiless slaughter of those ignorant and miserable enthusiasts, merely because they were enemies to the hierarchy, it is a striking instance how humanity and liberality may be hoodwinked by prejudices of education, interest, and political faction.

The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton were first printed in duodecimo, without publisher's name or place of publication, in 1731, and bore on the title, to be "written by himself."

THE

PRINTER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN Dr. Swift was at Sir Arthur Acheson's, at Markethill, in the county of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him, as being a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III.; who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government, although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, Dr. Swift made him a handsome present; but said at the same time, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore, I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money, sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." To which Captain Creichton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Then Dr.

Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; that you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." To which the Captain said, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." Then Dr. Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories; and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own." The Captain soon after waited on the Dean with his papers, and related many adventures to him; which the Dean was so kind as to put in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of, entitled, THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREICHTON. A subscription was immediately set on foot, by the Dean's interest and recommendation, which raised for the Captain above two hundred pounds, and made the remaining part of his life very happy and easy.

TO THE READER.

THE author of these Memoirs, Captain John Creichton, is still alive, and resides in the northern parts of this kingdom. He is a very honest and worthy man, but of the old stamp; and it is probable that some of his principles will not relish very well in the present disposition of the world. His Memoirs are therefore to be received like a posthumous work, and as containing facts which very few alive, except himself, can remember; upon which account, none of his generous subscribers are, in the least, answerable for many opinions relating to the public, both in church and state, which he seems to justify; and in the vindication of which, to the hazard of his life, and the loss of his fortune, he spent the most useful part of his days. Principles, as the world goes, are little more than fashion; and the apostle tells us, that "the fashion of this world passeth away." We read with pleasure the memoirs of several authors, whose party we disapprove, if they be written with nature and truth. Curious men are desirous to see what can be said on both sides; and even the virulent flat relation of Ludlow, though written in the spirit of rage, prejudice, and vanity, does not want its advocates. This inclines me to think, that the

Memoirs of Captain Creichton may not be unacceptable to the curious of every party; because, from my knowledge of the man, and the testimony of several considerable persons, of different political denominations, I am confident that he has not inserted one passage or circumstance which he did not know, or, from the best intelligence he could get, believe to be true.

These Memoirs are therefore offered to the world in their native simplicity. And it was not with little difficulty that the author was persuaded by his friends to recollect and put them in order, chiefly for his own justification, and partly by the importunity of several eminent gentlemen, who had a mind that they should turn to some profit to the author.

The Captain having made over all his little estate to a beloved daughter, upon her marriage, on the condition of being entertained in her house for the small remainder of his life, has put it out of his own power either to supply his incidental wants, to pay some long contracted debts, or to gratify his generous nature in being farther useful to his family: on which accounts he desires to return his most humble thanks to his worthy subscribers; and hopes they will consider him no farther than as an honest, well-meaning man, who, by his own personal courage and conduct, was able to distinguish himself, under many disadvantages, to a degree, that few private lives have been attended with so many singular and extraordinary events.

Besides the great simplicity in the style and manner of the author, it is a very valuable circumstance, that his plain relation corrects many mistaken passages in other historians, which have too long passed for truths; and whoever impartially compares both, will probably decide in the Captain's favour:

for the memory of old men is seldom deceived in what passed in their youth and vigour of age: and if he has at any time happened to be mistaken in circumstances of time or place, (with neither of which I can charge him,) it was certainly against his will. Some of his own personal distresses and actions, which he has related, might be almost the subject of a tragedy.*

Upon the whole, comparing great things to small, I know not any Memoirs that more resemble those of Philip de Comines (which have received so universal approbation) than those of Captain Creichton; which are told in a manner equally natural, and with equal appearance of truth, although, I confess, upon affairs in a more obscure scene, and of less importance. J. S.

* It may be in general observed, upon Creichton's Memoirs, that he is borne out by corresponding authorities on most occasions, in which he gives his own personal evidence. In some instances he assumes greater personal importance than we can trace him to have possessed, as where he pretends to have commanded at the skirmish of Airs-moss, which certainly was not the case. In his estimate of numbers in the field he is guilty of gross exaggeration; a fault common in military men of subordinate rank, who have not, and cannot have, any certain means of estimating a force opposed to them, unless it falls within the compass of their eye. He seems to have possessed an ample portion of courage and fidelity to his cause, unqualified by any spark of humanity towards those who were opposed to him.

MEMOIRS

OF

CAPTAIN JOHN CREICHTON.

THE former part of my life having been attended with some passages and events, not very common to men of my private and obscure condition, I have (perhaps induced by the talkativeness of old age) very freely and frequently communicated them to several worthy gentlemen, who were pleased to be my friends, and some of them my benefactors. These persons professed themselves to be so well entertained with my story, that they often wished it could be digested into order, and published to the world; believing that such a treatise, by the variety of incidents, written in a plain unaffected style, might be, at least, some amusement to indifferent readers; of some example to those who desire strictly to adhere to their duty and principles; and might serve to vindicate my reputation in Scotland, where I am well known; that kingdom having been

the chief scene of my acting, and where I have been represented, by a fanatic rebellious party, as a persecutor of the saints, and a man of blood.

Having lost the benefit of a thorough school education, by a most indiscreet marriage in all worldly views, although to a very good woman; and in consequence thereof, being forced to seek my fortune in Scotland as a soldier, where I forgot all the little I had learned, the reader cannot reasonably expect to be much pleased with my style, or methods or manner of relating; it is enough, if I never wilfully fail in point of truth, nor offend by malice or partiality. My memory, I thank God, is yet very perfect as to things long past; although, like an old man, I retain but little of what has happened since I grew into years.

I am likewise very sensible of an infirmity in many authors, who write their own memoirs, and are apt to lay too much weight upon trifles: which they are vain enough to conceive the world to be as much concerned in as themselves; yet I remember that Plutarch, in his lives of great men, (which I have read in the English translation,) says, that the nature and disposition of a man's mind may be often better discovered by a small circumstance, than by an action or event of the greatest importance. And besides, it is not improbable that gray hairs may have brought upon me a vanity, to desire that posterity may know what manner of man I was.

I lie under another disadvantage, and indeed a very great one, from the wonderful change of opinions, since I first made any appearance in the world. I was bred under the principles of the strictest loyalty to my prince, and in an exact conformity in discipline, as well as doctrine, to the Church of England; which are neither altered nor

shaken to this very day; and I am now too old to mend. However, my different sentiments, since my last troubles after the Revolution, have never had the least influence either upon my actions or discourse. I have submitted myself with entire resignation, according to St. Paul's precept, "to the powers that be." I converse equally with all parties, and am equally favoured by all; and God knows, it is now of little consequence what my opinions are, under such a weight of age and infirmities, with a very scanty subsistence, which, instead of comforting, will hardly support me.

But there is another point, which requires a better apology than I am able to give: a judicious reader will be apt to censure me (and I confess with reason enough) as guilty of a very foolish superstition in relating my dreams, and how I was guided by them with success, in discovering one or two principal Covenanters. I shall not easily allow myself to be, either by nature or education, more superstitious than other men: but I take the truth to be this: being then full of zeal against those enthusiastical rebels, and better informed of their lurking holes than most officers in the army, this made so strong an impression on my mind, that it affected my dreams, when I was directed to the most probable places, almost as well as if I had been awake, being guided in the night by the same conjectures I had made in the day. There could possibly be no more in the matter; and God forbid I should pretend to a spirit of divination, which would make me resemble those very hypocritical saints, whom it was both my duty and inclination to bring to justice, for their many horrid blasphemies against God, rebellions against their prince, and barbarities toward their countrymen and fellow Christians.

My great-grandfather, Alexander Creichton, of

the House of Dumfries, in Scotland, in a feud* between the Maxwells and the Johnstons, (the chief of the Johnstons being the Lord Johnston, ancestor of the present Marquis of Annandale,) siding with the latter, and having killed some of the former, was forced to fly into Ireland, where he settled near Kinard, then a woody country, and now called Calidon: but within a year or two, some friends and relations of those Maxwells, who had been killed in the feud, coming over to Ireland to pursue their revenge, lay in wait for my great-grandfather in the wood, and shot him dead, as he was going to church. This accident happened about the time that James the Sixth of Scotland came to the crown of England.

Alexander, my great-grandfather, left two sons, and as many daughters; his eldest son, John, lived till a year or two after the rebellion in 1641. His house was the first in Ulster set upon by the Irish, who took and imprisoned him at Dungannon; but fortunately making his escape, he went to Sir Robert Stuart, who was then in arms for the King, and died in the service.

This John, who was my grandfather, left two sons, Alexander, my father, and a younger son, likewise named John; who, being a child but two or three years old at his father's death, was invited to Scotland by the Lady Dumfries, there educated by her, and sent to sea: he made several voyages to and from Barbadoes, then settled in Scotland, where he died sometime after the Restoration, leaving, beside a daughter, one son; who, at my charges, was bred up a physician, and proved so famous in his profession, that he was sent by her

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* In this feud, one Laird of Johnston was assassinated, and one Lord Maxwell killed in battle. Another Lord Maxwell was executed for the death of the murdered Laird of Johnston.

late Majesty, Queen Anne, to cure the King of Portugal of the venereal disease. He had a thousand pounds paid him in hand, before he began his journey; but when he arrived at Lisbon, the Portuguese council and physicians dissuaded that king from trusting his person with a foreigner. However, his Majesty of Portugal shewed him several marks of his esteem, and, at parting, presented him with a very rich jewel, which he sold afterwards for five hundred guineas. He staid there not above six weeks; during which time, he got considerable practice. After living many years in London, where he grew very rich, he died November 1726, and, as it is believed, without making a will; which is very probable, because, although he had no children, he left me no legacy, who was his cousin-german, and had been his greatest benefactor by the care and expense of his education. Upon this matter, I must add one circumstance more, how little significant soever it may be to others. Mr. Archdeacon Maurice being at London, in order to his journey to France, on account of his health, went to visit the doctor, and put him in mind of me, urging the obligations I had laid upon him. The doctor agreed to send me whatever sum of money the archdeacon should think reasonable, and deliver it to him on his return from his travels; but unfortunately the doctor died two or three days before the archdeacon came back.

Alexander, my father, was about eighteen years old in 1641. The Irish rebellion then breaking out, he went to Captain Gerard Irvin, his relation, who was then captain of horse, and afterward knighted by King Charles the Second. This gentleman, having a party for the King, soon after joined with Sir Robert Stuart, in the county of Donegal; where, in the course of those troubles,

they continued skirmishing, sometimes with the Irish rebels, and sometimes with those of the English Parliament, after the rebellion in England began; till at length Captain Irvin and one Mr. Stuart were taken prisoners, and put in a gaol in Derry; which city was kept for the Parliament against the King by Sir Charles Coote. Here my father performed a very memorable and gallant action, in rescuing his relation, Captain Irvin, and Mr. Stuart. I will relate this fact in all its particulars, not only because it will do some honour to my father's memory, but likewise because, for its boldness and success, it seems to me very well to deserve recording.

My father having received information, that Sir Charles Coote, Governor of Derry, had publicly declared, that Captain Irvin and his companion should be put to death within two or three days, communicated this intelligence to seven trusty friends; who all engaged to assist him, with the hazard of their lives, in delivering the two gentlemen from the danger that threatened them.—They all agreed that my father, and three more, at the hour of six in the morning, when the west gate stood open, and the drawbridge was let down for the govenor's horses to go out to water, should ride in, one by one, after a manner as if they belonged to the town, and there conceal themselves in a friend's house till night; at which time my father was to acquaint Captain Irvin and his fellow-prisoner with their design, which was to this purpose: That, after concerting measures at the prison, my father should repair to a certain place on the city walls, and give instructions to the four without, at twelve at night: accordingly, next morning, as soon as the gate was open, my father, with his three comrades, got into the town, and the

same night having settled matters with the two gentlemen, that they should be ready at six next morning, at which hour he and his three friends should call upon them; he then went to the wall, and directed the four, who were without, that as soon as they should see the gate open, and the bridge drawn, one of them should walk up to the sentry, and secure him from making any noise, by holding a pistol to his breast; after which, the other three should ride up, and secure the room where the by-guard lay, to prevent them from coming out: most of the garrison were in their beds, which encouraged my father and his friends, and much facilitated the enterprize: therefore, precisely at six o'clock, when the by-guard and sentry at the western gate were secured by the four without, my father and the other three within being mounted on horseback, with one spare horse, and in the habit of town's people, with cudgels in their hands, called at the gaol-door, on pretence to speak to Captain Irvin, and Mr. Stuart. They were both walking in a large room in the gaol, with the gaoler, and three soldiers attending them; but these not suspecting the persons on horseback before the door, whom they took to be inhabitants of the town, my father asked Captain Irvin, whether he had any commands to a certain place, where he pretended to be going; the captain made some answer, but said they should not go before they had drank with him; then giving a piece of money to one of the soldiers, to buy a bottle of sack at a tavern a good way off, and pretending likewise some errand for another soldier, sent him also out of the way. There being now none left to guard the prisoners but the gaoler, and the third soldier, Captain Irvin leaped over the hatch door, and as the gaoler leaped after, my father knocked him down with his cudgel. While this

was doing, Mr. Stuart tripped up the soldier's heels, and immediately leaped over the hatch. They both mounted, Stuart on the horse behind my father, and Irvin on the spare one, and in a few minutes came up with their companions at the gate, before the main guard could arrive, although it were kept within twenty yards of the gaol door.

I should have observed, that as soon as Captain Irvin and his friend got over the hatch, my father and his comrades put a couple of broadswords into their hands, which they had concealed under their cloaks, and at the same time drawing their own, were all six determined to force their way against any who offered to obstruct them in their passage; but the dispatch was so sudden, that they got clear out of the gate, before the least opposition could be made. They were no sooner gone, than the town was alarmed; Coote, the governor, got out of his bed, and ran into the streets in his shirt, to know what the hubbub meant, and was in a great rage at the accident. The adventurers met the governor's groom, coming back with his master's horses from watering; they seized the horses, and got safe to Sir Robert Stuart's, about four miles off, without losing one drop of blood in this hazardous enterprize.

This gallant person (if I may so presume to call my father) had above twenty children by his wife Anne Maxwell, of the family of the Earl of Nithsdale, of whom I was the eldest; they all died young, except myself, three other boys, and two girls; who lived to be men and women. My second brother I took care to have educated at Glasgow, but he was drowned at two-and-twenty years old, in a storm, on his return to Ireland. The other two died captains abroad, in the service of King William.

I was born on the eighth day of May, 1648, at Castle-Fin, in the county of Donegal. I made some

small progress in learning at the school of Dungannon; but when I was eighteen years old, I very inconsiderately married Mrs. Elizabeth Delgarno, my schoolmaster's daughter, by whom I have had thirteen children, who all died young, except two daughters, married to two brothers, James and Charles Young, of the county of Tyrone.

Having been so very young when I married, I could think of no other course to advance my fortune, than by getting into the army. Captain Irvin, often mentioned already, had a brother who was a physician at Edinburgh, to whom he wrote in my favour, desiring he would recommend me to the Marquis of Atholl and others, then at the head of affairs in Scotland; this was in the year 1674. There were then but one troop of horse-guards (whereof the marquis was colonel) and one regiment of foot-guards, commanded by the Earl of Linlithgow, in that kingdom; and they consisted chiefly of gentlemen.

Dr. Irvin, physician to the horse-guards,* accordingly presented me to the Marquis of Atholl, requesting that I might be received into his troop. His

* This Dr. Irvin seems to have been the same who served as a military physician in the army of Monck, before the Restoration, and who dedicated to that general, a very whimsical little volume upon cures by sympathy, entitled, "Medicina Magnetica; or, the rare and wonderful Art of Curing by Sympathy, laid open in Aphorisms, proved in Conclusions, and digested into an easy Method drawn from both. Wherein the Connection of the Causes and Effects of these strange Operations are more fully discussed than heretofore. All clear and confirmed by pithy Reasons, true Experiments, and pleasant Relations. Preserved and published as a Masterpiece in this Skill. By C. de Iryngio, Chirurgo-Medicino in the Army. *Nullum Numen Abest.* Printed in the year 1656. Dedicated to the Right Honourable General George Monck, Commander in chief of all the Forces in Scotland, and one of his Highness's Council for the Government of that Nation. C. Irvin. Dated Edinburgh, June 3, 1656."

lordship pretending there was no vacancy, was by the doctor threatened, in a free jesting manner, with a dose of poison, instead of physic, the first time he should want his skill; "Weel, weel, then," quoth the marquis, "what is your friend's name?"—"Deel tak' me," answered the doctor, "gin I ken;" whereupon I was called in to write my name in the roll. I was then ordered to repair to the troop at Stirling, with directions to Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn, the commanding officer, to put me into which of the four squadrons, whereof the troop consisted, he thought fit. He thereupon placed me in his own, and appointed me my quarters.

Soon after this, the conventicles growing numerous in the west, several parties were drawn out to suppress them; among whom I never failed to make one, in hopes thereby to be taken notice of by my commanders; for I had nothing to recommend me, except my activity, diligence, and courage, being a stranger, and born out of that kingdom.

My first action, after having been taken into the Guards, was, with a dozen gentlemen more, to go in quest of Mas David Williamson, a noted covenanter; since made more famous in the book, called the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence. I had been assured that this Williamson did much frequent the house of my lady Cherrytree, within ten miles of Edinburgh; but when I arrived first with my party about the house, the lady well knowing our errand, put Williamson to bed to her daughter, disguised in a woman's night-dress. When the troopers went to search in the young lady's room, her mother pretended that she was not well: and Williamson so managed the matter, than when the daughter raised herself a little in the bed, to let the troopers see her, they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young lady proved with child;

and Williamson, to take off the scandal, married her in some time after.* This Williamson married five or six wives successively, and was alive in the reign of Queen Anne; at which time, I saw him, preaching in one of the kirks at Edinburgh. It is said that King Charles the Second, hearing of Williamson's behaviour in Lady Cherrytree's house, wished to see the man that discovered so much vigour while his troopers were in search of him: and in a merry way, declared, that when he was in the royal oak, he could not have kissed the bonniest lass in Christendom.

Some time after this, Thomas Dalziel, general of the forces in Scotland, an excellent soldier, who had been taken prisoner at the famous battle of Worcester and sent prisoner to the Tower, escaped from thence into Muscovy, was made general to the czar: and returning home, after the Restoration, was preferred, by the king, to be general of the forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, which happened a little before the Revolution. This general commanded fifty of the foot-guards, with an ensign, to accompany me, and to follow my directions, in the pursuit of a notorious rebel, one Adam Stobow, a farmer in Fife, near Culross. This fellow had gone through the west, endeavouring to stir up sedition in the people, by his great skill in canting and praying. There had been several parties sent out after him, before I and my men undertook the business; but they could never discover him. We reached Culross at night, where I directed the ensign and all the men to secure three or four rebels, who were in the place, while I, with two or three of the soldiers to assist me, went to Stobow's house, about a mile and a half from Culross, by break of

* This adventure gave rise to the old Scotch song of Dainty Davie, the words of which are rather more facetious than delicate.

day, for fear some of his friends might give him notice. Before I got to the house, I observed a kiln in the way, which I ordered to be searched, because I found there a heap of straw in the passage, up to the kiln pot. There I found Stobow lurking, and carried him to Culross, although his daughter offered me a hundred dollars to let him go. We returned immediately to the general at Edinburgh, with Stobow and the prisoners taken by the ensign at Culross. They continued a while in confinement, but Stobow, at his trial, found friends enough to save his life, and was only banished;* yet he returned home a year after, and proved as troublesome and seditious as ever, till, at the fight of Bothwell Bridge, it was thought he was killed, for he was never heard of afterward.

During the time I was in the Guards, about two years after the affair of Mas David Williamson, at the Lady Cherrytree's, I was quartered with a party at Bathgate, which is a small village, twelve miles from Edinburgh. One Sunday morning, by break of day, I and my comrade, a gallant Highland gentleman, of the name of Grant, went out disguised in great coats and bonnets, in search after some conventicle. We travelled on foot, eight or ten miles into the wild mountains, where we spied three fellows on the top of a hill, whom we conjectured to stand there as spies, to give intelligence to a conventicle, when any of the King's troopers should happen to come that way. There they stood, with long poles in their hands, till I and my friend came pretty near,

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* It appears from the records of the Privy Council that on the 22d February, 1677, Adam Stobie of Luscar was fined 3000 marks for keeping conventicles, withdrawing from public ordinances, reset and converse with intercommuned persons, and was ordered for transportation after payment of the fine.

and then they turned to go down the hill: when we observed this, we took a little compass, and came up with them on the other side; whereupon they stood still, leaning on their poles. Then I bounced forward upon one of them, and suddenly snatched the pole out of his hand, asked him why he carried such a pole on the Lord's day, and at the same time knocked him down with it. My comrade immediately seized on the second, and laid him flat by a gripe of his hair; but the third took to his heels, and ran down the hill. However, having left my friend to guard the two former, I overtook the last, and felled him likewise: but the place being steep, the violence with which I ran carried me a good way down the hill, before I could recover myself after the stroke I had given him; and by the time I could get up again to the place where he lay, the rogue had got on his feet, and was fumbling for a side pistol, that hung at his belt, under his upper coat; which as soon as I observed, I fetched him to the ground a second time with the pole, and seized on his pistol; then leading him up to the other two, I desired my friend to examine their pockets, and see whether they carried any powder or ball; but we found none.

We then led our prisoners down the hill, at the foot of which there was a bog, and on the other side a man sitting on a rock; when we advanced near him, leaving our prisoners in the keeping of my friend, I ran up toward the man, who fled down on the other side. As soon as I had reached the top of the rock, there appeared a great number of people assembled in a glen, to hear the preaching of Mas John King, as I understood afterward; whose voice was so loud, that it reached the ears of those who were at the greatest distance, which could not, I think, be less than a quarter of a mile; they all standing before him, and the wind favouring the

strength of his lungs. When my friend had brought the three prisoners to the top of the rock, where I waited for him, they all broke loose, and ran down to the conventicle: but my friend advancing within about forty yards of that rabble, commanded them in his Majesty's name to depart to their own homes. Whereupon about forty of their number, with poles in their hands, drew out from the rest, and advanced against us two, who had the courage, or rather the temerity, to face so great a company, which could not be fewer than a thousand. As this party of theirs was preparing with their long poles to attack me and my friend, it happened very luckily, that a fine gelding, saddled and bridled, with a pillion likewise upon him, came up near us in search of better grass; I caught the horse, and immediately mounted him, which the rest of the conventiclers observing, they broke up, and followed as fast as they could, some on horseback, and the rest on foot, to prevent me from going off with the horse; but I put him to the gallop, and suffering him to choose his own way through the mountain, which was full of bogs and hags, got out of reach. My friend kept up with me as long as he could, but having run a mile through such difficult places, he was quite spent, and the conventiclers hard at his heels; whereupon he called to me for assistance, and I alighting put him upon the horse, bidding him to make the best of his way to the Laird of Poddishaw's, about two miles off. By this time we saw twelve covenanters on horseback, who advanced toward us by a shorter cut, and blocked up a gap, through which we were of necessity to pass. I undertook to clear the gap for my friend, and running towards the rogues, with my broadsword and pistol, soon forced them to open to the right and left: my comrade got through, and was pursued a good way: but he so laid about him,

with his broadsword, that the pursuers, being unarmed, durst not seize him. In the meantime, I, who was left on foot, kept the covenanters, who followed me, at a proper distance; but they pelted me with clods, which I sometimes returned, till at last, after chasing me above a mile, they saw a party of troopers in red, passing by, at some distance; and they gave over their pursuit.

The troopers observing my friend galloping and pursued, imagined he was some fanatic preacher, till they came to an old woman on a hill, whom my friend had desired to deny his being gone that way; upon which they went off to their quarters, and he got safe to Poddishaw's, whither I soon after arrived. The Laird of Poddishaw had been that day at church; from whence returning with the Laird of Pocammock,* who lived about a mile off, they both wondered how the horse got thither: for Pocammock was the owner of the horse, and his lady had rode on it that day to the conventicle, without her husband's knowledge, having been seduced thither by some fanatic neighbours, for she had never been at their meetings before. My friend and I acquainted the two lairds of the whole adventure of that day: and after dinner, Pocammock requested us to let him have the horse home, thereby to stifle any reflection

* Thomas Baillie, Esquire of Polkemmet, great-grandfather of the late Honourable William Baillie, a Judge of the Court of Session, by the title of Lord Polkemmet. It would appear that his lordship's ancestor was secretly inclined to the Presbyterian religion, for there is in the family a letter from Bishop Honeyman, then Episcopal minister at Livingstone, remonstrating with Mr. Baillie on not sending his infant to be christened, after the Episcopal form. He did not, however, suffer either his wife's or his own predilection to the covenanting clergy to bring him into any serious persecution; for he retained the offices of a Justice of the Peace and Collector of Supply, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

his lady might bring upon him, or herself, by going to a conventicle; he likewise invited us to dine next day at his house, where the horse should again be delivered to me, as justly forfeited by the folly of his wife. We went accordingly with the Laird of Poddishaw, and dined at Pocammock's: where the horse was ordered to be led out into the court, in the same accoutrements as I found him the day before; but observing the lady in tears, I told her, that if she would give me her promise never to go to a conventicle again, I would bestow her the horse, and conceal what had passed; she readily complied, and so the matter was made up. However, the laird her husband assured me that no horse in Scotland should be better paid for; and being a leading man in the country, and his lady discovering the names of those who had been at the conventicle, he sent for them, and persuaded them, as they valued their quiet, to make up a purse for me and my friend, which they accordingly did; and we both lived plentifully a twelvemonth after, on the price of that horse.

This adventure making much noise at Edinburgh, was the occasion of my being sent for up thither by the Marquis of Atholl, my Colonel, who, in a very friendly manner, expostulated with me upon my rashness; as indeed he had too much reason to do; neither was I able to say anything in my own justification. However, since what I had done discovered my loyalty for my prince, my zeal for the church, and my detestation of all rebellious principles, his lordship ever after gave me many marks of his favour and friendship.

Accordingly, these services gave me so much credit with the general, that he promised to apply to the government in my favour, for some preferment in the army, upon the first opportunity, which hap-

pened about a year afterward. For the seditious humours in the west still increasing, it was thought proper that three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, should be raised to suppress the rebels. Whereupon Mr. Francis Stuart, grandson to the Earl of Bothwell,* a private gentlemen in the horse-guards like myself, and my intimate acquaintance, was sent for in haste by the general; because the council of Scotland was then writing to the king, that his majesty would please to grant commissions to those persons whose names were to be sent up to London that very night. Mr. Stuart gave me notice of this; whereupon, although I was not sent for, I resolved to go up with him to Edinburgh, and solicit for myself. When I arrived there and attended the general, his first question was, in a humorous manner, "Wha the deel sent for you up?" I answered, that I hoped his excellency would now make good his promise of preferring me, since so fair an opportunity offered at present. On this occasion the general stood my firm friend; and, although the sons and brothers of lords and baronets, and others persons of quality, solicited to be made lieu-

* Francis Stuart, the last Earl of Bothwell, after exciting various insurrections during the reign of James VI., was declared a traitor, and his estate forfeited in 1591. His extensive and valuable estates were chiefly bestowed upon the Earls of Roxburgh and Buccleuch. In 1630, Charles I., having compassion upon the wretched state of Francis Stuart, eldest son of the forfeited Earl, appointed him by a decreet arbitral to be provided in one third part of his father's estates. But the grantees, who were in the possession of the property, contrived to evade complying with the king's mandate, and at length Stuart was obliged to release his claim for a very trifling consideration in money. Charles Stuart, son of this Francis Stuart, was served heir to his father, 21st April, 1647, as appears from a copy of the return in the Editor's possession. The Francis Stuart of the text was probably the son of Charles; in which case, he was not the grandson, but the great-grandson, of the Earl of Bothwell.

tenants and cornets in these new-raised troops, yet the general, in regard to my services, prevailed with the council that I might be appointed lieutenant to Mr. Stuart, who was then made captain of dragoons.

Soon after this, the Archbishop of St. Andrews was murdered by the Laird of Hackston and Balfour, assisted by four poor weavers.* Hackston, before this horrid action, was reputed an honest and gallant man; but his friendship for his brother-in-law, Balfour, drew him in to commit this inhuman murder.† Balfour, who had been the archbishop's chamberlain, (for so in Scotland we call a great man's steward,) whether by negligence or dishonesty, was short in his payments to his lord; and the fear of being called to an account was a principal motive to assassinate his master: however, he pretended likewise a great zeal to the kirk, whereof he looked upon the archbishop as the greatest oppressor. It is certain, that the lower people mortally hated the archbishop, on pretence that his grace had deserted their communion; and the weavers who were accomplices of Balfour believed they did God service in destroying an enemy of the kirk; and accordingly all the murderers were esteemed and styled saints by that rebellious faction.

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* "One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body: upon this, they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead."—BURNET'S *History*, vol. II. 8vo, p. 102.

† Hackston of Rathillet, called by mistake the Laird of Hackston, refused to command the party during the enterprize; but when the archbishop, on his knees, crawled towards him to beseech his mercy, he only answered, he would himself lay no hands upon him; and, satisfying himself with this evasion, calmly witnessed all the circumstances of his murder. See the detail in WODROW'S *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. II.

After the murder of the archbishop, several parties in the west took up arms, under the leading of Robert Hamilton, second son to Sir William Hamilton of Preston, the unworthy son of a most worthy father; whereupon the council met, and sent for Graham, then Laird of Clavers, afterward created Viscount Dundee by King James VII. This noble person was at that time captain of one of those independent troops of horse which, as I have already mentioned, were raised before the murder of the archbishop. The council therefore ordered him to march with a detachment of one hundred and twenty dragoons, and a lieutenant, with his own troop, in pursuit of the rebels. Clavers was obliged not to open his commission until he came in sight of them. In his march he took Mas John King, one of their principal preachers. Clavers carried King along, until he came in sight of the enemy at Drumclog, eight miles from Hamilton. There the preacher was guarded by a dragoon sentry, at a little cabin on the top of the hill, while Clavers, opening his commission, found himself, compelled to fight the rebels, let their number be ever so great, with those hundred and twenty dragoons.

But, before I proceed to tell the issue of this affair, I must digress a little upon the subject of Mas John King, abovementioned. When I was in the Guards, some time after I had missed Williamson at Lady Cherrytree's house, the government, hearing that this John King was beginning to hold his conventicles not far from Stirling, where the troop of horse then lay, ordered the commanding officer there to send a party out to take him, and bring him up to the council. I was pitched upon, with a small detachment, to perform this service. I went to my Lord Cardrosse's house, to whose lady King was chaplain; there I took him, and delivered him to the council.

This preacher had gotten the lady's woman with child, about four or five months before, and, it is supposed, had promised her marriage, provided the lady would stand his friend in his present distress; whereupon she was so far his friend, as to get him bailed, on her engaging he should hold no more conventicles: * however, he went to the hills, and there preached the people to arms; and in several towns, as Kirkcudbright, Lanark, and Sanquehar in particular, in company with Cameron, set up declarations on the market crosses against the king, whom he excommunicated, with all his adherents. Thus he continued, till Clavers took him at Drumclog, as is abovementioned, where he got off again, until I took him a third time, after the battle of Bothwell-bridge, which shall be related in its proper place.

The rebels at Drumclog were eight or nine thousand strong; † their leader, as I have said before, was Robert Hamilton, second brother to the loyal house of Preston, but a profligate, who had spent all his patrimony. There was likewise among them the Lairds of Knockgray and Fruah, with many other gentlemen of fortune, whose names I have forgot. Clavers's men, with the addition of some few that came in to him, did not exceed one hundred and eighty; yet, pursuant to his orders, he was forced to fight the enemy; but, being so vastly outnumbered, was soon defeated, with the loss of Cornet Robert Graham, and about eight or ten private troopers. ‡ The rebels, finding the cornet's

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* He was held to bail for 5000 merks.

† This is a gross exaggeration. They did not exceed five or six hundred, very ill armed, but strongly posted upon boggy ground, inaccessible to Claverhouse's cavalry.

‡ The following is an account of the skirmish, from a Cameronian publication of the period:—"Mr. Hamilton was called to the chief command, and, under him, David Hackston

body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name Graham was wrought in the shirt neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity, cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.

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of Rathillet, Henry Hall of Haughhead, John Balfour of Kinloch, Robert Fleeming, William Cleland, John Brown. Mr. Hamilton gave out the word, that no quarters should be given to the enemy; and then, with courage and zeal, they marched forward till they met with Claverhouse and his bloody company, near Drumclog, in the parish of Evandale, about a mile east from Loudoun-hill. The enemy fired first on them, which they bravely withstood, and fired back on them with much gallantry; and after a short, but very warm engagement with the enemy, while the enemy were drawing near to them, (a stank being betwixt them,) John Balfour, with some horse, and William Cleland, with some foot, and after them the rest, most resolutely brake through that passage, with courage and valour, upon the enemy; and, by the good hand of God upon them, they did instantly defeat, and put Claverhouse and his bloody crew to flight. They killed about thirty-six or forty of them, wounded others, shot Claverhouse's horse under him, and he narrowly escaped. They relieved Mr. King, and the rest of the prisoners, whom Claverhouse had commanded the guard to shoot, if he lost; but they were so hotly handled at this time, that the guard got another thing to mind than to put this part of their orders in execution. They pursued the enemy about two miles, who, in great terror, fled back to Glasgow. Mr. Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with and pursuit of the enemy: others flew too greedily upon their spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go. This greatly grieved Mr. Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after that the Lord had delivered them to their hands, that they might dash them against the stones, Psalm cxxxiii. 9. In his own account of this, he reckons the sparing of these enemies, and letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and says, that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to the Lord's enemies."—WILSON'S *Relation of the Persecuted Presbyterians in Scotland.* Reprinted, Glasgow, 1797–8, p. 8.

Clavers, in his flight towards Hamilton and Glasgow, rode a horse that trailed his guts for two miles, from the place where the engagement happened; but overtaking his groom with some led horses, he mounted one of them, and with the remains of his small army escaped to Glasgow. The rebels, pursuing as far as Hamilton, advanced that evening within a mile of Glasgow, where they encamped all night. As Clavers was marching after his men up the hill, where he had left Mas John King under the guard of a dragoon, (who ran off with the first that fled,) King, in a sneering way, desired him to stay, and take his prisoner with him.*

The rebels being thus encamped within a mile of Glasgow, Clavers commanded his men in the town to stand to their arms all night; and having barricadoed the four streets, to prevent the rebels' horse from breaking in, ordered me, at sunrise, to march with six dragoons, and discover which way the rebels intended to come into the town. I must here observe, that I, with Captain Stuart's troop of dragoons, and a battalion of the foot guards, remained at Glasgow, while Clavers marched to Drumclog, where he was defeated. But to return; I followed the directions which were given me, and having discovered the enemy from a little eminence, I was ordered by Clavers, who came to me there, to watch at a small house, where the way divided, and see which of the roads they would take, or whether they separated, and each party took a different way. I stayed until I saw them take two different roads; some by that from whence I came from the town, which was over the Gallowgate Bridge, and the rest by the High Church and College, which was more than twice as far as the first party had to come, and

* Or, as another account says, "To stay the afternoon sermon."

consequently could not both meet at the same time within the town. This was a great advantage to Clavers, and his little army. That party of the rebels which took the Gallowgate Bridge road, followed me close to the heels, as I returned to inform Clavers what course they took.

The broad street was immediately full of them, but advancing toward the barricade, before their fellows, who followed the other road, could arrive to their assistance, were valiantly received by Clavers and his men, who, firing on them at once, and jumping over the carts and cars that composed the barricade, chased them out of the town; but were quickly forced to return, and receive the other party, which, by that time, was marching down by the High Church and College; but when they came within pistol shot, were likewise fired upon, and driven out of the town. In this action many of the rebels fell; but the king's party lost not so much as one man.

The townsmen being too well affected to the rebels, concealed many of them in their houses; the rest, who escaped, met and drew up in a field behind the High Church, where they stayed until five in the afternoon, it being in the month of May, and from thence marched in a body to the same place where they were in the morning, about a mile off the town. Clavers and his men expecting they would make a second attack, and discovering by his spies whither they were gone, marched after them; but, upon sight of our forces, the rebels retired with a strong rear-guard of horse to Hamilton; whereupon Clavers returned, and quartered that night in Glasgow.

Next morning, the government sent orders to Clavers to leave Glasgow, and march to Stirling, eighteen miles farther; and three days after he was commanded to bring up his party to Edinburgh.

As soon as he quitted Glasgow, the rebels returned, and having stayed in that town eight or ten days, encamped on Hamilton Moor, within a mile of Bothwell Bridge, where it was said that their numbers were increased to fourteen thousand; although Bishop Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, most falsely and partially affirms, that they were not more than four thousand, or thereabout.

The Council, finding the rebels daily increasing in their numbers, gave information thereof to the king; whereupon his majesty sent down the Duke of Monmouth, with a commission, to be commander-in-chief, and to take with him four troops of English dragoons, which were quartered on the Borders: but these, with the forces in Scotland, amounted not to above three thousand. Upon the duke's being made commander-in-chief, General Dalziel refused to serve under him, and remained at his lodgings in Edinburgh, till his grace was superseded, which happened about a fortnight after.

The army was about four miles forward, on the road toward Hamilton, when the Duke of Monmouth came up with his English dragoons, on Saturday, the 21st of June: from thence the whole forces marched to the Kirk of Shots, within four miles of the rebels, where they lay that night. The next morning he marched the army up an eminence, opposite to the main body of the enemy, who were encamped on the moor.

The general officers, the Earl of Linlithgow, colonel of the Foot-Guards, the Earl of Mar, colonel of a regiment of foot, Clavers, the Earl of Hume, and the Earl of Airlie, all captains of horse, the Marquis of Montrose, colonel of the Horse-Guards, (Atholl having been discarded,) Dalhousie, with many other noblemen, and gentlemen volunteers, attending the duke together, desired his grace to

let them know which way he designed to take to come to the enemy? the duke answered, it must be by Bothwell Bridge. Now the bridge lay a short mile to the right of the king's army, was narrow, and guarded with three thousand of the rebels, and strongly barricadoed with great stones; but, although the officers were desirous to have passed the river, by easy fords,* directly between them and the rebels, and to march to their main body on the moor, before those three thousand, who guarded the bridge, could come to assist them; yet the duke was obstinate, and would pass no other way than that of the bridge.

Pursuant to this preposterous and absurd resolution, he commanded Captain Stuart, (whose lieutenant I was,) with his troop of dragoons, and eighty musketeers, together with four small field-pieces, under cover of the dragoons, to beat off the party at the bridge: the duke himself, with David Lesly and Melvill, accompanied us, and ordered the field-pieces to be left at the village of Bothwell, within a musket-shot of the bridge: when the duke and his men came near the bridge, the rebels beat a parley, and sent over a laird, accompanied with a kirk preacher. The duke asking what they came for? was answered, "That they would have the kirk established in the same manner as it stood at the king's restoration, and that every subject should be obliged to take the Solemn League and Covenant." The duke told them their demand could not be granted; but sent them back to tell their party, that if they would lay down their arms, and submit to the king's mercy, he would intercede for their pardon.

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* There is no *easy* ford in the neighbourhood, although there are places where the river might be passed. The duke probably relied on the effect of his artillery in clearing the opposite bank.

While this parley lasted, the field-pieces were brought down, and planted over-against the bridge, without being perceived by the rebels. The messengers returned in a short time, with this answer: "That they would not lay down their arms, unless their conditions were granted them:" whereupon the dragoons and musketeers fired all at once upon those who guarded the bridge, and the field-pieces played so warmly, that some hundreds of the rebels were slain; the rest flying to the main body on the moor.

The duke, as soon as he had commanded to fire, retired into a hollow from the enemies' shot, some say by the persuasion of Lesly and Melvill, and continued there till the action was over.* Then Captain Stuart ordered the musketeers to make way for the horse to pass the bridge, by casting the stones into the river, which had been placed there to obstruct the passage over it; but the army could not pass in less than five hours; and then marched up in order of battle toward the enemy, who waited for them on the moor, confiding in the great superiority of their number. Clavers commanded the horse on the right, and Captain Stuart the dragoons on the left. The field-pieces were carried in the centre of the foot-guards, while the rest of the officers commanded at the head of their men; and the duke, after the enemy was beaten from the bridge, rode at the head of the army.

Upon the first fire, the rebels' horse turned about, and fled upon the right and left; and although the

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* There are two curious pictures of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. One of them is at Hamilton House, the other at Dalkeith, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. In both, Monmouth's person is placed in a conspicuous and exposed situation, directing the attack upon the motley ranks of the Covenanters.

duke ordered his men not to stir out of their ranks to pursue them; yet the army, not regarding his commands, followed the flying rebels, killing between seven and eight hundred, and taking fifteen hundred prisoners.*

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* "The royal army now moved slowly forwards towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell Moor on the 22d of June 1679. The insurgents were encamped chiefly in the Duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde, which separated the two armies. Bothwell Bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates, which the Covenanters shut, and barricadoed with stones and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their best men, under Hackston of Rathillet, and Hall of Haugh-head. Early in the morning, this party crossed the bridge, and skirmished with the royal vanguard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell: but Hackston speedily retired to his post, at the western end of Bothwell Bridge.

"While the dispositions, made by the Duke of Monmouth, announced his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson of Kaitloch, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Hume, a clergyman, carried to the Duke of Monmouth a supplication, demanding free exercise of their religion, a free Parliament, and a free General Assembly of the Church. The duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them he would interpose with his majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves, and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and perhaps more permanent advantage derived to their party; or, had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But while their motley and misassorted officers were debating upon the duke's proposal, his field-pieces were already planted on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot-guards, who were led on by Lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post with zeal and courage; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass. When his party were drawn back, the duke's army slowly, and with their cannon in front, defiled along the bridge, and formed in a line of battle as they came over the river: the duke commanded the foot, and Claverhouse the cavalry. It would seem that these movements could not have

Sir John Bell, Provost of Glasgow, as soon as he saw the rebels fly, rode into the town; from whence, in a few hours, he sent all the bread he could find, together with a hogshead of drink to each troop and company in the army, out of the cellars of such townsmen as were found to be abettors or protectors of the rebels.

The cruelty and presumption of that wicked and perverse generation, will appear evident from a single instance. These rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a cart full of new ropes at the foot of it, in order to hang up the king's soldiers,* whom they already looked upon as vanquished, and at mercy; and it happened that the pursuers in the royal army, returning back with their prisoners, chose the place where the gallows stood, to guard them at, without offering to hang one of them, which they justly deserved, and had so much reason to expect. The pursuers were no sooner returned, and the whole

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been performed without at least some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strangest delusion that ever fell upon devoted beings, they choose those precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. In this important operation, they were at length disturbed by the duke's cannon; at the very first discharge of which, the horse of the Covenanters wheeled, and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry in their flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton; whose conduct, they say, left the world to debate, whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred much blame among the high-flying royalists."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. II.

* This circumstance is mentioned by Andrew Guild, in his Latin poem called *Bellum Bothuellianum.*

action over, than General Dalziel arrived at the camp from Edinburgh, with a commission renewed to be commander in chief, which he received that very morning by an express. This commander having learned how the duke had conducted the war, told him publicly, and with great plainness, that he had betrayed the king: that he heartily wished his commission had come a day sooner; "for then," said he, "these rogues should never have troubled his majesty or the kingdom any more."

Thus the duke was at the same time superseded,* and publicly rebuked, before all the army; yet his grace forgot his dignity so far, as to sneak among them at the town of Bothwell (where the forces encamped) until the Saturday following: then all the troops marched back to Glasgow, from whence, in two or three days, they were sent to their several quarters; after which the Duke of Monmouth passed by Stirling to Fife to visit the Duke of Rothes.

The same evening, after the rout on the moor, the prisoners were sent with a strong guard towards Edinburgh. On Saturday morning, when the army was to march to Glasgow, I desired the general's leave to go, with twelve dragoons, in search of some of the rebels, who might probably pass the Clyde about Dumbarton, to shelter themselves in the Highlands. With these dragoons, clad in grey coats and bonnets, I made haste down the side of the river; and about midnight, after travelling twenty-four miles, I came to a church, and while the

* The commission to General Dalziel was delivered to him June 22, 1679; but it did not supersede the Duke of Monmouth who is styled Lord-general by the Privy-council, June 24, and wrote in that character to their lordships the same day. His commission, however, was revoked the first of November following.

soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the churchyard, I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him, in his own dialect, "Whither gang you this time of night?" He answered, "Wha are ye that speers?" I replied, "We are your ane fo'ke." Upon this the fellow came up, and told me there were eighteen friends, with horses, at an old castle, waiting for a boat to pass over into the isle of Arran. I mounted the man behind one of my dragoons, and went toward the place: but the rebels, not finding a boat, were gone off, and the guide dismissed. There was a great dew on the grass, which directed me and my party to follow the track of their horses, for three or four miles, till the dew was gone off: I then inquired of a cowherd on a hill, whether he saw any of our "poor fo'ke" travelling that way? he answered, that they had separated on that hill, and gone three several ways, six in a party; adding, that in one party there was "a braw, muckle kerl, with a white hat on him, and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't." Whereupon I sent four of my dragoons after one party, four more after another, and myself, with the remaining four went in pursuit of him with the white hat. As I went forward I met another cowherd, who told me, that the fellow with the hat, and one more, (for as the rogues advanced farther into the west, they still divided into smaller parties,) were just gone down the hill to his master's house. The good-man of the house, returning from putting the horses to grass in the garden, was going to shut the door: whereupon myself, and two of the dragoons, commanded him with our pistols at his breast, to lead us to the room where the man lay who wore a white hat. We entered the room, and, before he awaked, I took away his arms, and commanded him to dress immediately: then finding his companion asleep in the

barn, I forced him likewise to arise, and mounting them both on their own horses, came at nine o'clock in the morning, with my two prisoners, to the other dragoons, at the place where we appointed to meet. From thence we rode straight to Glasgow, and arrived there about eight in the evening, after a journey of fifty miles, since we left the army at Bothwell the day before.*

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* The following account of this exploit is taken from a writer of the opposite party: "Mr. King having come to pay his respects to the Laird of Blair, in Dalry parish, near Kilwinning, to whom formerly he had been some time chaplain; one Bryce Blair, a farmer, who had been groom there while Mr. King was about that house, getting notice, came and desired Mr. King to pay him a visit, to which he consented. Accordingly he went; where he preached a short word on the Saturday night following. But, on the Sabbath morning, a part of the enemy (said to be Crichton's dragoons) being in quest of him, and getting the scent, two of them, in disguise, came to an old man feeding cattle near Bryce Blair's house, and asked whether he knew where that godly minister Mr. King was; for they were afraid he would be taken, as the enemy was in pursuit of him; and if he knew where he was, they would secure him from them. The old man, having more honesty than policy, cried out, I'll run and tell him. Whereupon they rode full speed after him to the house. Finding a servant of the house waiting on Mr. King's and his servant's horses they immediately dismounted; and having driven their own horses into the standing corn, threatening him not to stir from the spot, on pain of death, one of them took his saddle, and putting it on Mr. King's horse, said, 'Many a mile have I rode after thee, but I shall ride upon thee now.

"By this time the rest had surrounded the house; and Mr. King and his servant being in bed, they immediately commanded them to rise and put on his clothes. While his servant was putting on his spurs, one of the soldiers damned him, saying, 'Was he putting a spur on a prisoner?' To whom he replied, he would do what he pleased: for which he received from him a blow. Then another gave that soldier a blow, saying, 'Damn you, sir, are you striking a prisoner while making no resistance?' In the hurry, Mr. King's servant threw his master's wallees (*i.e.* valise) into a peat-loft. Thus they were both carried off. They hired one David Cumming, in the same parish, to be their guide

This was upon a Sunday; and although we met with many hundreds of people on the road, yet we travelled on to Glasgow without any opposition. I must here inform the reader, that although I had once before taken this very man, who wore the white hat, yet I did not know him to be Mas John King, already mentioned, until I was told so by the man of the house where I found him. I likewise forgot to mention, that King, who knew me well enough, as soon as he was taken in the house entreated me to shew him some favour, because he had married a woman of my name: I answered, "That is true, but first you got her with bairn, and shall therefore now pay for disgracing one of my name."

When we arrived near Glasgow, I sent a dragoon to inform the general, that Mas John King was coming to kiss his hand: whereupon his excellency, accompanied with all the noblemen and officers, advanced as far as the bridge, to welcome me and my prisoners; where, it is very observable, that Graham, Laird of Clavers, who came among the rest, made not the least reproach to Mas John, in return of his insolent behaviour when that commander fled from Drumclog. Mas John was sent to Edinburgh next morning under a guard,* and

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to Glasgow, who willingly consented. They pressed a horse for him to ride upon: but they had not gone far, when the horse ran stark mad, and jumping and striking all around him with such violence as affrighted the beholders, they were obliged to let him go: but no sooner was he returned home, than he became as calm as ever. Cumming had to go on foot to Glasgow. From thence Mr. King was sent to Edinburgh. After which his servant was set at liberty."—*Biographia Scoticana*, Glasgow, 1797, p. 352.

* Mr. Creichton takes no notice of the following circumstances, stoutly averred by Wodrow. A party of English dragoons being appointed to guard King to Edinburgh, one of them drank to the confusion of the Covenant; and being shortly

hanged soon after; from hence I went to my quarters in Lanark, sixteen miles from Glasgow; and about a month after (I hope the reader will pardon my weakness) I happened to dream that I found one Wilson, a captain among the rebels at Bothwell Bridge, in a bank of wood upon the river Clyde. This accident made so strong an impression on my mind, that as soon as I awoke, I took six-and-thirty dragoons, and got to the place by break of day; then I caused some of them to alight, and go into the wood, and set him up as hounds do a hare, while the rest were ordered to stand sentry to prevent his escape. It seems I dreamt fortunately, for Wilson was actually in the wood, with five more of his company, as we afterwards learned; who all seeing me and my party advancing, hid themselves in a little island on the river, among the broom that grew upon it. Wilson had not the good fortune to escape; for, as he was trying to get out of one copse into another, I met him, and guessing by his good clothes, and by the description I had received of him before, that he was the man I looked for, I seized and brought him to my quarters; and from thence immediately conveyed him to Edinburgh, where he was hanged; but might have preserved his life, if he would have condescended only to say, "God save the King." This he utterly refused to do, and thereby lost not only his life, but likewise an estate worth twenty-nine thousand marks Scots.*

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afterwards asked where he was going, answered to carry King to hell. "The judgment of God," says Wodrow, "did not linger on this wretch; he had not proceeded many paces on his journey, when, his horse stumbling, his carabine went off and shot him dead."

* The testimony of John Wilson, writer in Lanark, occurs in the Cloud of Witnesses. He had been a captain at Bothwell Bridge, and at his trial vindicated his share in that insurrection.

For this service, the Duke of Queensberry, then high commissioner of Scotland, recommended me to the king, who rewarded me with the gift of Wilson's estate; but, although the grant passed the seals, and the sheriff put me in possession, yet I could neither sell nor let it; nobody daring, for fear of the rebels, who had escaped at Bothwell Bridge, either to purchase or farm it: by which means I never got a penny by the grant; and at the Revolution the land was taken from me and restored to Wilson's heirs.*

The winter following, General Dalziel, with a battalion of the Earl of Linlithgow's guards, the Earl of Airlie's troop of horse, and Captain Stuart's troop of dragoons, quartered at Kilmarnock, in the west, fifty miles from Edinburgh. Here the general, one day, happening to look on, while I was exercising the troop of dragoons, asked me, when I had done, whether I knew any one of my men, who was skilful in praying well in the style and tone of the Covenanters? I immediately thought upon one James Gibb, who had been born in Ireland, and whom I made a dragoon. This man I brought to the general, assuring his excellency, that if I had raked hell, I could not find his match for his skill in mimicking the Covenanters. Whereupon the general gave him five pounds to buy him a great coat and a bonnet, and commanded him to find out the rebels, but to be sure to take care of himself among them. The

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The king's advocate offered him his life before sentence, if he would take the test and renounce his opinions. This he steadily refused, and was executed at Edinburgh, May 16, 1683.

* The decreet and doom of forfeiture against John Wilson, is recalled by the Act of the Scottish Parliament, rescinding the fines and forfeitures, imposed during the tyrannical proceedings from 1665 to 1688, and recalling the grants which had followed thereupon.

dragoon went eight miles off that very night, and got admittance into the house of a notorious rebel, pretending he came from Ireland out of zeal for the cause, to assist at the fight of Bothwell Bridge, and could not find an opportunity since, of returning to Ireland with safety; he said he durst not be seen in the day time, and therefore, after bewitching the family with his gifts of praying, he was conveyed in the dusk of the evening, with a guide, to the house of the next adjoining rebel: and thus, in the same manner, from one to another, till in a month's time he got through the principal of them in the west; telling the general, at his return, that wherever he came, he made the old wives, in their devout fits, tear off their biggonets and mutches; he likewise gave the general a list of their names and places of their abodes, and into the bargain, brought back a good purse of money in his pocket. The general desired to know how he prayed among them; he answered, that it was his custom, in his prayers, to send the king, the ministers of state, the officers of the army, with all their soldiers, and the Episcopal clergy, all broadside to hell; but particularly the general himself. "What!" said the general, "did you send me to hell, sir?" "Yea," replied the dragoon, "you at the head of them, as their leader."

And here I do solemnly aver, upon my veracity and knowledge, that Bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, hath, in a most false and scandalous manner, misrepresented the action at Bothwell Bridge, and the behaviour of the Episcopal clergy.* in Scotland; for, as to the former, I was

* "The clergy were so delighted, that they used to speak of that time as the poets do of the golden age. They never interceded for any compassion to their people. They looked on the soldiery as their patrons; they were ever in their company, com-

present in that engagement, which was performed in the manner as I have related; and as to the latter, having travelled through most parts of that kingdom, particularly the north and west, I was well acquainted with them, and will take it to my death, that the reverse of this character, which Burnet gives of both, is the truth. And because that author is so unjust to the Episcopal clergy, and so partial to the Covenanters and their teachers, I do affirm, that I have known several among the latter sort guilty of those very vices wherewith this bishop brands the Episcopal clergy. Among many others, I will produce one instance, rather to divert the reader than from any inclination to obloquy. One of these eight fanatic teachers who were permitted, at the Restoration, to keep their livings, came to Sir John Carmichael's house, within a mile of Lanark, where I was then upon a visit to Sir John. We drank hard till it was late, and all the company retired, except Sir John and myself. The teacher would needs give us prayers, but fell asleep before he had half done; whereupon Sir John and I, setting a bottle and a glass at his nose, left him upon his knees. The poor man sneaked of early the next morning, being, in all appearance, ashamed of his hypocrisy.

To return from this digression. The general sent out several parties, and me with a party among the rest; where, during the winter, and the following spring, I secured many of those whose names and abodes the canting dragoon had given a list of.

In July following, the general, by order of council,

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plying with them in their excesses;—and, if they were not much wronged, they rather led them into them, than checked them for them. Things of so strange a pitch of vice were told of them, that they seemed scarce credible."—BURNET, vol. I. p. 334.

commanded me to go, with a detachment of thirty horse and fifty dragoons, in pursuit of about one hundred and fifty rebels, who had escaped at Bothwell Bridge, and ever since kept together in a body, up and down in Galloway. I followed them for five or six days, from one place to another; after which, on the 22d of July, they staid for me at Airs-moss, situate in the shire of Air, near the town of Cumlock.* The moss is four miles long from east to west, and two broad. The rebels drew up at the

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* The captain takes more credit here than he was entitled to; for the king's party, at the skirmish of Airs-moss, was commanded by Captain Bruce, of Earlshall, and consisted of Airley's and Strachan's dragoons. But Creichton was undoubtedly present in the action.

The rencounter was remarkable for the fall of two principal leaders among the Covenanters: Richard Cameron, who bequeathed his name to the sect of field preachers, still called Cameronians, was slain on the spot; and Hackston of Rathillet, who assisted at the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, was made prisoner. Hackston's account of the skirmish, in a letter to a friend before his execution, agrees with that of Creichton, except in the relative strength of the two parties, in which particular, the truth probably lies between their differing accounts. "Each one," says Hackston, "resolving to fight, I rode off, and found a strength for our advantage, and drew up quickly eight horse on the right hand with R. C., and fifteen on the left with me, being no more; the foot, not being forty, and many of them being ill armed, in the midst. The enemy advanced fast, about one hundred and twelve, well armed and horsed; who sending about twenty dragoons on foot to take the wind of us, we sent a party on foot to meet them, and the rest of us advanced immediately after, when our horse fired, and wounded and killed some, both horse and foot; our horse advanced to their faces, and we fired on each other; I being foremost, and finding the horse behind me broken. I then rode in amongst them, and went out at a side, without being wounded; I was pursued by severals, with whom I fought a good space, but at length I was stricken down with three on horseback behind me, and receiving three wounds on the head, and falling, submitted to them. They gave us all testimony of brave resolute men."—*Cloud of Witnesses.*

east end, and consisted of thirty horse, and one hundred and twenty foot. I faced them upon a rising ground with my thirty horse and fifty dragoons. The reason why the rebels chose this place to fight on, rather than a plain field, was for fear their horse might desert the foot, as they did on Hamilton-moor, near Bothwell Bridge; and likewise that in case they lost the day, they might save themselves by retreating into the moss.

I placed myself on the left, as judging that the best officer the rebels had would command on the right. The action began about five in the afternoon, but lasted not long; for I ordered my men first to receive the enemy's fire, then to ride down the hill upon them, and use their broadswords; they did so, and, before the enemy had time to draw theirs, cut many of them down in an instant; whereupon they wheeled about, and Captain Fowler, who commanded the rebels on the right, being then in the rear, advancing up to me, I gave him such a blow over the head with my broadsword, as would have cleaved his skull, had it not been defended by a steel cap. Fowler, turning about, aimed a blow at me, but I warded it off, and, with a back stroke, cut the upper part of his head clean off, from the nose upward.

By this time the rebels, leaving their horses, fled to the moss; but the royalists pursuing them, killed about sixty, and took fourteen prisoners. Here Cameron, the famous covenanter, lost his life; and Hackston was taken prisoner, infamous for imbruing his hands in the blood of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, as I have already mentioned; for which parricide, both of his hands were afterwards cut off, and he was hanged at Edinburgh.

But this victory cost me very dear; for, being then in the rear, I rode into the moss after the rebels,

where I overtook a dozen of them hacking and hewing one of my men, whose horse was bogged; his name was Elliot, a stout soldier, and one of Clavers's troop. He had received several wounds, and was at the point of being killed when I came to his relief. I shot one of the rogues dead with my carbine, which obliged the rest to let the poor man and his horse creep out of the hole, but, at the same time, drew all their fury upon myself; for Elliot made a shift to crawl out of the moss, leading his horse in his hand, but was wholly disabled from assisting his deliverer, and was not regarded by his enemies, who probably thought he was mortally wounded, or, indeed, rather that they had no time to mind him; for I laid about me so fast, that they judged it best to keep off, and not to venture within my reach; till it unfortunately happened, that my horse slipped into the same hole out of which Elliot and his had just got. When they had me at this advantage, they began to shew their courage, and manfully dealt their blows with their broadswords, from some of which, the carbine that hung down my back defended me a little. As I was paddling in the hole, the horse not able to get out, one of the rebels ran me through the small of the back with his broadsword, and at the same instant, two more wounded me under the ribs with their small ones. Then I threw myself over the head of my horse, taking the far pistol out of the holster in my left hand, and holding my broadsword in my right; and as one of the villains was coming hastily up to me, his foot slipped, and before he could recover himself, I struck my sword into his skull: but the fellow being big and heavy, snapped it asunder as he fell, within a span of the hilt. The rebels had me now at a great advantage; one of them made a stroke at me, which I warded off with the hilt of the sword that was left

in my hand; but the force with which he struck the blow, and I kept it off, brought us both to the ground. However, I got up before him, clapped my pistol to his side, and shot him dead. As soon as this was done, another came behind me, and with some weapon or other, struck me such a blow on the head as laid me flat on my back; in which posture I remained a good while insensible; the rogues taking it for granted that I was dead, scoured off, fearing that by this time some of my men were returning back from the pursuit.

After some time, I a little recovered my senses, and strove to lift myself up, which one of the rogues happening to see at some distance, immediately returned, and said in my hearing, "God, the dog is not dead yet;" then coming up to me, took his sword, and putting its hilt to his breast, and guiding it with both his hands, made a thrust at my belly; but my senses were now so far recovered, that I parried the thrust with a piece of the sword which remained still in my hand. The fellow, when he missed his aim, almost fell on his face; for the sword ran up to the hilt in the moss; and as he was recovering himself, I gave him a dab in the mouth with my broken sword, which very much hurt him: but he aiming a second thrust, which I had likewise the good fortune to put by, and having as before given him another dab in the mouth, he immediately went off, for fear of the pursuers, whereof many were now returning.

In this distress, I made a shift, with much difficulty and pain, to get upon my feet, but my right leg being disabled by the wound I received from the broad-sword, I was forced to limp by the help of the carbine, which I made use of as a staff. I had lost my horse; for one of the rogues, when I had quitted him in the hole, led him away through the moss. I

recovered him about a year after from the man to whom the rebel had sold him: and the said rebel, when he was at the gallows, confessed himself to be the same man who took away the horse at Airs-moss.

There was a Lancashire gentleman, one Mr. Parker, who came a volunteer to Airs-moss, with intent, as he expressed himself, to see the sport. This gentleman, riding on my right hand at the time when we received the enemy's fire in the beginning of the action, was shot with a blunderbuss under the left shoulder; the wound was so large that a man might thrust his fist into it: yet, when I desired him to fall back, and take care of his wound, he answered me, that he would first have his penny-worth out of the rogues; and, accordingly, followed us on horseback into the moss, as far as the horse could go without bogging. But, by that time, his wound so grievously pained him, with some other cuts he got in the pursuit, that he was forced to alight and sit on a dry spot of ground which he found in the moss, from whence he saw all that happened to me without being able to come to my assistance, any more than Elliot; who, having gotten to a rising ground, saw, likewise, all that had passed. However, Mr. Parker, as I came limping toward him, could not forbear laughing, and said, "What a plague, have you got your bones well paid too?" Then both of us made a shift to get up to Elliot on the rising ground.

The trumpeter being by this time returned, with some others, from the pursuit, was ordered to sound a call, which brought all the rest back, with the fourteen prisoners, and Hackston among the rest, who was that day commander-in-chief among the rebels. Of the king's party, but two were killed, Mr. Andrew Kerr, a gentleman of Clavers's own

troop, and one M'Kabe, a dragoon in Captain Stuart's troop, where I was lieutenant. The wounded were about eight or nine, beside Parker and Elliot. Elliot died the next day: he, Kerr, and M'Kabe, were honourably buried by Mr. Brown, a gentleman who lived hard by, to whose house their bodies were carried after the fight at the moss. An English lady, living about eight miles off, took care of Mr. Parker; but he died at her house a year after, of his wounds, very much lamented on account of his loyalty and valour.

When the fight was over, night coming on, I ordered all my men, except twelve dragoons, whom I kept to attend myself, to march with the prisoners, and those who were wounded, to Douglas, fourteen miles off, and to carry along with them Cameron's head. In the meantime, I and my party of dragoons went, that night, sixteen long miles to Lanark, where the general and all the foot quartered; as well to acquaint him with what had been done, as to have my own wounds taken care of. I sent one of my dragoons before me with my message: whereupon the general himself, although it were after midnight, accompanied with the Earls of Linlithgow, Mar, Ross, Hume, and the Lord Dalhousie, came out to meet me at the gate: Dalhousie forced me to lodge in his own chamber, to which I was accordingly carried by two of my dragoons. After my wounds had been dressed in the presence of this noble company, who stood round about me, being very thirsty through the loss of blood, I drank the King's health, and the company's, in a large glass of wine and water; and then was laid in Dalhousie's own bed.

Next day the general leaving Lanark, with the forces under his command, ordered a troop of horse and another of dragoons to attend me, till I should

be able to travel up to Edinburgh for the better conveniency of physicians and surgeons. My wounds did not confine me to my bed; and in a month's time I went to Edinburgh on horseback by easy stages, where I continued till Candlemas following, lingering of the wound I had received by the broadsword. My surgeon was the son of the same Dr. Irvin who first got me into the guards; but having unfortunately neglected to tie a string to the tent of green cloth, which he used for the wound, the tent slipped into my body, where it lay under my navel seven months and five days, and exceedingly pained me, not suffering me to sleep otherwise than by taking soporiferous pills. When the tent was first missing, neither the surgeon nor anybody else ever imagined that it was lodged in my body, but supposed it to have slipped out of the wound while I slept, and carried away by some rat, or other vermin: the tent lying thus in my body, made it impossible that the wound could heal: wherefore, after lingering seven months by the advice of a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood, I got leave to go for Ireland with my surgeon, and there try whether my native air would contribute anything to my cure.

However insignificant this relation may be to the generality of readers, yet I cannot omit a lucky accident to which I owe my cure. While I continued at Edinburgh, I ordered some pipes of lead to be made in a mould, through which the thin corruption, which continually issued out of the wound caused by the tent remaining in my body, might be conveyed as through a faucet. These pipes I cut shorter by degrees, in proportion as I imagined the wound was healing at the bottom; till at last, by mistaking the true cause, the tent continuing still where it did, the pipes became too short for the use intended; wherefore, when I was in

Ireland, I made a coarse pipe myself, which was long enough: this pipe, after the wound was washed with brandy, always remained in my body till the next dressing; but being made without art, and somewhat jagged at the end, it happened one morning, when the pipe was drawn out as usual, in order to have the wound washed, the tent followed, to the great surprise of my father, who, at that time, was going to dress the wound; my surgeon being then at Castle-Irvin, where I had left him with his brother Dr. Irvin, at Sir Gerard Irvin's house; the same gentleman who was delivered out of Derry gaol by my father, as I have related in the beginning of these Memoirs.

The night before the tent was drawn out of my body, having not slept a wink, I thought myself in the morning somewhat feverish, and therefore desired my father to send for Dr. Lindsey, to let me blood. In the meantime, slumbering a little, I dreamed that the Covenanters were coming to cut my throat; under this apprehension I awaked, and found my neighbour Captain Saunderson in my chamber, who was come to visit me. I then called for my father to dress my wound; when the tent followed the pipe, as I have already said, to my great joy, for then I knew I should soon be well. I therefore ordered my horse to be got ready, and rode out with Captain Saunderson and my father to meet Dr. Lindsey, who, hearing the joyful news, carried us to a gentleman's house, where we drank very heartily: then I returned home and slept almost four-and-twenty hours. Two days after, Dr. Irvin and his brother, the surgeon, came to my father's house, where the doctor being informed in the circumstances of my cure, severely chid his brother for his neglect, swearing he had a mind to shoot him, and that, if I had died, my blood would have

been charged on his head. He then ordered me a remedy, which would heal up the wound in twenty days. This fell out in the beginning of May; at which time taking leave of my father and other friends in Ireland, I returned, with my surgeon, Irvin, to Edinburgh, where, before the end of that month, my wound was perfectly healed up: but I was never after so able to bear fatigues as I had hitherto been.

The Duke of York was arrived at Edinburgh the Michaelmas before, where the general, from the time he left Lanark in July, continued with the guards; the rest of the forces quartered up and down in other places. The general, after my arrival, coming every day to see me, in his way, as he went to the duke's court, did me the honour to mention me and my services to his royal highness, who was desirous to see me; I was admitted to kiss his hand, and ordered to sit down, in regard to my honourable wounds, which would not suffer me to stand, without great pain. I cannot conceal this mark of favour and distinction, shewn me by a great prince, although I am very sensible it will be imputed to vanity. I must remember likewise, that upon my return to Edinburgh, happening to overtake the general in the street, and gently touching him, his excellency turning in a great surprise, cried out, "O God, man, are you living?" I answered that I was, and hoped to do the king and his excellency further service.

After I had continued a month with my friends in Edinburgh, who all congratulated with me upon my recovery, I repaired to the troop at Lanark, where I often ranged with a party through the west, to find out the straggling remains of the covenanting rebels; but for some time without success, till a week before Christmas, after the Duke of York succeeded to the crown, and a year and a half after I was

cured. Having drank hard one night, I dreamed that I had found Captain David Steele, a notorious rebel, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain in the shire of Clydesdale, and parish of Lismahago, within eight miles of Hamilton, a place that I was well acquainted with. This man was head of the rebels, since the affair of Airs-Moss; having succeeded to Hackston, who had been there taken, and afterward hanged, as the reader has already heard: for, as to Robert Hamilton, who was their commander-in-chief at Bothwell Bridge, he appeared no more among them, but fled, as it was believed, to Holland.

Steele, and his father before him, held a farm in the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms, the farm lay waste, and the duke could find no other person, who would venture to take it: whereupon his grace sent several messages to Steele, to know the reason why he kept the farm waste. The duke received no other answer, than that he would keep it waste, in spite of him and the king too: whereupon his grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue, and I would oblige him for ever.

I must here take leave to inform the reader, that the Duke of Hamilton's friendship for me was founded upon the many services he knew I had done the public, as well as upon the relation I bore to Sir Gerard Irvin; the person whom, of all the world, his grace most loved and esteemed, ever since the time they had served in arms together for the king, in the Highlands, with my Lord Glencairn and Sir Arthur Forbes, (father to the present Earl of Granard), after the king's defeat at Worcester, during the time of the usurpation.

To return, therefore, to my story: When I awaked out of my dream, as I had done before in the affair of Wilson, (and I desire the same apology I made in the Introduction to these Memoirs may serve for both), I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed by break of day. When we arrived thither, I sent a party to each of the five farmers' houses. This villain Steele had murdered above forty of the king's subjects in cold blood; and, as I was informed, had often laid snares to entrap me; but it happened, that although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none, when he stood in the greatest need. One of the party found him in one of the farmers' houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoons first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steele had put on his clothes, while the search was making below; the chamber where he lay was called the Chamber of Deese,* which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steele, suddenly opening the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons, as they were coming up the stairs; but the bullets, grazing against the side of the turnpike, only wounded and did not kill them. Then Steele violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made towards the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons who guarded the house dispatched him with their broadswords.† I

* Or chamber of state, so called from the *dais*, or canopy and elevation of floor, which distinguished the part of old halls which was occupied by those of high rank. Hence the phrase was obliquely used to signify state in general.

† Wodrow gives a different account of this exploit. "In December this year, (1686,) David Steil, in the parish of Lisma-

was not with the party when he was killed, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses, but I soon found what had happened, by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss; from whence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to General Drummond at Edinburgh.

General Dalziel died about Michaelmas this year, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Drummond, who was likewise my very good friend.

But I cannot here let pass the death of so brave and loyal a commander, as General Dalziel, without giving the reader some account of him, as far as my knowledge or inquiry could reach.*

Thomas Dalziel, among many other officers, was taken prisoner at the unfortunate defeat at Worcester, and sent to the Tower; from whence, I know not by what means, he made his escape, and went to Muscovy; where the Czar then reigning made him his general:† but some time after the restoration of the royal family, he gave up his commission, and repairing to King Charles the Second, was, in con-

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hagow, was surprised in the fields by Lieutenant Creichton, and after his surrender of himself on quarters, he was in a very little time most barbarously shot, and lies buried in the churchyard there."

* Burnet represents this general as "acting the Muscovite too grossly," and "threatening to spit men, and roast them." "He killed some in cold blood, or rather in hot blood; for he was then drunk, when he ordered one to be hanged, because he would not tell where his father was, for whom he was then in search."—Vol. I. p. 334.

† He served the Emperor of Russia, as one of the generals of his forces against the Polanders and Tartars, till the year 1665, when he was recalled by King Charles the Second; and thereafter did command his majesty's forces at the defeat of the rebels, at Pentland hills in Scotland; and continued lieutenant-general in Scotland, when his majesty had any standing forces in that kingdom, till the year of his death, 1685.—GRANGER, III. 380.

sideration of his eminent services, constituted commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, excepting only one fortnight, when he was superseded by the Duke of Monmouth, some days before the action at Bothwell Bridge, as I have already related. He was bred up very hardy from his youth, both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves, like those we call jockey-coats. He never wore a peruke; nor did he shave his beard since the murder of King Charles the First.* In my time, his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down almost to his girdle. He usually went to London once or twice in a year, and then only to kiss the king's hand, who had a great esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a crowd of boys, and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings, and followed him with huzzas, as he went to court or returned from it. As he was a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities, when he left them at the door, to go in to the king; and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again, and return to his lodgings. When the king walked in the park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, shewing their admiration at his beard and dress, so that the king could hardly pass for the crowd; upon which his

* It was not unusual for the ancient cavaliers to wear what they called *vow-beards*. The editor's great-grandfather made an oath never to shave until the restoration of the Stuart family.

majesty bid the devil take Dalziel, for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to have their guts squeezed out, while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit; requesting him, at the same time, (as Dalziel used to express it,) to shave and dress like other Christians, to keep the poor bairns out of danger. All this could never prevail on him to part with his beard, but yet in compliance to his majesty, he went once to court in the very height of the fashion: but as soon as the king and those about him had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he reassumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys, who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress.

When the Duke of York succeeded to the crown, General Dalziel was resolved still to retain his loyalty, although, at the same time, he often told his friends, that all things were going wrong at court; but death came very seasonably, to rescue him from the difficulties he was likely to be under, between the notions he had of duty to his prince on one side, and true zeal for his religion on the other.

I must now resume a little my discourse upon Captain Steele. Some time before the action in which he was killed, General Drummond, who was then newly made commander in chief, sent for me in haste, to attend him in Edinburgh. My way lay through a very strong pass, hard by Airs-moss, and within a mile of Cumlock: as I was going through Cumlock, a friend there told me, that Steele, with a party waited for me at the pass. I had with me only one dragoon, and a drummer: I ordered the latter to gallop straight on to the pass, and when he had got thither, to beat a dragoon march, while I with the dragoon should ride along the by-path, on

the edge of the moss. When Steele and his men heard the drum, they scoured along the by-path, into the moss, apprehending that a strong party was coming in search of them: but either I or the dragoon (I forgot which) shot one of the rebels dead, as he crossed us to get into the moss.—To put an end to this business of Steele: When the dragoon, whom I sent express, had delivered his message to General Drummond, he was just setting out for his country house at Dumblain; but returned to his lodgings, and wrote me a letter, that he would send for me up after the holidays, and recommend me to the government, to reward me for my services. He faithfully kept his word; but I received nothing more than promises.

Steele was buried in the church-yard of Lismahago by some of his friends; who, after the Revolution, erected a fair monument, on pillars, over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraved on the stone, in words to this effect:—

> Here lieth the body of Captain David Steele, a saint, who was murdered by John Creichton, [*with the date underneath.*]

Some of my friends burlesqued this epitaph, in the following manner:—

> Here lies the body of Saint Steele,
> Murdered by John Creichton, that de'el.

Duke Hamilton, in Queen Anne's time, informed me of this honour done to that infamous rebel: and when I had said to his grace, that I wished he had ordered his footmen to demolish the monument, the duke answered, he would not have done so for five

hundred pounds, because it would be an honour to me as long as it lasted.*

The last summer, about the end of May, if I remember right, (and I desire to be excused for not always relating things in the order when they happened,) the Marquis of Argyle, after having escaped out of the castle of Edinburgh into Holland, returned to invade Scotland, to support the Duke of Monmouth's pretensions to the crown, as was

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* David Steele's monument still exists in the church-yard of Lesmahagow. It owes its present state of preservation to the pious care of a person who for many years made a regular pilgrimage through Scotland for the express purpose of repairing the tombs of the *Martyrs, i.e.* of the non-conforming Presbyterians, who suffered in the field or on the scaffold in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. This innocent and interesting enthusiast has been for some years either dead or unable to continue his labours, and the monuments of the martyrs are falling into decay. Steele's epitaph is still legible, and was obligingly transcribed for the Editor, by the Reverend Mr. Hall, minister of the parish.

"Here lyes the body of David Steel, martyr, who was murdered by Creighton for his testimony to the covenanted work of reformation, and because he durst not own the authority of the then tyrant destroying the same,—who died the 20th of Dec. *Anno Domini* 1686, and of his age 33.

David, a shepherd first, and then
Advanced to be king of men,
Had of his graces in his quarter,
And here this wanderer now a martyr
Who for his constancy and zeal,
Steele to the back did prove true *steel*,
Who for Christ's royal truths and laws
And of the covenanted cause,
Scotland's famous reformation,
Disowning tyrant's usurpation,
By cruel Creighton murdered lies,
Whose blood to heav'n for vengeance cries."

Whatever honour this punning doggrel may do either to the memory of the martyr or of Creighton, the reader will probably agree that the poet will have small share in it.

generally believed. He landed in his own country, in the Highlands, with a party of Dutch, and some Scottish gentlemen who had fled for treason; among whom Sir John Cochran was of the greatest note: whereupon the government ordered the Marquis of Atholl, and Mr. Owen Cameron, Laird of Lochiel,* to raise their clans, and march with their party against Argyle. They did so, and, in the evening, pitched their camp close by him. Here in the night, Cameron, patrolling with a party, met another of his own men, and taking them for enemies, because they had lost the word in their cups, killed eight or nine; among whom two or three happened to be persons of note. The friends of those who were killed, resolving, if possible, to have him hanged, he was obliged to ride post to the king. He went to his majesty in the dress in which he had travelled; and the king, being already informed how the accident happened, instead of suffering him to tell his story, commanded him to draw his broadsword, intending to knight him therewith: but Cameron could not draw it, because the scabbard had got wet on the way. The king observing the confusion he was in, said, he knew the reason that kept the sword in the sheath; adding that he never failed to draw it, in the service of his father, his brother, and himself: whereupon he was knighted with another

* A curious memoir of the life of this remarkable chieftain may be found in the Appendix of Pennant's Tour in Scotland, vol. I. He was the last man in the British dominions who submitted to Cromwell, which he did by laying down his arms at the castle of Inverlochy, and afterwards resuming them in the name of the States, but without mentioning the Protector. The last wolf in Scotland is said to have been slain by him. At the battle of Killiecrankie, the clan Cameron, under command of this veteran chieftain, had a principal share in the success of the day. Sir Ewan Cameron died in 1718, at a very advanced age.

sword, with the title of Sir Owen Cameron. He returned to Edinburgh, and from thence went as a volunteer, to serve in the standing army, which was then moving toward the coast of Galloway, to prevent Argyle from landing. For, upon the opposition he found from the Marquis of Atholl, and his men, with their assistance in the Highlands, he shipped his forces, and sailed round to the west, hoping to land there. But the army moving along the coast, always in sight of him, compelled him to return the way he came, until he landed in his own country again. From thence, after gathering what supplies of men he could, he marched, and encamped in the evening within two or three miles of Glasgow. But the king's army, having sent out scouts to discover what way he took, encamped over against him the same evening, on an eminence; there being a bog between both armies.

The king's forces consisted of the Earl of Linlithgow's regiment of foot-guards, the Earl of Mar's of foot, Clavers's of horse, Dunmore's of dragoons, Buchan's of foot, and Levingstone's of horse-guards, with some gentlemen of quality, volunteers; among whom the Earl of Dumbarton was of the greatest note.

Here the two armies lay in sight of each other; but, before morning, Argyle was gone, his Highlanders having deserted him; and then the king's army went to refresh themselves at Glasgow, waiting till it could be known which way Argyle had fled. It was soon understood that he had crossed the Clyde at Kilpatrick; and that Sir John Cochran lay with a party, in a stone-dike park, about ten miles off. The Lord Ross was therefore dispatched, with a party of horse, and Captain Cleland, who was now my captain, (my friend Stuart being dead,) with another of dragoons, to find them out. When they

came up to the park, where Sir John Cochran lay with his Dutch, they fired at one another, and some of the king's soldiers fell, among whom Captain Cleland was one: whereupon the troop was given to Sir Adam Blair, (who was likewise wounded in that rash engagement,) although, upon Duke Hamilton's application to the king, I had been promised to succeed Cleland. But Sir Adam and Secretary Melford being brothers-in-law, that interest prevailed.

I must desire the reader's pardon, for so frequently interspersing my own private affairs with those of the public; but what I chiefly proposed, was to write my own memoirs, and not a history of the times, farther than I was concerned in them.

Night coming on, the king's party withdrew, leaving Sir John Cochran in the park; who, notwithstanding this little success, desired his followers to shift for themselves, and left them before morning. Argyle next evening was found alone, a mile above Greenock, at the water side, endeavouring to get into a little boat, and grappling with the owner thereof, a poor weaver. It seems he wanted presence of mind, to engage the man, with a piece of money, to set him on the other side. In the meantime, Sir John Shaw, riding with some gentlemen to Greenock, and seeing the struggle, seized the earl, and carried him to Glasgow, from whence he was sent with a strong guard to Edinburgh, and some time after beheaded.*

The next day, the army marched toward the borders against the Duke of Monmouth; but an express arriving of his defeat, the troops were commanded to repair to their several quarters.

I shall here occasionally relate an unfortunate

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* A particular account of these transactions may be found in Mr. Fox's Historical Fragment.

accident, which happened this summer in Scotland.

M'Donnel,* Laird of Cappagh, in the Highlands, within eight miles of Inverlochy, was unjustly possessed, as most men believed, for many years of an estate, which in right belonged to the Laird of Mackintosh. Both these gentlemen were well affected to the king. The Laird of Cappagh, after sowing-time was over, had gone that summer, as it was his custom, to make merry with his clans, on the mountains, till the time of harvest should call him home. But, in his absence, Mackintosh and his clans, assisted with a party of the army, by order of the government, possessed himself of Cappagh's estate: whereupon M'Donnel and his clans returning from the mountains, set upon the enemy, killed several gentlemen among them, and took Mackintosh himself prisoner. M'Donnel had given strict orders to his men, not to kill any of the army: but Captain M'Kenzie, who commanded on the other side, making a shot at one of M'Donnel's men, who was pursuing his adversary, the man, discharging his pistol at the captain, shot him in the knee, who, after having been carried fifty miles to Inverness, to a surgeon, died of his wound.

Soon after, the government ordered me to de-

* Macdonald of Keppoch, chieftain of a powerful branch of that name. This family suffered, from a wild strain of pride in one of their ancestors, who refused to take out a charter for his lands, disdaining, as he said, to hold them by a sheep's-skin. In consequence of the misfortunes of the family, in the unfortunate insurrections of 1715 and 1745, great part of their lands passed from their natural possession unto that of the feudal superior, who alone could shew a legal right to them. Thus, when the forfeited estates were restored, the Macdonalds of Keppoch, though one of the most ancient and most honourable of the Highland families, have been in a great measure excluded from the benefit of the royal clemency and beneficence.

tach sixty dragoons, with a lieutenant, cornet, and standard, and to march with Captain Streighton, and two hundred of the foot-guards, against the M'Donnels; to destroy man, woman, and child, pertaining to the Laird of Cappagh, and to burn his houses and corn.* Upon the approach of our party, M'Donnel, Laird of Cappagh, dismissing his prisoners, retired farther into the mountains: whereupon we who were sent against him, continued to destroy all the houses and corn, from the time of Lammas to the 10th of September; and then we advanced toward the borders, to join the Scotch army, which at that time was marching toward England, against the Prince of Orange, who then intended an invasion. We arrived thither the first of October, after a march of two hundred miles.

General Drummond being then dead, James Douglas, brother to the Duke of Queensberry, succeeded him as commander in chief: and Graham, Laird of Clavers, (about this time created Lord Dundee,†) was major-general. On the first of

* This execution seems to have taken place, in virtue of an order from the council, which passed under the royal seal, and bore the formidable and appropriate title of *Letters of fire and sword.* Sir George M'Kenzie of Rosehaugh has himself recorded the abuse of these warrants, which were usually demanded, under pretext that the ordinary course of law was forcibly withstood by those against whom they were directed. "Ordinarily thir (these) commissions of fire and sword are given to the parties interested, which occasions great abuses: and these commissions sometimes granted against parties who were never cited but upon a naked complaint exhibited to the council, which is most irregular."—M'KENZIE's *Criminal Law*, Part II. title 6.

† Grahame of Claverhouse, better known as Viscount of Dundee, was one of the most prominent characters of his age. He was brave, skilful, and indefatigable as a commander, cruel even to atrocity in military execution, and generous even to a foible upon every other occasion. He disgraced the virtues of a hero by the sanguinary persecution which he exercised against

October, the army passed the Tweed, and drew up on the banks, on the English side; where the general gave a strict charge to the officers, that they should keep their men from offering the least injury in their march; adding, that if he heard any of the English complain, the officers should answer for the faults of their men; and so they arrived at Carlisle that night.

Next day, General Douglas, by order from the king, marched the foot, by Chester, toward London; and Dundee the horse, by York: at which city he arrived in four or five days. The army did not reach London till about the five-and-twentieth of October, being ordered, by the contrivance of Douglas the general, to march slow, on purpose that the Prince of Orange might land, before the king's forces should grow strong enough to oppose him.

The Scotch army, at this time, consisted of four regiments of foot, one of horse, one of dragoons, one troop of horse-guards; and it was computed, that the Earl of Feversham, who was then general of all the king's forces, had under his command, of English, Scotch, and Irish, an army of near thirty thousand men. Soon after the prince's landing, the king went to Salisbury, with a guard of two hundred horse, commanded by the old Earl of Airlie, two days before the body of the army came up to him. The Earl of Airlie, when he was Lord Ogleby, had attended the great Marquis of Montrose in all his actions, for King Charles the First and Second. But, at

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the miserable fanatics, but lived to exhibit these qualities in their primitive lustre, during the misfortunes of a monarch, whom he had too strictly obeyed in prosperity. His death, in the battle of Killiecrankie, served to gild his former exploits with all but the descendants of those enthusiasts whom he persecuted, among whom the name of the bloody Clavers is held in equal abhorrence, and rather more terror, than that of Satan himself.

this time, being old, it was reported that he was dead, before the Scotch forces went into England, to oppose the Prince of Orange; whereupon the king, believing the report, had given his troop in Dundee's regiment to the Earl of Annandale. But the earl having overtaken the army at Cambridge, in their march, went on to London, and there presenting himself before the king, his majesty was so just and gracious, that he immediately restored his lordship to the troop, ordering him at the same time to command those two hundred men who attended him down to Salisbury.

When all the forces were arrived at Salisbury, the Earl of Dunmore, with his regiment of dragoons, (wherein I served,) was ordered to pass three miles below the city, where I commanded the guard that night.

The same morning that the army arrived, the great men about the king, as the Lord Churchill, &c., to the number of thirty, advised his majesty to take the air on horseback, intending, as the Earl of Dunmore was informed, to give up their master to the prince: but the king, probably suspecting their design, returned in haste to the city. Next night, at a council of war, called to consult what was fittest to be done in the present juncture of affairs, the very same great men swore to stand by his majesty with their lives and fortunes; and as soon as he was gone to rest, mounting on horseback, they all went over to the prince, except the Earl of Feversham, Dumbarton, and a very few more: for the Earl of Dumbarton going to his majesty, for orders, at four of the clock in the morning, found they were all departed.

Those few who staid with the king, advised his majesty to return immediately to London; and the Lord Dundee was ordered to bring up the Scotch horse and dragoons, with the Duke of Berwick's

regiment of horse to Reading; where he joined Dumbarton with his forces, and continued there nine or ten days. They were, in all, about ten thousand strong. General Douglas, with his regiment of foot-guards, passing by Reading, lay at Maidenhead; from whence one of his battalions revolted to the prince, under the conduct of a corporal, whose name was Kemp. However, Douglas assured the king, that this defection happened against his will; and yet, when the officers were ready to fire upon the deserters, his compassion was such, that he would not permit them.

After this the Earl of Dumbarton, and the Lord Dundee, with all the officers who adhered to the king, were ordered to meet his majesty at Uxbridge, where he designed to fight the prince; the Earl of Feversham got thither before the king and the army arrived. When the forces drew together, every party sent an officer to the Earl of Feversham, to receive his commands. I attended his lordship for my Lord Dundee, and was ordered, with the rest, to wait till the king came to dinner, his majesty being expected within half an hour; but it fell out otherwise; for the earl, to his great surprise, received a letter from the king, signifying that his majesty was gone off, and had no farther service for the army. When I carried this news to my Lord Dundee, neither his lordship, nor the Lords Linlithgow and Dunmore, could forbear falling into tears; after which, being at a loss what course to take, I said to my Lord Dundee, that as he had brought us out of Scotland, he should convey us thither back again in a body; adding, that the forces might lie that night at Watford, six miles off; my advice was followed, and I went before to get billets, where to quarter the men. My Lord Dundee ordered all to be ready at sound of trumpet, and to unbridle their horses no longer than

while they were eating their oats. The townsmen contrived to give out a report, before day, that the Prince of Orange was approaching, hoping to affright us away with a false alarm; whereupon we marched out, but at the same time drew up in a strong enclosure, at the town's end; resolving to fight the prince if he should advance towards us. My Lord Dundee dispatched me immediately to discover whether the report of the prince's approach were true; but I only met a messenger with a letter from his highness to my Lord Dundee, which I received and delivered to his lordship. The contents of it, as far as I am able to recollect, were as follow :—

"My Lord Dundee,

"I understand you are now at Watford, and that you keep your men together; I desire you may stay there till further orders; and, upon my honour, none in my army shall touch you.

"W. H. Prince of Orange."

Upon the receipt of this letter, our forces returned into the town, set up their horses, and refreshed themselves. About three in the afternoon, there came intelligence, that the king would be at Whitehall that night, having returned from Feversham, whither he had fled in disguise, and was ill treated by the rabble before they discovered him. Upon this incident, the Lords Dundee,* Dunmore, Lin-

* He advised the king to three things; one was, to fight the prince; another, to go to him in person, and demand his business, and the third, to make his way into Scotland. James had once resolved to pursue his last advice; but that, in the fluctuating state of his mind, was soon followed by another resolution. Upon the king's departure, Dundee applied himself to the Prince of Orange, to whom he spoke with all that frankness which was natural to him; but met with a very cool reception.—Granger, VI. 278.

lithgow, and myself, who desired leave to go with my colonel, took horse; and, arriving at Whitehall a little after the king, had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand.

The next morning, the Earl of Feversham was sent by the king, with some proposals to the Prince of Orange, who was then at Windsor; where his lordship was put in arrest by the prince's command, who sent the Marquis of Halifax, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Lord Delamere, (if I rightly remember,) to the king, with his highness's order that his majesty should remove from Whitehall, next day, before twelve o'clock. This order was given about one in the morning; at the same time, a barge was brought to Whitehall Stairs, and a Dutch guard set about the king, without his knowledge, but with directions to see him safe, if he had a mind to go on board any ship, in order to his escape.* A ship, it seems, was likewise prepared, and his majesty, attended by the Lords Dunmore, Arran, and Middleton, went on board; and then the three lords returned to London.—The prince arrived at St. James's about two hours after his majesty's departure;†

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* "A guard went with him, that left him in full liberty, and paid him rather more respect than his own guards had done of late. Most of that body, as it happened, were Papists. So when he went to mass, they went in, and assisted very reverently. And when they were asked, how they could serve in an expedition that was intended to destroy their own religion, one of them answered, His soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince of Orange's.—The king was so much delighted with this answer, that he repeated it to all that came about him."—BURNET, vol. II. p. 548.

† "It happened to be a very rainy day; and yet great numbers came to him. But, after they had stood long in the wet, he disappointed them; for he, who loved neither shows nor shoutings, went through the Park; and even this trifle helped to set people's spirits on the fret."—*Ibid.*

and the Earl of Arran went, among the rest, to attend his highness:* to whom being introduced, he told the prince, that the king, his master, had commanded him, upon his departure, to wait upon his highness, and receive his commands. The prince replied he was glad to see him, and had esteem for him and all men of honour. Then turning aside to some other persons, who were making their court; Dr. Burnet, soon after made Bishop of Salisbury, who had been the Earl of Arran's governor, coming up to his lordship, cried, "Ay, my Lord Arran, you are now come in, and think to make a merit when the work is done." To this insult the earl, in the hearing of many, replied only, "Come, doctor, we ken ane another weel enough." And the earl's own father told the prince, that if this young fellow were not secured, he would, perhaps, give his highness some trouble. Whereupon this noble young lord was sent to the Tower, where he continued about a year, and then returned to Scotland; and soon after, the young Lord Forbes, now Earl of Granard, was likewise imprisoned in the same place. King William had made several advances to his lordship, as he did to many other persons of quality, to engage

* "Now that the prince was come, all the bodies about the town came to welcome him. The bishops came next day, only the Archbishop of Canterbury, (Dr. Sancroft, afterwards deprived for not taking the oaths,) though he had once agreed to it, yet would not come. The clergy of London came next. The city, and a great many other bodies, came likewise, and expressed a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought for them by the prince's means. Old Serjeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety; and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The prince took notice of his great age; and said, 'That he believed he had outlived all the men of the law of his time.' He answered, 'He should have outlived the law itself, if his highness had not come over.'"—*Ibid.* p. 549.

him in his service; and sending for him one day, he asked him, why he did not take care of his regiment? My Lord Forbes, not being provided on a sudden with a better answer, told the king, that having been born in Ireland, he had not credit enough, he believed, to raise men to fill up the places of the Papists in his regiment. King William thereupon said, he would take that charge upon himself. Lord Forbes, having now recollected himself, said, he had likewise another reason why he found it necessary to decline his service, but was unwilling to mention it, not having the least intention to disoblige his highness.—The prince desired that he might do it freely, and it should not disoblige him; whereupon my lord said, that having sworn to retain his loyalty to King James, he could not, in honour and conscience, without his master's permission, enter into the service of another prince, during his majesty's life. Whereupon King William, soon after, thought it proper to send him to the Tower; but, however, was so generous as, in the time of his confinement, to send one of the clerks of the treasury with an order to pay him two hundred pounds, as very reasonably thinking, that under the loss of his regiment, as well as his rents in Ireland, he might want money to support himself. My Lord Forbes having asked the clerk, by whose direction he brought that sum? and the other answering, that he was only ordered to pay the money to his lordship, and to take his receipt, conjectured this present to have proceeded from King William; and therefore desired the clerk to present his most humble respects and thanks to his highness, and to let him know, that as he had never done him any service, he could not, in honour, receive any marks of his bounty.

Upon this subject I must add one more particular,

that when my Lord Forbes arrived with his regiment out of Ireland, and attended on King James, he advised his majesty to fight the prince, upon the first opportunity after his landing, before his party should grow strong; but those about the king, who had already engaged in the other interest, would not suffer that advice to be followed.

I now return to my Lord Dundee, and my Lord Dunmore. Their lordships acted no longer as colonels, when they understood that the prince intended to place himself on the throne during his majesty's life; but the first, with the twenty-four troopers, who followed him up from Watford, left London, and repaired, with the utmost expedition, to his own castle; and the second, some time after, to Edinburgh, lying both quiet until the Convention of the States of Scotland was called.

After their lordships were gone to Scotland, I went to Watford, where my Lord Kilsyth, as lieutenant-colonel, commanded the Lord Dunmore's regiment of dragoons; the rest of the army, which had been there, being gone to other places. Then Major-General M'Coy * ordered the Lord Kilsyth to march the regiment from place to place, until they should come to Congerton, a town in Cheshire. Here they quartered, when the Prince and Princess of Orange were proclaimed King and Queen of England, &c. by the sheriff and three or four bailiffs. It happened to be a very stormy day; and when the sheriff had done his office, a crackbrained fellow, at the head of a great rabble, proclaimed the Duke of Monmouth king, to the great diversion of the regiment, not believing he had been beheaded.

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* M'Kay, which is pronounced in Scotland somewhat like Mackoy. Creichton spells all the Scottish names from the sound.

When my Lord Dunmore * refused to serve the Prince of Orange, Sir Thomas Levingston, of my Lord Kilsyth's family, got the regiment. This gentleman was born in Holland, and often used to raise recruits in Scotland; upon which account, he was well known to the regiment. He came down post to Congerton; and, at supper, told the officers, that he was sent to know, which of them would serve King William, and which would not? Now the oath of allegiance to that prince having not been offered to that regiment, one of the company answered, that we, having sworn allegiance to King James, could not, in conscience and honour, draw our swords against him; whereupon Sir Thomas, drinking a health to King James upon his knees, answered, that he wished he might be damned, whenever he should command them to break that oath. And, in order to ingratiate himself farther with the regiment, added, that he would return to London next day, for a command to march them straight to Scotland, where their wives and friends were; and likewise to procure a captain's commission for me, since Sir Adam Blair, who commanded the troop in which I was lieutenant, had refused to serve King William; both which he accordingly obtained.

When he returned from London, he marched with the regiment directly through Berwick into Scotland; and as they passed by Edinburgh, (the castle whereof was kept for King James by the Duke of Gordon,) Sir Thomas and my Lord Kilsyth went into the town, to receive Duke Hamilton's command, who was then high commissioner; and some other officers went in at the same time, to see their wives and friends.

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* In the late editions, *Dundee;* the true reading is restored from the first edition.

The duke asked Sir Thomas where I was? and being informed that I was gone to Stirling, desired I might be sent for. Upon my attending his grace, he was pleased to say, that he had been always my friend; and that he now had it in his power to provide for me, if I would be true to my trust, (for he supposed I had taken the oath to King William;) and upon my answer, that I would be true to what I had sworn, the duke replied, It was very well.

Upon this occasion, and before I proceed farther, I think it will be proper to make some apology for my future conduct; because I am conscious, that many people, who are in another interest, may be apt to think and speak hardly of me; but I desire they would please to consider, that the Revolution was then an event altogether new, and had put many men much wiser than myself at a loss how to proceed. I had taken the oath of allegiance to King James, and having been bred up in the strictest principles of loyalty, could not force my conscience to dispense with that oath, during his majesty's life. All those persons of quality in Scotland to whom I had been most obliged, and on whom I chiefly depended, did still adhere to that prince. Those people whom, from my youth, I had been taught to abhor; whom, by the commands of my superiors, I had constantly treated as rebels; and who consequently conceived an irreconcilable animosity against me; were, upon this great change, the highest in favour and employments. And lastly, the established religion in Scotland, which was Episcopal, under which I had been educated, and to which I had always borne the highest veneration, was now utterly destroyed in that kingdom, (although preserved in the other two,) and the Presbyterian kirk, which had ever been my greatest aversion, exalted in its stead.

Upon all these considerations, I hope every candid reader will be so just to believe, that supposing me in an error, I acted at least sincerely, and according to the dictates of my conscience; and, as it is manifest, without any worldly view; for I had then considerable offers made me, and in all probability should have been greatly advanced, if I could have persuaded myself to accept them.

Having said thus much to excuse my conduct from that time forward, I shall now proceed to relate facts and passages just as they happened, and avoid, as much as possible, giving any offence.

My Lord Dunmore being then at Edinburgh, I thought it my duty to pay my respects to his lordship, who had been also my colonel. He was pleased to invite me to dine with him that day at a tavern; where he said Lieutenant-General Douglas, (who had left England, a little before, on some pretence or other,) the Lord Kilsyth, Captain Livingstone, Captain Murray, and Lieutenant Murray, (all his ain lads, as his lordship expressed himself,) were to meet him. I objected against Douglas, that he was not to be trusted. This was the same man, who afterwards was lieutenant-general of King William's army in Ireland, against King James, and whose name will never be forgot in that kingdom, on account of his many ravages and barbarities committed there: but his lordship answered, that he would pawn his life for his honesty; because my Lord Dundee had assured him, that the lieutenant-general had given him his faith and honour to be with him in five days, if he marched to the hills to declare for King James. Whereupon I submitted my scruples to my colonel's judgment: and accordingly we all met together at the tavern.

Dinner was no sooner done, than we heard the news that King James was landed in Ireland: then

Douglas, taking a beer glass, and looking round him, said, Gentlemen, we have all eat of his bread, and here is his health; which he drank off on his knees; and all the company did the same: then, filling another bumper, he drank damnation to all who would ever draw a sword against him.

I then returned to Stirling, and soon after the States of Scotland met. To this Convention my Lord Dundee went incognito, lest the rabble, who had threatened his person, should assault him in the streets. He made a speech to the house, to the following purpose: "That he came thither as a peer of the realm, to serve his majesty; and that, if the king had no service for him, he hoped that honourable assembly would protect him, as a peaceable subject, from the rage of his enemies."

Upon receiving an answer from the States, that they could not possibly do it, he slipped out of the house, and privately withdrew from the town, followed by the twenty-four troopers who had attended him thither; and, as he rode by the castle, seeing the Duke of Gordon, who commanded it, walking on the walls, he charged his grace to keep the place for King James, till he should hear farther from him; who was then going, he said, to appear in the field for his majesty.

His lordship had no sooner left the town, than one Major Bunting, with a party, by order from the Convention, followed with directions to seize him: whereupon my Lord Dundee, commanding his attendants to march on gently, stopped to speak to the major; and understanding his errand, advised him to return, or he would send him back to his masters in a pair of blankets, as he expressed himself. The major (who, perhaps, was no enemy to his lordship) returned accordingly, and my lord arrived at his castle, where he staid only that night:

for, in the morning, taking four thousand pounds with him, he went into the Highlands, to Sir Owen Cameron, where he was soon joined by the Laird of Cappagh,* who, some time before, had been driven out of his estate by order of King James, (as I have already related,) and by many other gentlemen of quality.

Major-General M'Coy, coming to Edinburgh at this juncture, was ordered to march the forces which he brought with him against my Lord Dundee. These forces consisted of three or four regiments of foot, and one of horse, besides Sir Thomas Levingston's of dragoons. They stopped, in their march, a night or two at Dundee. The first night I got privately into the castle, (as it had been agreed between my Lord Kilsyth and me,) and there assured my Lady Dundee, that the regiment of dragoons, in which I served, should be at her lord's service, whenever he pleased to command; whereof her ladyship gave notice next day to her husband, who sent me a note by a ragged Highlander, which I received as we were on our march from the town of Dundee towards the Highlands. The contents of my lord's note were: "That he had written to the king, to send him two thousand foot, and one thousand horse, out of Ireland; and that, as soon as those forces were arrived, he would expect me with a regiment of dragoons."

When Major-General M'Coy came within sight of my Lord Dundee, night coming on obliged him to halt, which gave opportunity to his lordship to

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* Dundee found the M'Donalds of Keppoch engaged in blockading Inverness, on account of some feudal quarrel of their own. Notwithstanding the severity with which they had been treated, Dundee had address and influence enough to reconcile the feud, and engage them in the cause of James.

retreat in the morning: but M'Coy followed him all day; whereupon, facing about, my lord advanced toward him, which caused the major-general to retreat in his turn. Thus we spent about three weeks, sometimes pursuing, and sometimes pursued; our leader, M'Coy, still writing every post for new supplies; till at last, one regiment of dragoons, and another of foot, came to his assistance, on the 5th of June, 1689. When this reinforcement came, he got intelligence of my Lord Kilsyth's intention and mine, of going over with the regiment to my Lord Dundee.

All people agreed, that Lieutenant-General Douglas, who had made so many solemn professions of his loyalty to King James, and whose health he had drank on his knees, was the very person who had given this intelligence to M'Coy; because he alone knew what had passed at the tavern where we dined; and because, instead of going with Dundee, as he had promised him, upon his faith and honour, he had rid post for London.*

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* Creichton was mistaken. Mackay in his MS. Memoirs informs us, that he learned this plot from the confession of a serjeant, who, having deserted from Wauchope's regiment to Lord Dundee, had a second time deserted back to Mackay's army. This man being threatened with death as a spy, "told the general that he was betrayed by his own men; and being asked who they were, he named Lieutenant-Colonel Levingston; Captains Murray, Levingston, Crighton, and several others, few excepted (but the colonel, major, and Captain Balfour) of all the dragoon officers who were not actually in the plot, or had less or more communication of it. And being farther inquired what proofs he had of those assertions, he answered, as did also his comrade, that besides that Dundee usually assured his Highland chiefs of clans, that he was sure of the dragoons, but that it was not yet time to call them, being more useful where they were; that he saw him read letters from his lady to the same purpose, naming particularly the forementioned officers, together with one Lieutenant Murray of the same regiment, a young debauched fellow, but one of the

From this period my troubles began; for I was then sent up to Edinburgh, and there imprisoned in the Tolbooth, together with my Lord Kilsyth, Captain Levingston, Captain Murray, and Lieutenant Murray; each of us in a separate dungeon; with orders that none should be permitted to speak with us, except through the keyhole: and in this miserable condition we lay for two months.

My Lord Kilsyth's friends were under great apprehensions that I would betray his lordship. But my lord did me the justice to assure them, that I would suffer the worst extremity, rather than be guilty of so infamous an action; which, he said, they should find, upon any temptation that might offer. When we had been close confined in our dungeons for two months, we were brought before the council, one by one, to be examined concerning our knowledge of my Lord Kilsyth's intention to carry off the regiment. Levingston and the two Murrays, having not been privy to that design, were able to discover nothing to his lordship's prejudice; and were likewise gentlemen of too much honour, to purchase their liberty with a lie; whereupon they were remanded back to their several dungeons. It was my turn to be next examined, and I was strongly suspected; but, notwithstanding my liberty was promised me if I would discover all I knew of the matter, the lord advocate, at the same time, also

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activest instruments in that plot." The conspiracy being thus discovered, Mackay found himself nevertheless obliged to temporize, and disguise his knowledge of the infidelity of those officers, until he was joined by the reinforcements mentioned in the text, when he caused all the suspected persons to be arrested. He allows, that had Dundee attacked him at Cal-na-keil, before the spies discovered the plot of the dragoons to him, he must have been beaten, and have abandoned all the north of Scotland to Dundee.

urging I must have certainly been privy to it; I positively denied any knowledge of that affair, adding, that I believed my Lord Kilsyth had never entertained such a design; or, if he had, that it was altogether improbable his lordship should impart it to me, a poor stranger born in Ireland, and yet keep it a secret from gentlemen of the kingdom, in whom he might much better confide. This I still repeated, and stood to with great firmness, even after I saw the hangman, with the torturing boots,* standing at my back: whereupon I was returned to my dungeon.

The council, although they could force no confession from me, or my companions, that might affect my Lord Kilsyth, on whose estate their hearts were much set, yet resolved to make a sacrifice of some one among us. But the other gentlemen being of their own kindred and country, and I a stranger, as well as much hated for persecuting the Covenanters, (who, by the change of the times, measures, and opinions, were now grown into high favour with the government, as I have before mentioned,) the lot fell on me, and they gave out a report that I should be hanged within a few days. But a gentleman then in town, one Mr. Buchanan, who held a secret correspondence with my Lord Dundee, sent his lordship intelligence of this their resolution concerning me.

That lord was then at the castle of Blair of Atholl; and having notice of the danger I was in, wrote a letter to Duke Hamilton, president of the council, desiring his grace to inform the board, "That, if

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* This horrid torture is said to have been imported from Russia. It consists in pulling an iron boot upon the leg, and driving wedges with a mallet between the knee and the boot, so that the former was often cruelly crushed.

they hanged Captain Creichton, or if (to use his own homely expression) they touched a hair of his tail, he would cut the Laird of Blair, and the Laird of Pollock, joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the council."

These two gentlemen having been taken prisoners at St. Johnstown, by my Lord Dundee, were still kept in confinement.* Whereupon the duke, though it was night, called the council, which met immediately, supposing that the business, which pressed so much, might relate to some express from court. But when the clerk read my Lord Dundee's letter, they appeared in great confusion: whereupon the duke said, "I fear we dare not touch a hair of Creichton; for ye all know Dundee too well, to doubt whether he will be punctual to his word; and the two gentlemen in his hands are too nearly allied to some here, that their lives should be endangered on this occasion." What his grace said was very true; for, if I remember right, the Laird of Blair had married a daughter of a former Duke of Hamilton. The issue of the matter was, that, under this perplexity, they all cried out, "Let the fellow live a while longer."

Not long after this, happened the battle of Gillicranky, (or Killikranky,) near the Castle of Blair of Atholl; where the forces under the Lord Dundee, consisting of no more than seventeen hundred foot, (all Highlanders, except three hundred sent him from Ireland, under the command of Colonel Cannon, when he expected three thousand, as I have mentioned,) and forty-five horse, routed an army of five thousand men, with Major-General M'Coy at their

* The Laird of Blair commanded one of the new-raised troops of horse, which was surprised at Perth by a rapid movement of Dundee, and totally dispersed, the officers being made prisoners.

head; took fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed a great number, among whom Colonel Balfour was one. M'Coy escaped, and fled that night twenty-five miles endwise, to the Castle of Drummond.*

But my Lord Dundee did not live to see himself

* "Mackay having ordered all on one line without any reserve, and having drawn up his field battalions only three men deep, which made a very long front, my Lord Dundee perceiving this, was necessitate to change his order of battle, and to enlarge his interval, that he would not be too much outwing'd. This consumed a great part of the afternoon; but having put all things in as good order as he could, marched down to attack the enemy. The Highlanders endured their fire with a great deal of courage, without once firing till they were close upon them, and then they delivered their fire, and presently thereafter, with sword and targe in hand, they broke in among them; and they not being used with this way of fighting, fell into such a consternation, that they defended themselves but faintly. My Lord Dundee charged upon the few horse he had: The English horses ran at first without firing hardly a shot; so he ordered his horse to follow him to attack their cannon, and Sir William Nairne, who had produced his commission only that morning to be a colonel of a regiment of horse, got the command, to the great dissatisfaction of the Earl of Dunfermline and many other gentlemen, who thought themselves injured, yet had that respect for your majesty's service as to make no dispute for it at so critical a time; he marched at so slow a pace after my Lord Dundee, that when he was come near the cannon, he found himself alone, which made him call for them to advance more quickly; but Sir William not being too forward, the Earl of Dunfermline, who was only riding volunteer, rode out of the ranks, and followed with about sixteen other gentlemen, beat the enemies from the cannon, and took them before the rest of the horse came up; when Dundee saw the cannon taken, the enemies' horse fled, and his horse broke in through Mackay's own regiment, he rode up to bring down Sir Donald Macdonald's regiment, who had not shewn so great resolution as the rest of the Highlanders, and unhappily by the way received a shot in his right side immediately below his armour; he strove to ride off a little, but was not able, and fell from off his horse; though the Highlanders had charged with admirable courage, making the enemy run wherever they came, yet they were so overcome by the spoil that so soon as they came among the enemy's baggage, they stopt there, and by that lost

victorious: for, as he was wheeling about a rock, over the enemy's heads, and making down the brae to attack them, (they making a running fire,) he was killed by a random shot, at the beginning of the action: yet his men discovered not his fall, till they had obtained the victory. The next day, though victorious, they suffered their prisoners to depart, on parole, that they would never take up arms against King James; Colonel Fergusson* only excepted, on account of his more than ordinary zeal for the new establishment.

King William, having heard of this defeat, said, "He knew the Lord Dundee so well, that he must have been either killed or mortally wounded; otherwise, before that time, he would have been master of Edinburgh."

I now desire leave to return to my own affairs. About four months after my examination, I was advised, in plain words, by the Dukes of Hamilton and Queensberry, who were then going up to London, that I should bribe Melvil, then Secretary of Scotland; with whom their graces likewise would use their interest, to get an order from King William for my liberty. But I was so far from having money to bribe a courtier of the secretary's rank, that I had hardly enough to support myself. Whereupon my noble friend, the Lord Kilsyth, who thought himself indebted to my fidelity for his life and fortune, was so extremely generous, as to make me a present of five hundred pounds, which I immediately sent to Melvil; who, thereupon, joining his interest with

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the fruit of the victory; for by this means, Mackay and several others escaped, which was impossible for them to have done, if they had been quickly pursued."—BALCARRAS'S *Account of the Affairs in Scotland, relative to the Revolution in* 1688.

* Colonel Fergusson of Craigdarroch.

the good offices of the two dukes before mentioned, prevailed with King William to send down an order, upon the receipt of which, I was to be set at liberty by the council. But they would not obey it; alleging, that the king was misinformed: and out of the abundance of their zeal, wrote to him, that if Captain Creichton should obtain his liberty, he would murder all Scotland in one night.

Thus my hope of liberty vanished; for King William soon after going to Flanders, and not thinking it prudent to discredit the representation which the council had made of me, as so very dangerous a person, left me in the tolbooth; though the two dukes, out of their great friendship, (which I should be most ungrateful ever to forget,) had both offered to answer, body for body, for my future peaceable demeanour. But notwithstanding all this, King William, for the reason before mentioned, left me prisoner in the tolbooth, as I said; where I continued two years and a half longer, without one penny of money: though not without many friends, whose charity and generosity supported me under this heavy affliction.

My wife and two boys, with as many daughters, were in town all the time of my confinement. The boys died young; but the mother and the two girls lived to endure many hardships; having been twice plundered by the rabble, of the little substance they had left: however, they and myself were still providentially relieved by some friend or other; and particularly once by the Lady Carnwath, (mother of the present earl,) who, when we had not one penny left to buy bread, sent us up a sack of meal, and a basket of fowl, sixty miles from Edinburgh.

My fellow-prisoners and I, after the time of our examination by the council, were allowed, for four or five hours every day, to converse with each other,

and with our friends: and when we had been three years in the tolbooth, my companions, being related to the best families in the kingdom, were at last permitted, on bail, to lodge in the city, with a sentry at each of their doors. But I was not allowed the same favour, till two months after; when Duke Hamilton, still my friend, with much difficulty, and strong application to the council, obtained it for me: and when the order was at last granted, I was at a great loss to find such a person for my bail whom the council would approve of; till the Laird of Pettencrife, a gentleman whom I had never seen before, sent up his name (without any application from me) to the clerk, and was accordingly accepted.

I had not been two months discharged out of the tolbooth, and removed to a private lodging in the town, with a sentry upon me, when the government, upon some pretence or other, filled the castle with a great number of persons of quality; among whom were the Lords Kilsyth, Hume, and several others; and the tolbooth again, with as many of inferior note as it could hold.

In a week after I had been permitted to live in the city with my family, I found the sentry had orders to keep me close, without allowing me to stir from my lodgings, upon any pretence whatsoever: but when another regiment came to relieve that which was before upon duty, I bribed him who had been my keeper, at his going off, that he should tell the first who came in his place, that his orders were, to walk with me to any part of the town I pleased. This was accordingly done; and thenceforward I used to take my sentry along with me, and visit my old fellow-prisoners, the Gillicrankymen, and sometimes stay with them all night; at other times, my friends would do the same at my lodgings; among whom the Lord William Douglas often did me that

honour: nay, sometimes, in company of some gentlemen, I would leave the sentry drinking with the footmen in an alehouse, at the back of the town wall, while we rambled nine or ten miles into the country, to visit some acquaintance or other; still taking care to return before two in the afternoon, which was the hour of parade, to save the sentry from danger.

Thus I spent about two months, till the day the government had filled the castle and the tolbooth again, as I have mentioned already. As soon as I was told of my Lord Kilsyth's imprisonment, I knew the danger I was in, and had just time to run with the sentry to a cellar, where I found twelve officers got together for shelter likewise from the storm, a little before me. We staid there close till night, and then dispatched my sentry, with Captain Mair's footman, to the Lady Lockhart's, (who was married to the captain,) four miles out of town, to let her know, that her husband would be at home that night, with twelve other cavaliers, (for so in those days we affected to style ourselves,) to avoid being imprisoned in the tolbooth.

When the message was delivered, the lady ordered three or four of her servants to take the sentry up four pair of stairs, and to ply him well with drink. Accordingly they kept him drunk for twelve days and nights together; so that he neither saw me, nor I him, in all that time. Two days after we came to Lady Lockhart's, I determined, against her and her friends' advice, to return privately to Edinburgh, to discourse with the Laird of Pettencrife, my bail: resolving, at all adventures, that so generous a person should not be a sufferer on my account. I accordingly repaired, in the night, to the same alehouse, at the back of the town-wall, and thence sent the footman, who attended me, to bring the laird thither. He presently came, with two other gentlemen in his

company; and after drinking together for half an hour, he bid me "go whither I pleased, and God's blessing along with me:" whereupon, thrusting me out at the door in a friendly manner, he added, that he would pay the hundred pounds he was bound in to the council, next morning, if demanded of him; which they accordingly did, and the money was paid.

I then returned to the company at my Lady Lockhart's, and thence wrote to the two Dukes before mentioned for their advice, what course to take? Their answer was, "That, in regard to my poor family, I should make my escape to my own country, and there set potatoes, till I saw better times." At the end of twelve days, Captain Mair and his eleven friends got over seas to St. Germains; when I likewise took my leave of them and the lady, to make the best of my way for Ireland. But I bethought me of the poor sentry, (to whom the twelve days we staid there seemed no longer than two or three, so well was he plied with drink,) and calling for him, asked whether he would choose to share with me and my fortunes, or go back to the regiment, perhaps to be shot for neglect of his duty? He readily answered, that he would go with me whitherever I went; and not long after we came into Ireland, I had the good luck to get him made a serjeant of grenadiers, in the regiment formerly commanded by my Lord Dumbarton, by a captain who was then gone thither for recruits; in which regiment he died a lieutenant some years after.

The lady, at parting, made me a present of a good horse, with ten dollars, to bear my charges on the way; and moreover hired a tenant's horse to carry the sentry to the borders. I durst not be seen to pass through Galloway, and therefore went by Carlisle to Whitehaven. Here I found an acquaintance, who was minister of the town, of the name of Marr;

and another twenty, he stood up, and said, he would provide a good horse, and a good buff-coat, and a good pair of pistols, and then he doubted not but he should find a good cause; and so went out of the house, and rode post into Cornwall."—And her loyal men used the like saying.

P. 53. "Many years after, when he (the duke of York) made the full relation of all the particulars to me, with that commotion of spirit, that it appeared to be deeply rooted in him," (speaking of the king's injunctions to the duke.)—*Yet he lived and died a rank Papist, and lost his kingdom.*

P. 55. "No men were fuller of professions of duty (to the king) than the Scottish commissioners."—The Scots dogs delivered up their king.

Ibid. Republican officers.—*Detestable villains, almost as bad as Scots.*

P. 76. Marquis of Argyle.—*Always a cursed family.*

P. 77. "The commissioners" assured the king, "that all Scotland would rise as one man for his majesty's defence and vindication."—A strange stupidity, to trust Scots at any time.

Ibid. "They required—that the Prince of Wales should be present with them, and march in the head of their army."—The king would by no means consent that the prince should go into Scotland.

P. 79. "Treaty signed, Dec. 26, 1647. They (the Scotch) proposed that an effectual course should be taken—for the suppressing the opinions and practices of antitrinitarians, arians, socinians, anti-scripturists, anabaptists, antinomians, arminians, familists, brownists, separatists, independents, libertines, and seekers."—What a medley of religions! in all thirteen.

P. 80. The same. "They would assert the right that belonged to the crown, in the power of the

militia, the great seal, bestowing of honours and offices of trust, choice of the privy-councillors, and the right of the king's negative voice in parliament." —They would rather be hanged than agree.

Ibid. The same. "An army should be sent out of Scotland—for making a firm union of the kingdoms under his majesty and his posterity."—Scotch impudence.

P. 81. The same. "The king engaged himself to employ those of the Scots nation, equally with the English, in all foreign employments and negotiations; and that a third part of all the offices about the king, queen, and prince, should be conferred upon some persons of that nation."—Impudent Scottish scoundrels.

P. 83. "The Presbyterians, by whom I mean the Scots, formed all their counsels by the inclinations and affections of the people."—Hellish Scotch dogs.

P. 85. "With this universal applause (Fairfax) compelled the Scottish army to depart the kingdom, with that circumstance as must ever after render them odious and infamous."—He out-cunninged the Scots.

P. 89. "The vile artifices of the Scottish commissioners, to draw the king into their hands."—Vile, treacherous Scots, for ever.

Book XI.

P. 97. On the discourses against the English in the Scottish parliament. "This discourse was entertained by the rest with so general a reception, that Argyle found it would be to no purpose directly to oppose it."—An infamous dog, like all his family.

P. 108. The prince (Charles II.) set sail for Yarmouth road, then for the Downs, having sent his

brother, the Duke of York, to the Hague."—A sorry admiral.

P. 109. "The prince determining to engage his own person, he (the duke) submitted to the determination."—Popery and cowardice stuck with him all his life.

Ibid. "The prince came prepared—to depend wholly upon the Presbyterian party, which, besides the power of the *Scottish army*, which was every day expected to invade England, was thought to be possessed of all the strength of the city of London." —Curse on the rogues!

P. 112. "Argyle took notice of Sir Marmaduke Langdale's and Sir Philip Musgrave's being in the town."—That Scotch dog.

P. 113. "They entreated them, with all imaginable importunity, that they would take the covenant." —Their damned covenant.

P. 117. "Sir Philip Musgrave, that it might appear they did not exclude any who had taken the covenant," &c.—Confound their damnable covenant!

P. 129. After the defeat of the Scottish army, the Earl of Lauderdale had been sent to the Hague. The Prince of Wales "thought fit that the earl should give an account of his commission at the board—and that all respect might be shewed to the parliament of Scotland, he had a chair allowed him to sit upon."—Respect to a Scotch parliament, with a pox.

P. 133. "Within a short time after, orders were sent out of Scotland for the delivery of Berwick and Carlisle to the parliament."—Cursed Scots.

Ibid. "It was generally believed that the Marquis of Argyle invited (Cromwell) to this progress" (into Scotland.)—*That eternal dog, Argyle.*

P. 141. "By the time that the commissioners returned from the Isle of Wight, and delivered the

answer to the parliament, news was brought of the defeat of the Scottish army, and Cromwell had written to the parliament," &c.—A cursed hell-hound.

P. 142. "When there appeared some hopes that the Scots would raise an army for the relief and release of the king."—Trust them not, for they are Scots.

P. 155. "The Duke of York, who was not above fifteen years of age, was so far from desiring to be with the fleet, that when there was once a proposition, upon occasion of a sudden mutiny amongst the seamen, that he should go amongst them who professed great duty to his highness, he was so offended at it, that he would not hear of it."—The duke's courage was always doubtful.

P. 167. "Two of (the ministers) very plainly and fiercely told the king, that, if he did not consent to the utter abolishing of Episcopacy, he would be damned."—Very civil.

P. 168. The king "did, with much reluctancy, offer—to suspend Episcopacy for three years," &c. —Prudent concessions.

Ibid. He consented, "likewise, that money should be raised upon the sale of the church lands, and only the old rent should be reserved to the just owners and their successors."—Scotch piracy.

Ibid. "They required farther, that, in all cases, when the lords and commons shall declare the safety of the kingdom to be concerned, unless the king give his royal assent to such a bill as shall be tendered to him for raising money, the bill shall have the force of an act of parliament, as if he had given his royal assent."—English dogs, as bad as Scots.

P. 170. On the king's concessions.—After so many concessions, the commissioners shewed themselves most damnable villains.

P. 172. The king "confessed that necessity might justify or excuse many things."—Indeed! a great concession.

P. 174. "For Scotland, they demanded the king's consent to confirm, by act of parliament, such agreements as should be made by both houses with that kingdom—for the settling and preserving a happy and durable peace between the two nations, and for the mutual defence of each other."—A most diabolical alliance.

P. 175. On the letter from the king to his son, concerning the treaty.—The whole letter is a most excellent performance.

P. 176. "The major part of both houses of parliament, was at that time so far from desiring the execution of all these concessions, that, if they had been able to have resisted the wild fury of *the army*, they would have been themselves suitors to have declined the greatest part of them."—Most diabolical villains.

P. 177. "It cannot be imagined how fearful some persons in France were that (the king) should have made his escape, and the dread they had of his coming thither."—French villains.

P. 180. The commons sent to Winchester "their well-bred Serjeant Wild, to be the sole judge of that circuit."—An infernal dog.

Ibid. "Young Sir Harry Vane had begun the debate (upon the treaty) with the highest insolence and provocation."—A cursed insolent villain, worse than even a Scot, or his own father.

P. 183. On the seizure of many members entering into the house, by the soldiers.—*Damnable proceeding.*

P. 184. "The remaining members vote the contrary to their former votes, that the answer the king had given to their propositions was not satisfactory."—Cursed rogues.

P. 195. Trial of the king. "The king—told them, he would first know of them by what authority they presumed by force to bring him before them, and who gave them power to judge of his actions, for which he was accountable to none but God."—Very weak.

P. 198. "The king was always a great lover of the Scottish nation."—There I differ from him.

Ibid. "Having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always."—Who were the cause of his destruction, like abominable Scotch dogs.

P. 199. "In that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects—as any of his predecessors."—Only common pity for his death, and the means of it.

P. 208. Lord Capel's trial. "*Cromwell*, who had known him very well, spoke so much good of him, and professed to have so much kindness and respect for him, that all men thought he was now safe."—Cursed dog.

Book XII.

P. 217. Charles II. proclaimed in Scotland, "upon condition of his good behaviour, and strict observation of the covenant, and his entertaining no other persons about him but such as were godly men, and faithful to that obligation."—Cursed Scots in every circumstance.

Ibid. The new Duke of Hamilton.—A Scotch duke, celebrated by the author as a perfect miracle.

P. 218. On the commission sent to England when the king was tried. "The Marquis of Argyle had had too deep a share in that wickedness, (the delivery of the king,) to endure the shock of a new dispute

and inquisition upon that wickedness, and therefore gave not the least opposition to the passion" (of the Scots.)—A true Argyle.

Ibid. Continuation of the same sentence. "But seemed equally concerned in the honour of the nation to prosecute an high expostulation with those of England, for the breach of faith and the promises which had been made for the safety and preservation of the king's person at the time he was delivered." —The Scots were the cause and chief instruments of the king's murder by delivering him up to the English rebels.

P. 222. "It was very manifest—that the Marquis of Argyle meant only to satisfy the people in declaring that they had a king—but that such conditions should be put upon him, as he knew he would not submit to."—Most detestable villain.

P. 225. "A learned and worthy divine, Dr. Wishart."—A prodigious rarity.

Ibid. "The Earl (of Lauderdale) told (one of the council) that he could not imagine or conceive the barbarities and inhumanities Montrose was guilty of, in the time he made war in Scotland."—That earl was a beast; I mean Lauderdale.

Ibid. "That he (Montrose) had in one battle killed fifteen hundred of one family, of the Campbells, of the blood and name of Argyle."—Not half enough of that execrable breed.

P. 228. For the embassy from the Parliament, "one Dorislaus, a doctor in the civil law, was named." —A Dutch fellow, employed by those regicides who murdered the king.

P. 237. "The Prince of Orange—wished, that, in regard of the great differences which were in England about matters of religion, the king would offer—to refer all matters in controversy about religion to a national synod."—I do not approve it.

P. 249. On the defeat of the Marquis of Ormond by Jones.—*Ormond's army discomfited!*

Ibid. "Lambert—was known to have a great detestation of the *Presbyterian power*," &c.—Scots.

P. 265. "The council of Scotland—sent a gentleman—to invite his majesty to come into Scotland, not without a rude insinuation that it was the last invitation he should receive."—Still cursed Scots.

P. 267. On the conditions sent from Scotland to Breda, in case the king consented to come to Scotland. "They had reason to expect (they said)—that the king himself, and all those who should attend upon him, were first to sign the covenant before they should be admitted to enter into the kingdom."—Damnable Scottish dogs.

P. 268. Some lords warned the king, that it was to be feared "that Argyle would immediately deliver the person of the king into the hands of Cromwell."—That Scotch dog was likely enough to do so, and much worse.

Ibid. The ambassadors in Spain "were extremely troubled, both of them having always had a strong aversion that the king should ever venture himself into the hands of that party of the Scottish nation which had treated his father so perfidiously."—Damnable nation for ever.

P. 269. The king "was before in (Spain) looked upon as being dispossessed and disinherited of all his dominions, as if he had no more subjects than those few who were banished with him, and that there was an entire defection of the rest; but now he was possessed of one whole kingdom."—Yet all cursed villains; a possession of the devil's kingdom, where every Scot was a rebel.

Ibid. "There fell out, at this time,—an accident of so prodigious a nature, that, if Providence had not, for the reproach of Scotland, determined that

the king should once more make experiment of the courage and fidelity of that nation, could not but have diverted his majesty from that northern expedition; which, how unsecure soever it appeared for the king, was predestinated for a greater chastisement and mortification of that people, as it shortly after proved to be;" (alluding to Montrose's execution.)—That is good news.

P. 270. "The Marquis (of Montrose) was naturally of great thoughts, and confident of success."—He was the only man in Scotland who had ever one grain of virtue; and was therefore abhorred, and murdered publicly. [The rest illegible.]

Ibid. "There were many officers of good name and account in Sweden, of the Scottish nation."—Impossible.

P. 271. "Montrose knew, that of the two factions there, which were not like to be reconciled, each of them were equally his implacable enemies."—Very certain.

Ibid. "The whole kirk" was "alike malicious to him."—Scots' damnable kirk.

P. 272. Many of the clans "assured him (Montrose) that they would meet him with good numbers; and they did prepare to do so, some really, and the others with a purpose to betray him."—Much the greater number.

Ibid. "The tyranny of Argyle caused very many to be barbarously murdered, without any form of law or justice, who had been in arms with Montrose."—That perpetual inhuman dog and traitor, and all his posterity, to a man, damnable villains.

P. 273. "All the other officers were shortly after taken prisoners, all the country desiring to merit from Argyle, by betraying all those into his hands which they believed to be his enemies."—The virtue and morality of the Scots.

"And thus, whether *by the owner of the house,* or any other way, the marquis himself became their prisoner."—A tyrannical Scotch dog.

P. 274. Sentence on Montrose: "That he was—to be carried to Edinburgh Cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours," &c.—Oh! if the whole nation, to a man, were just so treated! begin with Argyle, and next with the fanatic dogs who vested him with their kirk scurrilities.

Ibid. "After many scurrilities, (the ministers) offered to intercede for him to the kirk, upon his repentance, and to pray with him."—Most treacherous, damnable, infernal Scots for ever!

P. 275. "He bore (the execution) with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety that a good Christian could manifest."—A perfect hero; perfectly unScottified.

Ibid. "He prayed that they might not betray him (the king) as they had done his father."—A very seasonable prayer, but never performed.

Ibid. "The Marquis of Argyle—wanted nothing but *honesty and courage* to be a very extraordinary man."—Trifles to a Scot.

P. 276. "They who were most displeased with Argyle and his faction, were not sorry for this inhuman and monstrous prosecution" (of Montrose.) —Impudent, lying Scottish dogs.

Book XIII.

P. 286. "The king was received by the Marquis of Argyle with all the outward respect imaginable." —That dog of all Scotch dogs.

Ibid. "They did immediately banish (Daniel O'Neil) the kingdom, and obliged him to sign a

paper, by which he consented to be put to death, if he were ever after found in the kingdom."—In Scotland, with a pox.

P. 287. "The king's table was well served."—With Scotch food, &c. &c. &c.

P. 300. "The king had left the Duke of York with the queen, with direction that he should conform himself entirely to the will and pleasure of the queen his mother, matters of religion only excepted."—Yet lost his kingdom for the sake of Popery.

P. 301. "The Duke (of York) was full of spirit and courage, and naturally loved designs."—*Quantum mutatus!*

P. 304. On the proposed match between the Duke of York and the Duke of Lorraine's natural daughter. "Only Sir George Ratcliffe undertook to speak to him about it; who could only make himself understood in Latin, which the duke cared not to speak in."—Because he was illiterate, and only read Popish Latin.

P. 305. "The queen bid him (the chancellor of the exchequer) assure the Duke of York, that he should have a free exercise of his religion, as he had before."—Who unhinged himself for Popery.

P. 306. "It was the common discourse (in Holland) that the Protestants of the Church of England could never do the king service, but that all his hopes must be in the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians."—A blessed pair.

Ibid. The Duke of York "was fortified with a firm resolution never to acknowledge that he had committed any error."—No, not when he lost his kingdom for Popery.

P. 318. "The king's defeat at Worcester, 3d of September."—September 3d, always lucky to Cromwell.

P. 339. "There was no need of spurs to be employed to incite the Duke (of York,) who was most

impatient to join the army."—How old was he when he turned Papist, and a coward?

P. 340. "The duke pressed it, (his being allowed to join the army,) with earnestness and passion, in which he dissembled not."—*Dubitat Augustinus.*

P. 343. The duke, in the French army, "got the reputation of a prince of very signal courage, and to be universally beloved of the whole army, by his affable behaviour."—But proved a cowardly Popish king.

P. 349. "The chancellor told his majesty, this trust would for ever deprive him of all hope of the queen's favour, who could not but discern it within three or four days; and, by the frequent resort of the Scottish vicar to him, (one Knox, who came with Middleton to Paris,) to him, (who had the vanity to desire long conferences with him,) that there was some secret in hand, which was kept from her."—The little Scottish scoundrel, conceited vicar.

Book XIV.

P. 386. "Scotland lay under a heavy yoke by the strict government of Monk."—I am glad of that.

P. 387. "The day of the meeting (of Cromwell's Parliament) was the third of September, in the year 1654."—His lucky day.

P. 394. "The Highlanders—made frequent incursions in the night into the English quarters, and killed many soldiers, but stole more of their horses."—Rank Scottish thieves. Bussy, *Relation amours de Gaules.*

P. 414. "There was at that time in the court of France, or rather in the jealousy of that court, a lady of great beauty, of a presence very graceful and alluring, and a wit and behaviour that captivated those who were admitted into her presence," (to whom Charles II. made an offer of marriage.)—A prostitute whore.

P. 420. "The chancellor of the exchequer one day —desired (the king) to consider, upon the news and importunity from Scotland, whether in those Highlands there might not be such a safe retreat and residence, that he might reasonably say, that, with the affections of that people which had been always firm to his father and himself, he might preserve himself in safety, though we could not hope to make any advance."—The chancellor never thought so well of the Scots before.

"His majesty discoursed very calmly of that country,—and that, if sickness did not destroy him, which he had reason to expect, from the ill accommodation he must be there contented with, he should in a short time be betrayed and given up."—But the king knew them better.

P. 425. The king's enemies "persuaded many in England, and especially of those of the reformed religion, that his majesty was in truth a Papist."—Which was true.

P. 423. "The wretch (Manning) soon after received the reward of his treason."—In what manner?

Book XV.

P. 469. "That which made a noise indeed, and crowned his (Cromwell's) successes, was the victory his fleet, under the command of Blake, had obtained over the Spaniards."—I wish he were alive, for the dogs the Spaniards' sake, instead of—[The rest illegible.]

P. 495. In the address of the Anabaptists to the king. "We humbly beseech your majesty, that your majesty would pass your royal word never to erect, nor suffer to be erected, any such tyrannical, Popish, and Antichristian hierarchy, (Episcopal, Presbyterian, or by what name soever it be called,) as shall assume

a power over, or impose a yoke upon other men's consciences."—Honest, though fanatics.

P. 501. At the siege of Dunkirk, "Marshal Turenne, accompanied with the Duke of York, who would never be absent upon those occasions, spent two or three days in viewing the line round."—James II., a fool and a coward.

P. 502. "There was a rumour that the Duke of York was taken prisoner by the English,—whereupon many of the French officers and gentlemen resolved to set him at liberty. So great an affection that nation owned to have for his highness."—Yet he lived and died a coward.

Book XVI.

P. 523. On the discovery of the treachery of Sir Richard Willis.—*Doubtful.**

P. 539. "If it had not been for the king's own *steadiness*."—Of which, in religion, he never had any.

P. 540. Upon the Duke of York's being invited into Spain, with the office of El Almirante del Oceano, he was warned, that "he would never be suffered to go to sea, under any title of command, till he first changed his religion."—As he did openly in England.

P. 583. Declaration of the king, April 14, 1660. "Let all our subjects, how faulty soever, rely upon the word of a king," &c.—Usually good for nothing.

Ibid. "A free Parliament; by which, upon the word of a king, we will be advised."—Provided he be an honest and sincere man.

P. 585. Letter to the fleet. "Which gives us great encouragement and hope, that God Almighty

* Surely not doubtful. Willis acknowledged his own treachery.

will heal the wounds by the same plaster that made the flesh raw."—A very low comparison.

P. 586. Letter to the city of London. "The affection to us in the city of London, hath exceedingly raised our spirits, and no doubt hath proceeded from the spirit of God, and his extraordinary mercy to the nation; which hath been encouraged by you and your good example—to discountenance the imaginations of those who would subject our subjects to a government they have not yet devised." —Cacophonia.

P. 595. Proclamation of the king, May 8, by the Parliament, lord mayor, &c. "We acknowledge, that he (Charles II.) is of England, France, and Ireland, the most potent, mighty, and undoubted king; and thereunto we most humbly and faithfully do submit, and oblige ourselves, our heirs, and posterity for ever."—Can they oblige their posterity for 10,000 years to come?

P. 596. The case of Colonel Ingoldsby. After he had refused to sign the death-warrant of the king, "Cromwell and others held him by violence, and Cromwell, with a loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ, Richard Ingoldsby, he making all the resistance he could."—A mistake; for it was his own hand-writ, without any restraint.

SHORT REMARKS

ON

BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

THIS author is, in most particulars, the worst qualified for an historian that ever I met with. His style is rough, full of improprieties, in expressions often Scotch, and often such as are used by the meanest people.* He discovers a great scarcity

* His own opinion, says my predecessor, Mr. Nichols, was very different, as appears by the original MS. of his History, wherein the following lines are legible, though among those which were ordered not to be printed: "And if I have arrived at any faculty of writing clear and correctly, I owe that entirely to them, (Tillotson and Lloyd;) for as they joined with Wilkins in that noble, though despised attempt, of an universal character, and a philosophical language, they took great pains to observe all the common errors of language in general, and of ours in particular. And in drawing the tables for that work, which was Lloyd's province, he looked farther into a natural purity and simplicity of style, than any man I ever knew. Into all which he led me, and so helped me to any measure of exactness of writing which may be thought to belong to me." The above was originally designed to have followed the words, "I knew from them," vol. I. p. 191, l. 7, fol. ed., near the end of A.D. 1661.

of words and phrases, by repeating the same several hundred times, for want of capacity to vary them. His observations are mean and trite, and very often false. His Secret History is generally made up of coffeehouse scandals, or at best from reports at the third, fourth, or fifth hand. The account of the Pretender's birth would only become an old woman in a chimney-corner. His vanity runs intolerably through the whole book, affecting to have been of consequence at nineteen years old, and while he was a little Scotch parson of 40 pounds a-year. He was a gentleman born, and in the time of his youth and vigour, drew in an old maiden daughter of a Scotch earl to marry him.* His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, except of those who were friends to the Presbyterians. That early love of liberty he boasts of, is absolutely false; for the first book that, I believe, he ever published, is an entire treatise in favour of passive obedience and absolute power; so that his reflections on the clergy, for asserting, and then changing, those principles, come very improperly from him. He is the most partial of all writers that ever pretended so much to impartiality; and yet I, who knew him well, am convinced that he is as impartial as he could possibly find in his heart; I am sure more than I ever expected from him; particularly in his accounts of the Papist and fanatic plots. This work may more properly be called A History of Scotland during the Author's Time, with some Digressions relating to England, rather than deserve the title he gives it; for I believe two-thirds of it relate only to that beggarly nation, and their insignificant brangles and factions. What he succeeds best in is, in giving extracts of arguments and

* Lady Margaret Kennedy, daughter to the Earl of Cassilis.

debates in council or Parliament. Nothing recommends his book but the recency of the facts he mentions, most of them being still in memory, especially the story of the Revolution; which, however, is not so well told as might be expected from one who affects to have had so considerable a share in it. After all, he was a man of generosity and good-nature, and very communicative; but, in his ten last years, was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw Popery under every bush. He has told me many passages not mentioned in his history, and many that are, but with several circumstances suppressed or altered. He never gives a good character without one essential point, that the person was tender to dissenters, and thought many things in the church ought to be amended.

Setting up for a maxim; laying down for a maxim; clapt up; decency; and some other words and phrases he uses many hundred times.

Cut out for a court; a pardoning planet; clapt up; left in the lurch; the mob; outed; a great beauty; went roundly to work: All these phrases used by the vulgar, shew him to have kept mean or illiterate company in his youth.

EXTRACTS

FROM

SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON

"BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES;"

FOLIO EDITION, 1724.

From the Original, in the Library of the late

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.

—o—

PREFACE, p. 3. *Burnet.* "Indeed the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, has sharpened my spirits, perhaps, too much against them—so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—*Swift.* "I will take his *warning.*"

P. 11. *Burnet.* "Colonel Titus assured me that he had it from King Charles the First's own mouth, that he was well assured his brother, Prince Henry, was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means."

—*Swift.* "Titus was the greatest rogue in England."

P. 18. *Burnet.* "Gowry's conspiracy against King James was confirmed to me by my father."—*Swift.* "And yet Melville makes nothing of it." *

P. 20. *Burnet.* "Charles I. had such an ungracious way of bestowing favours, that the manner of bestowing was almost as mortifying as the favour was obliging."—*Swift.* "Not worth knowing."

P. 23. *Burnet.* "This person, (Mr. Stewart,) who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable, that he was raised by several degrees to be made Earl of Traquair, and Lord Treasurer of Scotland, and was in great favour; but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune, that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger."—*Swift.* "A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat!"

P. 26. *Burnet.* "How careful Lord Balmerinoch's father was to preserve the petition and the papers relating to that trial, of which, says he, I never saw any copy besides, and which I have now by me, and which indeed is a very noble piece, full of curious matter."—*Swift.* "Puppy!"

P. 28. *Burnet.* "The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—*Swift.* "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 29. *Burnet.* "The Lord Wharton and the Lord Howard of Escrick undertook to deliver some of these; which they did, and were *clapt up* upon it."—*Swift.* "What dignity of expression!"

P. 30. *Burnet.* "King Charles I. was now in

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* If Sir James Melville be meant, his Memoirs do not reach the period. Swift perhaps had in his memory the intrigues of Gowry the father, which are repeatedly mentioned by Melville.

great straits—his treasure was exhausted—his subjects highly irritated—his ministry frightened, being exposed to the anger and justice of Parliament. He loved high and rough methods; but had neither the skill to conduct them, nor the height of genius to manage them."—*Swift.* "Not one good quality named."

P. 31. *Burnet.* "The Queen of Charles I. was a woman of great vivacity of conversation, and loved all her life long to be *in intrigues of all sorts.*"—*Swift.* "Not of love, I hope."

P. 34. *Burnet.* "Dickison, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and other popular preachers in Scotland, affected great sublimities in devotion. They poured themselves out in their prayers with a loud voice, and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; somewhat of Hebrew, and very little Greek. Books of controversy with the Papists, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their study."—*Swift.* "Great nonsense! Rutherford was half fool, half mad."

P. 40. *Burnet,* speaking of the bad effects of the Marquis of Montrose's expedition and defeat, says, "It alienated the Scots much from the king; it exalted all that were enemies to peace; and there seemed to be some colour for all those aspersions that they had cast on the king, as if he had been in a correspondence with the Irish rebels, when the worst tribe had been thus employed by him."—*Swift.* "Lord Clarendon differs from all this."

P. 41. *Burnet.* "The Earl of Essex told me, that he had taken all the pains he could to inquire into the origin of the Irish massacre; but could never see any reason to believe that the king had any accession to it."—*Swift.* "And who but *a beast* ever believed it?"

P. 42. *Burnet.* Arguing with the Scots concerning the propriety of the king's death, he observes, that Drummond said, "That Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapons."—*Swift.* "And Burnet thought as Cromwell did."

P. 46. *Burnet.* "Fairfax was much distracted in his mind, and changed purposes often every day."—*Swift.* "Fairfax had hardly common sense."

P. 49. *Burnet.* "I will not enter further into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in the relation of military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—*Swift.* "Very foolish advice; for soldiers cannot write."

P. 50. *Burnet.* "Laud's defence of himself, when in the Tower, is a very mean performance. In most particulars, he excuses himself by this,—That he was but one of many, who, either in council, star-chamber, or high commission, voted illegal things. Now, though this was true, yet a chief minister, and one in high favour, determines the rest so much, that they are little better than machines acted by him.—On other occasions, he says, 'the thing was proved but by one witness.' Now, how strong soever this defence may be in law, it is of no force in appeal to the world; for, if a thing is true, it is no matter how full or defective the proof is."—*Swift.* "All this is full of malice and ill judgment."

P. 50. *Burnet*, speaking of the Basilicon, "supposed to be written by Charles the First."—*Swift.* "I think it is a poor treatise, and that the king did not write it."

P. 51. *Burnet.* "Upon the king's death, the Scots

proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir George Winran, *that married my great-aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."—*Swift.* "Was that the reason why he was sent?"

P. 53. *Burnet.* "King Charles the Second, when in Scotland, wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached, without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service."—*Swift.* "Burnet was not then eight years old."

P. 61. *Burnet*, speaking of the period of the usurpation in Scotland—"Cromwell built three citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon those eight years of usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity."—*Swift.* "No doubt, you do."

P. 63. *Burnet*, speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars, says, "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches, or the reach of their voices."—*Swift.* "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd—I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister."

P. 64. *Burnet.* "The resolutions sent up by one Sharp, who had been long in England, and was an active and an eager man."—*Swift.* "Afterwards a bishop, and murdered."

P. 66. *Burnet.* "Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net: he let them dance in at pleasure, and upon occasions *clapt* them up for a short time."—*Swift.* "A pox of his *claps*."

P. 87. *Burnet*, speaking of the Restoration—"Of all this, Monk had both the praise and the reward; for I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him."—*Swift.* "Malice."

P. 126. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the Marquis of Argyle;—*Swift.* "He was the greatest villain of his age."

P. 127. *Burnet.* "The proceeding against Warriston was soon dispatched."—*Swift.* "Warriston was an abominable dog."

P. 134. *Burnet*, of Bishop Leightoun's character, "The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion—his style, however, was rather too fine."—*Swift.* "A fault that Burnet is not guilty of."

P. 140. *Burnet.* "Leightoun did not stand much upon it. He did not *think* orders given without bishops were null and void. He *thought* the forms of government were not settled by such positive laws as were unalterable, but only by apostolical practices, which, as he *thought*, authorized Episcopacy, as the best form: yet he did not *think* it necessary to the being of a church, but he *thought* that every church might make such rules of ordinations as they pleased."—*Swift.* "Here's a specimen of style!—*think!*—*thought!*—*thought!*—*think!*—*thought!*"

P. 154. *Burnet*, speaking of a proclamation for shutting up two hundred churches in one day!—"Sharpe said to myself he knew nothing of it; yet he was glad it was done without his having any share in it, for by it he was furnished with somewhat in which he was no way concerned, upon which he might cast all the blame of all that followed; yet this was suitable enough to a maxim that he and all that sort of people set up—that the execution of the laws was that by which all governments maintained their strength, as well as their honour."—*Swift.* "Dunce! Can there be a better maxim?"

P. 163. *Burnet.* "John Goodwin and Milton did also escape all censure, to the surprise of all people."—*Swift.* "He censures even mercy."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Milton was not excepted out of the Act of Indemnity; and afterwards he came out of his concealment, and lived many years, much visited by all strangers, and much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that of 'Paradise Lost,' in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that, though he affected to write in blank verse, without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifullest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language."—*Swift.* "A mistake!—for it is *in English.*"

P. 164. *Burnet.* "The great share that Sir Henry Vane had in the attainder of the Earl of Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but, above all, the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it necessary to put him out of the way."—*Swift.* "A malicious turn!—Vane was a dangerous enthusiastic beast."

P. 164. *Burnet.* "When Sir Henry Vane saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with *decency.*"—*Swift.* "His lady *conceived* by him the night before his execution."

P. 180. *Burnet*, speaking of the dissenters in Charles the Second's time looking for a new liturgy, continues, "But all this was overthrown by Baxter, who was a man of great piety, and, if he had not meddled in too many things, would have been esteemed one of the learned men of the age. He writ near *two hundred books.*"—*Swift.* "Very sad ones indeed!"

P. 186. *Burnet* speaking of the great fines raised on the church ill applied, he proceeds, "If the half

had been applied to the buying of tithes or glebes for small vicarages, here a foundation had been laid for a great and effectual reformation."—*Swift.* "He judges here right in my opinion."

P. 186. *Burnet*, continuing the same subject, "The men of merit and services were loaded with many livings and many dignities. With this accession of wealth there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living, on the pretence of hospitality, whilst others made purchases, and left great estates, most of which we have seen melt away."—*Swift.* "An uncharitable aggravation, a base innuendo."

P. 189. *Burnet.* "Patrick was a great preacher, and wrote well on the scriptures. He was a laborious man in his function, of great strictness of life, but a little too severe against those who differed from him; but that was where he thought their doctrines struck at the fundamentals of religion. He became afterwards more moderate."—*Swift.* "Yes; for he turned a rank Whig."

P. 190. *Burnet.* "Archbishop Tenison was a very learned man, endowed schools, set up a public library," &c. &c.—*Swift.* "The dullest, good-for-nothing man I ever knew."

P. 191. *Burnet*, condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says, "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was *pyebald*, full of many sayings of different languages."—*Swift.* "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style? He surely neglected his own talents."

P. 193. *Burnet*, speaking of the first formation of the Royal Society, "Many physicians, and other ingenious men, went into a society for natural philosophy; but he who laboured most was Robert Boyle, the Earl of Cork's youngest son, who was

looked upon by all who knew him as a very perfect pattern. He was a very devout Christian, humble and modest almost to a fault; of a most spotless and exemplary life in all respects. He was highly charitable, and was a mortified and self-denied man, that delighted in nothing so much as in doing good. He neglected his person, despised the world, and lived abstracted from all pleasures, designs, and interest."—*Swift.* "And yet Boyle was a very silly writer."

P. 195. *Burnet.* "Peter Walsh, who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew among the Popish clergy, often told me, there was nothing which the whole Popish party feared more than an union of those of the Church of England with the Presbyterians. The Papists had but two maxims, from which they never departed. The one was to divide us, and the other, to keep themselves united." —*Swift.* "Rogue!!!"

P. 202. *Burnet.* "The queen-mother had brought over from France one Mrs. Stewart, *a great beauty.*" —*Swift.* "A pretty phrase this!"

P. 203. *Burnet.* "One of the first things that was done this session of Parliament, (1663,) was *the execution of my unfortunate uncle Warriston.* He was so disordered, both in body and mind, that it was a reproach to government to proceed against him. He was brought before the Parliament to hear what he had to say why his execution should not be awarded. He spoke long, but in a disordered and broken strain, which his enemies fancied had been put on to create pity. He was sentenced to die. His deportment was unequal, as might be expected from a man in his condition; yet, when the day of execution came, he was very serene.— He was cheerful, and seemed fully satisfied with his death. He read a speech twice over on the scaffold,

that, to my knowledge, he composed himself, in which he justified all the proceedings in the covenant, and asserted his own sincerity; but condemned his joining with Cromwell and the sectaries; though, even in that, his intentions had been sincere for the good of his country, and the security of religion. Lord Lauderdale had lived in great friendship with him; but he saw the king was so set against him, that he, who at all times took more care of himself than of his friends, would not, in so critical a time, seem to favour a man whom the Presbyterians had set up as a sort of an idol amongst them, and on whom they did depend more than on any other man alive."—*Swift.* "Pray, was this Warriston hanged or beheaded? A very fit uncle for such a bishop!"

P. 220. *Burnet.* "Pensionary De Witt had the notion of a commonwealth from the Greeks and Romans, and from thence he came to fancy, that an army commanded by officers of their own country was both more in their own power, and would serve them with the more zeal, since they themselves had such an interest in their success."—*Swift.* "He ought to have judged the contrary."

P. 225. *Burnet,* speaking of the slight rebellion in the west, 1666, says, "The rest of the rebels were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the king's troops were not in case to pursue them, for they were a poor, harmless company of men, become mad with oppression."—*Swift.* "A fair historian!"

P. 238. *Burnet.* "Sir John Cunningham was not only an eminent lawyer, but was, above all, a man of eminent probity, and of a sweet temper, and indeed one of the *piousest* men of the nation."—*Swift.* "Pray, is that Scotch?"

P. 242. *Burnet.* "When the peace of Breda was concluded, the king writ to the Scottish council, and communicated *that* to them, and with *that* signified

that it was the pleasure *that* the army should be disbanded."—*Swift.* "Here are four *thats* in one line."

P. 243. *Burnet.* "Sir Robert Murray, apprehensive that Episcopacy was to be pulled down, wrote a long and sorrowful letter to Sheldon, and upon that Sheldon wrote a very long one to Sir Robert, which I read and found more temperate that I could have expected from him."—*Swift.* "Sheldon was a very great and excellent man."

P. 245. *Burnet.* "The Countess of Dysart was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts; she had studied, not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about—a violent friend, but much more violent enemy. When Lauderdale was prisoner after Worcester fight, she made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell."—*Swift.* "Cromwell had gallantries with her."

P. 253. *Burnet,* speaking of Sheldon's remonstrating with the king about his mistresses, adds, "From that day Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence."—*Swift.* "Sheldon refused the sacrament to the king, for living in adultery."

P. 257. *Burnet.* "Thus Lord Clarendon fell under the common fate of great ministers, whose employment exposes them to envy, and draws upon them the indignation of all who are disappointed in their pretensions."—*Swift.* "Stupid moralist!"

P. 258. *Burnet,* speaking of the Earl of Rochester, second son of Lord Clarendon: "He was thought the smoothest man in the court; and during all the disputes concerning his father, he made his court so dexterously, that no resentments ever appeared on that head. He is a man of far greater parts than his brother, (who, in resentment of his father's ill-

treatment, always opposed the court,) has a *very good pen*, but speaks not gracefully."—*Swift.* "Pray, was this pen of gold or silver?"

P. 258. *Burnet.* "In a conversation I had with the king in his closet, I was struck to hear a prince of his course of life so much disgusted at the ambition and covetousness of the clergy. He said, if the clergy had done their part, it would have been an easy matter to run down the nonconformists. He told me, he had a chaplain that was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom he had given a living in Suffolk, that was full of that sort of people. He had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could say to them, for he said he was a very silly fellow, but that he 'believed his nonsense suited theirs,' for he had brought them all to church, and in reward for his diligence he had given him a bishopric in Ireland."—*Swift.* "Bishop Wolley, of Clonfert."

P. 259. *Burnet.* "If the sectaries were humble and modest, and would tell what would satisfy them, there might be some colour for granting them some concessions."—*Swift.* "I think so too."

P. 263. *Burnet*, speaking of the king's attachment to Nell Gwyn, says, "And yet, after all, he never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress."—*Swift.* "Pray, what *decencies* are these?"

P. 263. *Burnet.* "The king had another mistress, who was managed by Lord Shaftesbury, who was the daughter of a clergyman, (one Roberts,) in whom her first education had so deep a root, that though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deeply laid in her, that though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin, that she was never easy in

an ill course of life, and died with great sense of her former conduct. I was *often with her* the last three months of her life."—*Swift.* "Was she handsome then?"

P. 265. *Burnet.* "Sedley had a more copious wit, and sudden, than that which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester."—*Swift.* "No better a critic in wit than in style."

P. 266. *Burnet.* "Lord Robarts, afterwards Earl of Radnor, who succeeded the Duke of Ormond in his government of Ireland, was a morose man, believed to be sincerely just, and as wise as a *cynical* humour could allow him to be."—*Swift.* "How does that hinder wisdom?"

P. 273. *Burnet.* "Charles II. confessed himself a Papist to the Prince of Orange; and the prince told me, he never spoke of this to any other person till *after his death.*"—*Swift.* "What! *after his own death?*"

P. 288. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal party thought I intended to make myself popular at their cost; so they began that strain of fury and calumny that has pursued me ever since from *that sort of people.*"—*Swift.* "A civil term for all who are Episcopal!"

P. 298. *Burnet.* "In compiling the Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton, I found there materials for a very large history. I writ it with great sincerity, and concealed none of their errors. I did indeed conceal several things that related to the king—I left out some passages that were in his letters, in some of which was too much weakness."—*Swift.* "These letters, if they had been published, could not have given a worse character of him."

P. 300. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch clergy refusing to be made bishops, says, "They had an ill opinion of the court, and could not be brought to

leave their retirement."—*Swift.* "For that reason they should have accepted bishoprics."

P. 303. *Burnet.* "Madame (Charles the Second's sister) had an intrigue with another person, whom I knew well, the Count of Treville. When she was in her last agonies, she said, 'Adieu, Treville!' He was so struck with this accident, that it had a good effect on him; for he went and lived many years amongst the Fathers of the Oratory, and became both a very learned and devout man. He came afterwards out into the world. I saw him often. He was a man of a very sweet temper, only a little too formal for a Frenchman; but he was very sincere. He was a Jansenist. He hated the Jesuits, and had a very mean opinion of the king, which appeared in all the instances in which it was safe for him to shew it." — *Swift.* "Pretty jumping periods!"

P. 304. *Burnet.* "When a foreign minister asked the king's leave to treat with Lockhart in his master's name, the king consented, but with this severe reflection, That he believed he would be true to anybody but himself."—*Swift.* "Does he mean, Lockhart would not be true to Lockhart?"

P. 306. *Burnet.* "The Earl of Shaftesbury was the chief man who advised the king to shut up the exchequer."—*Swift.* "Clifford had the merit of it."

P. 321. *Burnet.* "As soon as King William was brought into the command of the armies, he told me he spoke to De Witt, and desired to live in an entire confidence with him.—His answer was cold, so he saw he could not depend upon him. When he told me this, he added, He certainly was one of the greatest men of the age, and he believed he served his country faithfully."—*Swift.* "And yet, for all this, the prince contrived that he should be murdered."

P. 322. *Burnet.* "In this famous campaign of Louis XIV. against the Dutch, (1672,) there was so little heart or judgment shewn in the management of that run of success, that when that year is properly set out, it will appear to be one of the least glorious of his life."—*Swift.* "A metaphor only fit for a gamester."

P. 328. *Burnet.* "Prince Waldeck was their chief general, a man of great compass, and a true judgment, equally able in the cabinet and in the camp. But he was always unsuccessful, because he was never furnished according to the schemes he had laid down. The opinion that armies had of him as an unfortunate general, made him really so; for soldiers cannot have much heart, when they have not an entire confidence in him that has the chief command."—*Swift.* "When he speaks of his great compass, I suppose he means he was very fat."

P. 329. *Burnet.* "It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—*Swift.* "What! ten shillings a-piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 337. *Burnet.* "This year (1672) the king declared a new mistress, and made her Duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to Madame, the king's sister; and had come over with her to Dover, where the king had expressed such a regard for her, that the Duke of Buckingham, who hated the Duchess of Cleveland, intended to *put her on the king.*"—*Swift.* "Surely he means the contrary."

P. 341. *Burnet.* "Duke of Lauderdale called on me all of a sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him of putting all the ousted ministers by *couples* into parishes, that, instead of wandering about the country to hold conventicles,

they might be stationary, and may have a benefice." —*Swift.* "A pretty Scotch project! instead of feeding *fifty*, you starve one *hundred.*"

P. 370. *Burnet.* "I was ever of Nazanzien's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the clergy."—*Swift.* "Dog!"

P. 372. *Burnet*, speaking of an insurrection in Scotland, says, "The king said, he was afraid I was too busy, and wished me to be more quiet."—*Swift.* "The king knew him right."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "I preached in many of the churches in London, and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any way that depended *on a popular election.*"—*Swift.* "Very much to his honour!"

P. 373. *Burnet.* "This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months; and, during this time, I said to some, that Duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied unless I was undone;—so I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me."—*Swift.* "A Scotch dog!"

P. 378. *Burnet.* "I will henceforth leave the account of our affairs beyond sea wholly to Temple's Letters, in which they are very truly and fully set forth."—*Swift.* "Sir William Temple was a man of sense and virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

P. 380. *Burnet*, speaking of his being pressed, before Parliament, to reveal what passed between him and the Duke of Lauderdale *in private;* and the Parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him; he says, "Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of what I formerly mentioned."—*Swift.* "Treacherous villain!"

P. 382. *Burnet.* "Sir Harbottle Grimston had always *a great tenderness for dissenters*, though still

in the communion of the Church."—*Swift.* "Burnet's test of all virtues."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Lady Grimston was the humblest, the devoutest, and best tempered person I ever *knew of that sort*," (Church of England.)—*Swift.* "Ah! rogue!"

P. 392. *Burnet.* "Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, was raised to the see of Canterbury. He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. These things, together with his living unmarried, and his being fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and a superstitious valuing of little things, made the court conclude that he was a man who might be entirely gained to serve all their ends, or at least that he would be an unactive speculative man, and give them little opposition in anything they might attempt, when they had more promising opportunities."—*Swift.* "False and detracting."

P. 406. *Burnet.* "In this battle between the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) and the Duke of Orleans, some regiments of marines, on whom the prince depended, did basely run away; yet the other bodies fought so well, that he lost not much, except the *honour of the day*."—*Swift.* "What he was pretty well used to."

P. 413. *Burnet.* "Upon the examination of Mitchell before the privy-council for the intended assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner's right hand, and then his left; Lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, 'Then how shall he wipe his b—ch?'—This is not very *decent* to be mentioned in such a work, if it were not necessary."—*Swift.* "As decent as a thousand other passages; so he might have spared his apology."

P. 414. *Burnet*, in the last article of the above

trial, observes, "That the judge, who hated Sharpe, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner, whispered him—'Confess nothing, except you are sure of your limbs as well as your life.'"—*Swift.* "O rare judge!"

P. 416. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the above Mitchell for the attempt against Sharpe, says, "Yet the Duke of Lauderdale had a chaplain, (Hickes,) afterwards Dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter, in order to the justifying it."—*Swift.* "He was a learned and pious man."*

P. 425. *Burnet.* "Titus Oates had gotten to be a chaplain in one of the king's ships, from which he was dismissed, upon complaint of some unnatural practices."—*Swift.* "Only s——y."

P. 441. *Burnet.* "On the impeachment of Lord Danby, Maynard, an ancient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute 25th Edward III., that the courts of law could not proceed but upon one of the crimes there enumerated, but the Parliament had still a power, by the clause in that act, to declare what was treason."—*Swift.* "Yes—by a new act, but not by a retrospect there; for Maynard was a *knave and a fool with all his law.*"

P. 455. *Burnet.* "The bill of exclusion certainly disinherited the next heir, which the king and parliament might do as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir."—*Swift.* "This is not always true; yet it was certainly in the power of the king and parliament to exclude the next heir."

P. 459. *Burnet.* "For a great while I thought the limitations proposed in the exclusion bill was the

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* The "Ravaillac Redivivus" of Hickes is, notwithstanding his learning and piety, in every respect deserving of the censures passed upon it by Burnet.

wisest and best method."—*Swift.* "It was the wisest, because it would be less opposed, and the king would consent to it—otherwise an *exclusion* would have done better."

Burnet, speaking of the party-writings for and against the presbyters and churchmen, continues, "The chief manager of all these angry writings was one Sir Roger L'Estrange, a man who had lived in all the late times, and was furnished with many passages, and an unexhausted copiousness in writing." —*Swift.* "A superficial meddling coxcomb."

P. 483. *Burnet.* "I laid open the cruelties of the Church of Rome in Queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated*, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—*Swift.* "A BULL!"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Sprat had studied a polite style much; but there was little strength in it. He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him; but he has allowed himself, in a course of some years, in much sloth, and too many liberties." — *Swift.* "Very false."

P. 509. *Burnet*, speaking of the grand juries in the latter end of King Charles's reign returning *ignoramus* so frequently on bills of indictment, states, that, in defence of those *ignoramus juries*, it was said, "That, by the express words of their oath, they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them; and therefore, if they did not believe the evidence, they could not find a bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support this, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it."—*Swift.* "This book was written by Lord Somers."

P. 525. *Burnet.* "Home was convicted on the credit of one evidence. Applications, 'tis true, were made to the Duke of York for saving his life; but

he was not born under *a pardoning planet.*"—*Swift.* "Silly fop!"

Burnet, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682—"It was said that those who were in the government incorporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not distinguish those corporations, nor part with any of their privileges. Others said, 'that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed, such a deed was good in law.' This matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine."—*Swift.* "What does he think of the surrender of charters, abbeys, &c. &c.?"

P. 528. *Burnet.* "The non-conformists were now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the Papists; and it was wisely done by them; for they knew how much the *non-conformists were set against them.*" — *Swift.* "Not so much as they are against the church."

P. 536. *Burnet.* "The truth is, juries became at that time the shame of the nation, as well as a reproach to religion, for they were packed, and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed, and not as matters appeared in the evidence."—*Swift.* "So they are now."

P. 543. *Burnet*, on Rumbold's proposal to shoot the king at Hodsdon, in his way to Newmarket, adds, "The conspirators then ran into much *wicked talk*, about the means of executing it—but nothing was fixed upon; all was *but talk.*"—*Swift.* "All plots begin with talk."

P. 548. *Burnet.* At the time of Lord Russel's plot—"Baillie being asked by the king whether they had any design against his person?—he frankly said not: but being asked whether he had any consultation

with lords or other persons about an insurrection in Scotland, Baillie faltered at this; for his *conscience* restrained him from *lying*."—*Swift.* "The author and his *cousins* could *not lie*, but they *could plot*."

P. 553. *Burnet*, speaking of Lord Essex's suicide, (1683,) "His man thinking he staid longer than ordinary in his *closet*, looked through the key-hole, and saw him lying dead."—*Swift.* "He cut his throat with a razor on the close-stool." *

P. 555. *Burnet.* "On Lord Russel's trial, Finch summed up the evidence against him, but shewed more of a vicious eloquence in turning matters against the prisoner than law."—*Swift.* "Finch was afterwards Earl of Aylesford. An arrant r——l!"

P. 568. *Burnet.* "All people were apprehensive of very black designs when they saw Jefferies made Chief-justice of the King's Bench, who was so scandalously vicious, and was drunk every day; † besides, he had a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm. He did not consider the decencies of his post; nor did he seem so much as to affect to seem impartial, as became a judge, but ran out upon all occasions into declamations that did not become the bar, much less the bench. He was not learned in his profession either; and his eloquence, though viciously copious, was neither correct

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* The death of Essex was the subject of much discussion at the time, and of severe prosecution against Messrs. Speke and Bradden, for encouraging a report that he had been murdered in prison. It has been quoted, in proof of this allegation, that his death took place at the very time when the king and the Duke of York visited the Tower. Yet, to unprejudiced persons, that was the very last moment which could in prudence have been chosen for executing the crime.

† He was with difficulty prevented upon one occasion from stripping himself naked, and getting upon the sign-post of a tavern, to drink the king's health.

nor agreeable."—*Swift.* "Somewhat like Burnet's eloquence."

P. 572. *Burnet*, on Algernon Sydney's trial, observes, "That Finch aggravated the matter of the book, as a proof of his intentions: for he said, *Scribere est agere.*"—*Swift.* "And yet King George made him Earl of Aylesford."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "When Sydney charged the sheriffs who brought him the execution-warrant with having packed the jury, one of the sheriffs wept. He told it to a person from whom Tillotson had it, who told it to me."—*Swift.* "Abominable authority!"

P. 577. *Burnet.* "So that it was plain that, after all the story which they had made of the Rye-house Plot, it had gone no further, and that a company of seditious and inconsiderable persons were framing among themselves some treasonable schemes, that were never likely to come to anything."—*Swift.* "Cursed partiality!"

P. 579. *Burnet.* "The king (Charles II.) had published a story all about the court, as a reason for his severity against Armstrong, that he had been sent over by Cromwell to murder him beyond sea; and upon Armstrong's conviction, though the king promised he would not reveal it during his life, yet now looking upon him as dead in law, he was free from that promise."—*Swift.* "If the king had a mind to lie, he would have waited till Armstrong was hanged."

P. 585. *Burnet.* "Finding the difficulty of discovering anything, and in confidence, I saved myself out of these difficulties by saying to all my friends, that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such, that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful."—*Swift.* "Jesuitical!"

P. 586. *Burnet.* "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines for being supposed to be in the Rye-house Plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—*Swift.* "Take notice, he was our *cousin*."

P. 587. *Burnet*, speaking of Baillie's execution, says, "The only excuse there was ever pretended for this infamous prosecution was, that they were sure he was guilty, and that the whole secret of the negotiation between the two kingdoms was trusted to him; and, since he would not discover it, all methods might be taken to destroy him."—*Swift.* "Case of the Bishop of Rochester."

P. 588. *Burnet.* "Lord Perth wanting to see Leightoun, I wrote so earnestly to him, that he came to London; and on his coming up, was amazed to see a man of seventy years of age look so well and fresh, as if time seemed to stand still with him; and yet the next day both speech and sense left him, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pang or convulsion." —*Swift.* "Burnet killed him, by bringing him up to London."

P. 589. *Burnet.* "There were two remarkable circumstances in Leightoun's death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added, that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish."—*Swift.* "Canting puppy!"

P. 590. *Burnet.* "Stearne, Archbishop of York,

died this year, (1684,) in the 86th year of his age. He was a sour, ill-tempered man, and minded chiefly to enrich his family."—*Swift.* "And yet he was thought to be the author of the Whole Duty of Man."

P. 596. *Burnet.* "Being appointed to preach the sermon on the Gunpowder Plot, (1684,) at the Rolls Chapel, I took for my text, 'Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn.' I made no reflections in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn, as being the two supporters of the king's escutcheon, for I ever hated all points of that sort, as a profanation of Scriptures."—*Swift.* "I doubt that." *

Burnet, speaking of the suspicion of Charles II. being poisoned—"Needham called twice, to have the stomach opened, but the surgeons seemed not to hear him; and when he moved it a second time, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him, 'Needham will undo us, calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it.' They were diverted to look to somewhat else; and when they returned to look upon the stomach, it was carried away, so that it was never viewed. Le Fevre, a French physician, told me, he saw a blackness in the shoulder, upon which he made an incision, and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a Papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and he had talked more freely of it than any of the Protestants durst do at that time." †—*Swift.*

* It is indeed very difficult to believe that this was altogether chance-medley, and reminds us strongly of Sheridan's blunder: who, as Swift himself says, shot his fortune dead by a single text.

† Mr. Fox, whose family connections gave him access to particular information upon this subject, says, "His death was by many supposed to have been the effect of poison; but although

"A physician told me, who had it from Short himself, that he believed him to be poisoned."

P. 596. *Burnet*, concluding the character of Charles II.—"His person and temper, his vices, as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect pretty near—his hating of business, and love of pleasures—his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely, and then his putting them down, and hating them excessively—his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signor Dominica, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him."—*Swift.* "He was certainly a very bad prince, but not to the degree described in this character, which is poorly drawn, and mingled with malice, very unworthy an historian: the style is likewise abominable, as is the whole history, of observations trite and vulgar."

P. 651. *Burnet.* "Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London when Cornish was sheriff, offered to swear against Cornish, and also said, that

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there is reason to believe that this suspicion was harboured by persons very near him, and, among others, as I have heard, by the Duchess of Portsmouth, it appears upon the whole to rest upon very slender foundations."—Fox's *History of James II.*, 1808, p. 67.

Rumsey had not discovered all he knew. So Rumsey, to save himself and Goodenough, swore against Cornish; and he was seized on, tried, and executed in a week."—*Swift.* "Goodenough afterwards went to Ireland, practised the law, and died there."

P. 654. *Burnet.* "The Archbishop of Armagh,* (1685,) had continued Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, and was in all respects so complaisant to the court, that even his religion became suspected."—*Swift.* "False!"

P. 654. *Burnet.* "And yet this archbishop was not thought thorough-paced;—so Sir Charles Porter, who was a zealous promoter of everything the king proposed, and was a man of ready wit, and, being poor, was thought a person fit to be made a tool of, was declared Lord-Chancellor of Ireland." †—*Swift.* "False and scandalous."

P. 669. *Burnet.* "Solicitor-general Finch had been continued in his employment only to lay the load of this judgment upon him, (the prosecution of Lord De la Mere.) He was presently after turned out, and Powis succeeded him, who was a compliant, young, aspiring lawyer."—*Swift.* "Sir Thomas Powis—good dull lawyer."

P. 672. *Burnet.* "Intimations were everywhere given, that the king would not have the dissenters or their meetings disturbed. Some of them began

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* Michael Boyle, who, when Archbishop of Dublin, was made chancellor soon after the Restoration, (1665,) and continued in that office to January 1686, during which time he was raised to the Archbishopric of Armagh.—SEWARD.

† Notwithstanding this character of Sir Charles Porter, King James did not think him thorough-paced enough to carry on his views in Ireland: accordingly, he remained in office but one year, and was succeeded as chancellor by Sir Alexander Fitter, a man every way qualified to stretch both law and gospel to court purposes.—SEWARD.

to grow insolent upon this show of favour."—*Swift.* "The whole body of them grew insolent, and complying to the king."

P. 675. *Burnet.* "Sancroft lay silent at Lambeth. He seemed zealous against Popery in private discourse; but he was of such a timorous temper, and *so set on the enriching his nephew*, that he shewed no sort of courage."—*Swift.* "False as hell."

P. 681. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal clergy were in many places so sunk in sloth and ignorance, that they were not capable of conducting their zeal; but the Presbyterians, though smarting under great severities, expressed on all occasions their unconquerable aversion to Popery."—*Swift.* "Partial dog!"

P. 690. *Burnet*, speaking of King William's character, says, "he had no vice but one sort, in which he was very *cautious* and *secret*."—*Swift.* "It was of two sorts—*male* and *female*—in the *former* he was neither cautious nor secret." *

P. 691. *Burnet.* "In a conversation with the Prince of Orange at the Hague, (1686,) when I told him my opinion of toleration, he said, 'that was all he would ever attempt to bring us to, for quieting our contentions at home.'"—*Swift.* "So it seems the prince even then thought of being king."

P. 692. *Burnet.* "The advice I gave the Princess of Orange, when Queen of England, was, to endea-

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* Mr. Seward endeavours to find an explanation less disgraceful to the character of William:—

"Bishop Burnet very scandalously and very ungenerously accuses his patron, and the patron of the liberties of this country, of being guilty of one vice in which he was secret. The vice which tainted the character of this great man, is now well known to have been that of dram-drinking. William's constitution was naturally feeble, and having impaired it by immense fatigue, both of body and mind, he had recourse to that dangerous and unsuccessful expedient to renovate the powers of them."—SEWARD'S *Anecdotes*, II. 153.

vour to get the power of king to the prince for life; for this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation for a perfect union between them, which had of late been a little embroiled."—*Swift.* "On account of Mrs. Villiers, now Lady Orkney; but he proved a *d——d husband for all that.*" *

P. 693. *Burnet.* "Penn, the quaker, was a talking, vain man, who had been long in the king's favour, he being the vice-admiral's son."—*Swift.* "He spoke very agreeably, and with much spirit."

P. 695. *Burnet.* "Cartwright was promoted to Chester. He was a man of good capacity, and had made some progress in learning. He was ambitious and servile, cruel and boisterous; and, by the great liberties he allowed himself, he fell under much scandal of the *worst sort.*"—*Swift.* "Only s——y."

P. 697. *Burnet.* "In all nations the privileges of colleges and universities are esteemed such sacred things, that few will venture to disturb them."—*Swift.* "Yet in King George's reign, Oxford was insulted with troops, for no manner of cause but their steadiness to the church."

P. 701. *Burnet*, speaking of King James's proceedings against the universities, and that several of the clergy wrote over to the Prince of Orange to engage in their quarrel, adds—"When that was communicated to me, I was still of opinion that this was an act of despotic and arbitrary power; yet I did not think it struck at the whole, so that it was not, in my opinion, a lawful case of resistance."—*Swift.* "He was a better *Tory* than I, if he spoke as he thought."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The main difference between the

* Lady Orkney was a favourite of Swift, as appears from several passages in the Journal.

Presbyterians and the Independents was, that the former seemed reconcilable to the church; *for they loved Episcopal ordination and liturgy*, but the Independents were for a commonwealth."—*Swift.* "A damnable lie!" *

P. 702. *Burnet.* "So the most considerable amongst them (the dissenters) resolved not to stand at too great a distance from the court, nor provoke the king too far, so as to give him cause to think they were irreconcilable to him, lest they should provoke him to take up matters at any time with the church-party."—*Swift.* "Another piece of dissimulation."

Burnet. "The king's choice of Palmer, Earl of Castlemain, was liable to great exceptions; for, as he was believed to be a Jesuit, he was certainly as hot and eager in all high notions as any of them could be. The Romans were amazed when they heard he was to be the person. His misfortunes were so eminent and public, that they who take their measures much from astrology, and from the characters they think are fixed on men, thought it strange to see such a negotiation put into the hands of so unlucky a man."—*Swift.* "This man was the Duchess of Cleveland's husband."

P. 710. *Burnet.* "The restless spirit of some of that religion, (Popery,) and of their clergy in particular, shewed that they could not be quiet till they were masters."—*Swift.* "All sects are of that spirit."

P. 726. *Burnet.* When King James memorialized the States to deliver up Burnet, he says, "I

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* Burnet's statement is certainly most inaccurate: the chief difference between the Presbyterians and Independents was, that the former sect required an established priesthood; but the hierarchy and liturgy were equally the abomination of both.

argued, that, being now naturalized in Holland, my allegiance was, during my stay in those parts, transferred from his majesty to the States."—*Swift*, "Civilians deny that; but I agree with him."

P. 727. *Burnet.* "I now come to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary *unheard*-of revolution."—*Swift.* "The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it."

P. 746. *Burnet.* "But, after all, the soldiers were *bad Englishmen, and worse Christians;* yet the court of James II. found them too good Protestants to trust much to them."—*Swift.* "Special doctrine!"

P. 752. *Burnet*, doubting of the legitimacy of the Pretender, and describing the queen's manner of lying-in, says, "All this while the queen lay in bed; and, in order to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it."—*Swift.* "This, the ladies say, is very foolish." *

P. 762. *Burnet.* "The Earl of Shrewsbury seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour."—*Swift.* "Quite the contrary."

P. 763. *Burnet.* "Russel told me, that, on his return to England from Holland, he communicated his design (relative to the Revolution) to Lord Lumley, who was a late convert from Popery, and had stood out very firmly all this reign. He was a man who had his interest much to heart, and he resolved to embark deep in this design."—*Swift.* "He was a knave and a coward."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "But the man in whose hands the

* The summary of Burnet's argument upon this subject is somewhat curious. He demonstrates, 1. That the queen never was with child. 2. That, being with child, she miscarried. 3. That the child was brought in a warming-pan. 4. That the queen actually bore a child, which died the same day. 5. That this same child died of the fits at Richmond a week after.

conduct of the whole design was chiefly deposited by the prince's own order, was Mr. Sydney, brother to the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Algernon Sydney. He was a graceful man, and had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of sweet and caressing temper."—*Swift.* "An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

P. 764. *Burnet.* "But because Mr. Sydney was lazy, and the business required an active man, who could run about, and write over full and long accounts, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnston, whom I had formed, and knew to be both faithful and diligent."—*Swift.* "An arrant Scotch rogue."

P. 765. *Burnet.* "Lord Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) was a man of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the court, with no literature; but he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a court better than any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices. He had no fortune to set up on. This put him on all the methods of acquiring one; and that went so far into him, that he did not shake it off when he was in a much higher elevation; nor were his expenses suited enough to his posts; but when allowances are made for that, it must be acknowledged, that he is one of the greatest men the age has produced."—*Swift.* "A composition of perfidiousness and avarice."

Ibid. *Burnet,* still speaking of Lord Churchill: "He was very doubtful of the pretended birth; so he resolved, when the prince should come over, to go to him, but to betray no post, nor anything more than withdrawing himself, with such officers as he

could trust with such a secret."—*Swift.* "What could he do more to a mortal enemy?"

P. 772. *Burnet.* "The King of France thought himself tied by no peace, but that when he suspected his neighbours were intending to make war upon him, he might, upon such a suspicion, begin a war upon his part."—*Swift.* "The common maxim of princes."

P. 782. *Burnet.* "The morning the Prince of Orange embarked for England, he took God to witness that he went to that country with no other intentions but those he had set out in his declaration."—*Swift.* "Then he was perjured; for he designed to get the crown, which he denied in the declaration."

P. 783. *Burnet.* After describing the storm which put back the Prince of Orange's fleet, he observes, "In France and England they triumphed, believing it to be a *miracle;* we, on the contrary, looked upon it as a mark of God's great care, to be delivered out of so great a storm."—*Swift.* "Then still it must be a *miracle.*"

P. 785. *Burnet.* "When matters were coming to a crisis at the Revolution, an order was sent to the Bishop of Winchester to put the President of Magdalen College again into possession, but when the court heard the prince's fleet was blown back, the order was countermanded."—*Swift.* "The Bishop of Winchester assured me otherwise."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "And now the court thought it necessary, as an *after-game,* to offer some satisfaction on the point of the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales."—*Swift.* "And this was the proper time."

P. 786. "The Princess Anne was not present at the queen's delivery; she excused herself, thinking she was breeding, and all motion was forbidden her; but none believed this to be the true reason."—*Swift.*

"I have reason to believe this to be true of the Princess Anne."

P. 790. *Burnet.* "The Prince of Orange's army staid a week at Exeter before any of the gentlemen of the county came in to us. Every day some person of condition came to us from other parts. The first were, the Lord Colchester, the eldest son of the Earl of Powis, and the Lord Wharton."—*Swift.* "Famous for his cowardice in the rebellion."

P. 791. *Burnet.* "Soon after that, Prince George, the Duke of Ormond, and the Lord Drumlanerick, the Duke of Queensberry's eldest son, left King James and came over to the prince."—*Swift.* "Yet how has he been rewarded for this?"

P. 792. *Burnet.* "In a little while, a small army was formed about the Princess Anne, who chose to be commanded by the Bishop of London, of which he too easily accepted."—*Swift.* "And why should he not?"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "A foolish ballad was made about this time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, Lero, Lillibulero,' that made an impression on the army that cannot well be imagined by those who saw it not."—*Swift.* "They are not Irish words, but better than Scotch." *

P. 796. *Burnet*, speaking of King James's first attempt to leave the kingdom, says, "With this his reign ended; for it was a plain desertion of his people, and exposing the nation to the pillage of an army which he had ordered the Earl of Feversham

* The common tradition is, that *Lillibulero* and *Bullen a lah* were the sign and counter-sign fixed upon by the Irish Papists, previous to the great massacre of the Protestants.

to disband."—*Swift.* "An abominable assertion, and false consequences."

P. 797. *Burnet.* "The incident of the King's being retaken at Feversham, gave rise to the party of Jacobites; for, if he had got clear away, he would not have had a party left; all would have agreed it was a desertion, and therefore the nation was free, and at liberty to secure itself; but what followed upon this gave them a colour to say, 'he was forced away, and driven out.'"—*Swift.* "So he most certainly was, both now and afterwards."

P. 798. *Burnet.* "Jefferies, finding the king was gone, saw what reason he had to look to himself, and apprehending that he was now exposed to the rage of the people, whom he had provoked with a particular brutality, he had disguised himself to make his escape; but he fell into the hands of some who knew him, and was insulted by them with as much scorn and rudeness as they could invent. After many hours tossing him about, he was carried to the lord mayor, whom they charged to commit him to the Tower, which the Lord Lucas had then seized, and in it had declared for the prince. The lord mayor was so struck with the terror of this rude populace, and with the disgrace of a man who had made all people tremble before him, that he fell into fits upon it, of which he died soon after."—*Swift.* "When Jefferies was committed to the Tower, he took to drinking strong liquors, which he occasionally did when in power, but now increased his habit most inordinately, with a view to put an end to his life, which it soon did." *

P. 799. *Burnet.* "When I had the first account of

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* It is said that he received a present of a barrel of oysters, on which he thanked God he had still some friends left; but on opening the barrel, it was found to contain a halter.

King James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of the fortune of a great prince more than I think fit to express."—*Swift.* "Or than I will believe."

P. 800. *Burnet*, speaking of the dilemma the Prince of Orange was in about the king, upon his being brought from Feversham, says, "It was thought necessary to stick to the point of the king's deserting his people, and not to give up that, by entering into any treaty with him."—*Swift.* "Base and villainous!"

P. 803. *Burnet.* "Now that the prince was come, all the bodies about the town came to welcome him. The bishops came the next day, (the Archbishop of Canterbury excepted.) The clergy of London came next. The city and a great many other bodies came likewise, and expressed a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought for them by the prince's means. Old Serjeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety, and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The prince took notice of his great age, and said, 'that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time:' he answered, 'he had like to have outlived the law itself, if his highness had not come over.'"—*Swift.* "Maynard was an old rogue, for all that."

P. 805. *Burnet*, speaking of the first effects of the Revolution upon the Presbyterians in Scotland, says, "They broke in upon the Episcopal clergy with great violence and much cruelty; they tore their gowns, and drove them from their churches and houses."—*Swift.* "To reward them for which, King William abolished Episcopacy."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal party in Scotland saw themselves under a great cloud, so they resolved all to adhere to the Earl of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was a man of good

parts, and some valuable virtues; but was proud and ambitious, and had taken a violent hatred to the whole Presbyterian party."—*Swift.* "He was the best man in Scotland."

P. 807. *Burnet.* "Those who were employed by Tyrconnel to deceive the prince, made an application to Sir William Temple, who had a long and established credit with him."—*Swift.* "A lie of a Scot; for Sir William Temple, to my knowledge, did not know Tyrconnel." *

P. 811. *Burnet*, speaking of the various opinions then agitated relative to the settlement of the state —"Some were of opinion that King James had, by his ill administration of the government, brought himself into an incapacity of holding the exercise of the sovereign authority any more in his own hand; but, as in the case of *lunatics*, the right still remained in him, only the guardianship, or the exercise of it, was to be lodged with a *prince-regent;* so that the right of sovereignty should be owned to remain still in the king, and that the exercise of it should be vested in the Prince of Orange, as prince-regent." —*Swift.* "A regency certainly was by much the best expedient."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The third party was made up of those who thought there was an original contract between the king and the people of England, by which the kings were bound to defend their people, and govern them according to law; in lieu of which, the people were bound to obey and serve the king."

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* It may be remarked, in vindication of Burnet, that he does not pretend the application was made by Tyrconnel himself to Sir William Temple, but by his agents, and the "long and established credit," mentioned in the latter part of the sentence, seems stated to have existed, not between Tyrconnel and Temple, but between Temple and the prince. The mode of expression is, however, an example of Burnet's extreme inaccuracy in composition.

—*Swift.* "I am of this party, and yet I would have been for a regency."

P. 813. *Burnet.* "This scheme of a regency was both more illegal and more unsafe than the method they proposed. The law of England had settled the point of the subject's security in obeying the king in possession, by the statute of Henry VII. So every man knew he was safe under a king, and so would act with zeal and courage; but all such as should act under a *prince-regent*, created by this convention, were upon a bottom that had not the necessary forms of law for it."—*Swift.* "There is something in this argument."

P. 816. *Burnet.* "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be examined into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—*Swift.* "Well said, bishop." *

P. 817. *Burnet.* "Some people thought it would be a good security for the nation to have a dormant title to the crown lie, as it were, neglected, to oblige our princes to govern well, while they would apprehend the danger of a revolt to a pretender still in their eye."—*Swift.* "I think this was no ill design, yet it hath not succeeded in mending kings."

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* Burnet seems to have laid no stress upon the circumstance that many of these "violent presumptions" were irreconcilable with each other, and could form no part of the same body of evidence.

P. 819. *Burnet.* "The princess continued all the while in Holland, being shut in there by the east winds, and by the freezing of the rivers, so that she came not to England till the debates were over."—*Swift.* "Why was she sent for till the matter was agreed? This clearly shews the prince's original design was to be king, against what he professed in his declaration."

P. 824. *Burnet.* "A pamphlet was published at this time, (1689,) which was laid thus: 'The prince had a just cause of making war on the king.' In that most of them agreed. In a just war, which is an appeal to God, success is considered as the decision of Heaven; so the prince's success against King James gave him the right of conquest over him, and by it all his rights were transferred to the prince."—*Swift.* "The author wrote a paper to prove this. It was burnt by the hangman, and was a very foolish scheme." *

P. 525. *Burnet,* (second volume,) speaking of the act for the general naturalization of Protestants, and the opposition made against it by the High Church, adds, "It was at last carried in the House of Commons by a great majority; but all those who appeared for this large and comprehensive way were reproached for their coldness and indifference in the concerns of the church; and in that I had a large share."—*Swift.* "Dog!"

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* Dryden alludes to this in the following lines:—

"Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside;
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence,
Was by a flattering priest invented since,
And lasts no longer than the present sway,
But justifies the next who comes in play."
Character of a good Parson, apud Works, XI. 398.

P. 526. *Burnet.* "The faction here found out proper instruments to set the same humour on foot in Ireland, during the last of Rochester's government, and, as was said, by his directions. So the clergy were making the same bold claims there that had raised disputes amongst us."—*Swift.* "Dog! dog! dog!"

P. 580. *Burnet.* "*One Prior*,* who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death was employed to prosecute that peace which his principal did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy out of a tavern, by the Earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace, and he being very generous, gave him an education in literature."—*Swift.* "Malice!"

P. 581. *Burnet.* "Many mercenary pens were set at work to justify our proceedings, and to defame our allies, more particularly the Dutch. This was done with much art, but *with no regard to truth*, in a pamphlet entitled 'The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late ministry.'"—*Swift.* "*It was all true.*"

P. 582. *Burnet.* "The Jacobites did with the greater joy entertain this prospect of peace, because the dauphin had, in a visit to St. Germaine, congratulated that court upon it, which made them conclude it was to have a happy effect with relation to the Pretender's affairs."—*Swift.* "The queen hated and despised the Pretender, to my knowledge."

P. 583. *Burnet.* "In a conference I had with the queen on the subject of peace, 'she hoped bishops

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* On this passage, Dodsley wrote the following spirited epigram:—

"*One Prior!* and is this, this all the fame
The poet from the historian's pen may claim?
No! Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote."

would not be against peace.' I said, a good peace was what we prayed for; but any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to King Philip, must in a little time deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and if any such peace could be made, she was betrayed, and we were all ruined; in less than three years' time she would be murdered, and the fires would again be raised in Smithfield."—*Swift.* "A false prophet in every particular."

P. 589. *Burnet.* "The queen having sent a message to the lords to adjourn, it was debated, that the queen could not send a message to any one house to adjourn, when the like message was not sent to both houses. The pleasure of the prince in convening, dissolving, proroguing, or ordering the adjournment of parliament, was always directed to both houses, but never to one house, without the same intimation being given to the other."—*Swift.* "Modern nonsense."

P. 591. *Burnet.* "The House of Commons after their recess, entered on the observations of the commissioners for taking the public accounts, and began with Walpole, (Sir Robert Walpole,) whom they resolved to put out of the way of disturbing them in the house. The thing laid to his charge stood thus: after he, as secretary at war, had contracted with some for forage to the horse that lay in Scotland, he, finding that the two persons who had contracted for it made some gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third person, that he might have a share in the gain: but the other two had no mind to let him in to know the secret of their management, so they offered him *five hundred pounds* for his share: he accepted it, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his address, directed their bill to Walpole, who indorsed it, and the person concerned received the money. This transaction

was found out, and Walpole was charged with it, as a bribe that he had taken for his own use for making the contract. Both the persons that remitted the money and he who received it were examined, and affirmed that Walpole was neither directly or indirectly concerned in the matter; but the house insisted upon his having indorsed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but sent him to the Tower, and expelled him the house."—*Swift.* "Walpole began early, and has been thriving in this business *twenty-seven years*, up to January, 1739."

P. 609. *Burnet.* "A new set of addresses ran about. Some mentioned the Protestant succession and the House of Hanover with zeal, others more coldly, and some made no mention at all of it; and it was universally believed that no addresses were so acceptable to the minister as those of *the last sort.*"—*Swift.* "Foolish and factious."

P. 610. *Burnet.* "The Duke of Ormond had given the States such assurances of his going along with them through the whole campaign, that he was let into the secrets of all their councils, which, by that confidence, were all known to the French; and if the auxiliary German troops had not been prepared to disobey his orders, it was believed he, in conjunction with the French army, would have forced the States to come into the new measures; but that was happily prevented."*—*Swift.* "Vile Scotch dog! how does he dare to touch Ormond's honour so falsely?"

P. 669. *Burnet*, speaking of the progress of his own life, says, "The pleasures of sense I did soon

* It is well known that overtures were made by the French for such a purpose; but it seems equally certain that they were rejected by Ormond with indignation.

nauseate."—*Swift.* "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

"The Life of the Author, by Thomas Burnet, Esq."

Opposite to the title-page.—*Swift.* "A rude, violent, party business."

In the Life, p. 722. *Thomas Burnet.* "The character I have given of his wives, will scarce make it an addition to his character that he was a most affectionate husband. His tender care of the *first* during a course of sickness that lasted for many years, and *his fond love of the other two*, and the deep concern he expressed for their loss, were no more than their just due from one of his humanity, gratitude, and discernment."—*Swift.* "What! only three wives!"

P. 723. *Thomas Burnet.* "The bishop was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, whom he never changed but with regret, and through necessity; friendly and obliging to all in employment under him, and peculiarly happy in the choice of them; particularly in that of the steward to the bishopric and his courts, William Wastefield, Esq. (a gentleman of a plentiful fortune at the time of his accepting his post,) and in that of his domestic steward Mr. *Macknay*."—*Swift.* "A Scot; his own countryman."

REMARKS

ON THE

CHARACTERS OF THE COURT

OF

QUEEN ANNE.

[*The Original Characters are Printed in Roman; Swift's Remarks in Italics.*]

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DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A TALL handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address; of a wonderful presence of mind, so as hardly ever to be discomposed; of a very clear head, and sound judgment; every way capable of being a great man, if the great success of his arms, and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign, do not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned of 50 years of age.—*Detestably covetous.*

DUKE OF ORMOND.

With all the qualities of a great man, except that of a statesman, hating business. He is about 40 years of age.—*Fairly enough writ.*

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

Never was a greater mixture of honour, virtue, [*none,*] and good sense, in any one person, than in him: a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour, and easiness of conversation, which charms all who come near him; nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his native language: and although but one eye, yet he has a most charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman in his time. He is turned of 40 years old.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Is of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment, [*not a grain; hardly common sense;*] but, by reason of a great hesitation in his speech, wants expression. He is about 42 years old.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Has been the finest and handsomest gentleman of his time; loves the ladies, and plays; keeps a noble house and equipage; is tall, well made, and of a princely behaviour: of nice honour in everything, but the paying his tradesmen. Past 60 years old.—*A very poor understanding.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

He is a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts, but of no principles: violent for the high church, yet seldom goes to it; very proud, insolent, and covetous; and takes all advantages.—*This character is the truest of any.*

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

He has the exterior air of business, and application enough to make him very capable; in his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard or Jew; about 50 years old.—*He fell in with the Whigs; was an endless talker.*

EARL OF ROMNEY.

He was the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled. [*He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.*] Of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity. —*None at all.*

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

He has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe.—*Now Countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.*

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

He is a gentleman good-natured to a fault; very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business; very credulous; well shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles; not 30 years old.—*A shallow coxcomb.*

DUKE OF BOLTON

Does not make any figure at court.—*Nor anywhere else. A great booby.*

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts; and, living well with his neighbours in the country, does not much care for the conversation of men of quality, or business; is a tall, black man, like his father the king; about 40 years old.—*He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense.*

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Grandson to King Charles II.; a very pretty gentleman; has been abroad in the world; zealous for the constitution of his country; a tall, black man, about 25 years old.—*Almost a slobberer, without one good quality.*

SIR NATHAN WRIGHTE,

LORD KEEPER,

Is son of a clergyman;* a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and no civilian. Chance, more than choice, brought him the seals.—*Very covetous.*

JOHN [*Ralph*] DUKE OF MONTAGU.

Since the queen's accession to the throne, he has been created a duke, and is near 60 years old.—*As arrant a knave as any in his time.*

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* His father was rector of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire.

MARQUIS OF HARRINGTON.

One of the best beloved gentlemen, by the country party, in England.—*A very poor understanding.*

LORD SOMERS.

Of a creditable family in the city of Worcester. [*Very mean; his father was a noted rogue.*] He is believed to have been the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair.—*I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.*

LORD HALIFAX.

He is a great encourager of learning and learned men, is the patron of the muses, of very agreeable conversation; a short, fair man, not 40 years old.—*His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.*

EARL OF DORSET.

One of the finest gentlemen in England in the reign of King Charles II., of great learning, [*small, or none,*] extremely witty, and has been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language; especially satire; the Mæcenas and prince of our English poets; one of the pleasantest companions in the world, when he likes his company, [*not of late years, but a very dull one.*] He is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of 50 years old.

EARL RIVERS.

He was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days; but always a lover of the constitution of his country; is a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning; brave in his person, a lover of play, and understands it perfectly well; has a very good estate, and improves it every day; something covetous; is a tall, handsome man, and of a very fair complexion. He is turned of 40 years old.—*An arrant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.*

EARL OF PORTLAND.

He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe; very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal in everything else; of a very lofty mien, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience; neither much beloved nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch. He is turned of 50 years old.—*As great a dunce as ever I knew.*

EARL OF DERBY.

On his brother's death he came to the House of Peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession: he is a fair-complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of honour. He is turned of 40 years old.—*As arrant a* ********* *as his brother.*

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

He affects popularity; and loves to preach in coffee-houses, and public places; is an open enemy

to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well-shaped, thin man, with a very brisk look, near 50 years old.—*This character is for the most part true.*

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

This gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue, [*no,*] and good sense, [*no;*] very honest, and zealous for the liberty of the people.

EARL OF STAMFORD

Is one of the branches of the Greys, a noble family in England. He does not want sense; but, by reason of a defect in his speech, wants elocution; is a very honest man himself, but very suspicious of everybody that is not of his party, for which he is very zealous; jealous of the power of the clergy, who, he is afraid, may, some time or other, influence our civil government. From a good estate he is become very poor, and much in debt; he is something above the middle stature, and turned of 50 years old.—*He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well in council.*

EARL OF THANET.

He is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the church; a thin, tall, black, red-faced man, turned of 60 years old.—*Of great piety and charity.*

EARL OF SANDWICH.

Of very ordinary parts; married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expen-

sive; a tall, thin, black man, about 35 years old.—*As much a puppy as ever I saw; very ugly, and a fop.*

EARL OF RANELAGH.

He is a bold man and very happy in jests and repartees, and has often turned the humour of the House of Commons, when they have designed to have been very severe. He is very fat, black, and turned of 60 years old.—*The vainest old fool I ever saw.*

LORD LUCAS.

He is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise; everybody pitied him, when the queen turned him out, for his seeming good nature, and real poverty: he is very fat, very expensive, and very poor; turned of 50 years old.—*A good plain humdrum.*

EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

He loves jests and puns, [*I never observed it,*] and that sort of low wit; is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance.—*Being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated.*

LORD POULET OF HINTON.

He is certainly one of the hopefullest gentlemen in England; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honour; much esteemed in the country, for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his charity to the poorest sort. He makes but a mean figure in his person, is of a middle stature, fair complexion, not handsome, nor 30 years old.—*This character is fair enough.*

LORD TOWNSEND

Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by everybody that knows him, [*I except one;*] and when once employed in the administration of public affairs, may shew himself a great man. He is tall and handsome; about 30 years old.

LORD DARTMOUTH.

He sets up for a critic in conversation, makes jests and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short, thick man, of a fair complexion, turned of 34 years old.—*This is fair enough writ; but he has little sincerity.*

LORD WHARTON.

One of the completest gentlemen in England; has a very clear understanding and manly expression, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a middle stature, fair complexion, and 50 years old.—*The most universal villain I ever knew.*

LORD MAHON.

He is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies, as fast as he can, the slips of his youth, by acts of honesty, which he now glories in more than he was formerly extravagant.—*He was little better than a conceited talker in company.*

EARL OF KENT

Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed, when

Lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate, which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation; he is a handsome man, not above 40 years old.—*He seems a good-natured man, but of very little consequence.*

EARL OF LINDSAY.

A fine gentleman, has both wit and learning.—*I never observed a grain of either.*

EARL OF ABINGDON.

A gentleman of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham; is very high for the monarchy and church; of a black complexion; past 40 years old.—*Very covetous.*

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

He is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of King William, nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. He is above 60 years old.—*If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.*

EARL OF BERKELEY.

A gentleman of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country; a short, fat man, 50 years old.—*Intolerably lazy and indolent, and somewhat covetous.*

EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

A third son of the family of Duras in France; he came over with one of the Duke of York's family;

is a middle-statured, brown man, turned of 50 years old.—*He was a very dull old fellow.*

EARL OF GRANTHAM.

He is a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past 30 years old.—*And good for nothing.*

LORD DE LA WARR.

A free jolly gentleman, turned of 40 years old. —*Of very little sense; but formal, and well stocked with the low kind of lowest politics.*

LORD LEXINGTON.

He is of good understanding, and very capable to be in the ministry; a well-bred gentleman, and an agreeable companion; handsome; of a brown complexion; 40 years old.—*A very moderate degree of understanding.*

LORD GREY OF WERK.

A sweet disposed gentleman; he joined King William at the Revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people; a thin, brown, handsome man, middle stature, turned of 40 years old. —*Had very little in him.*

LORD CHANDOS

Was warm against King William's reign, and does not make any great figure in this; but his son Mr. Bridges* does; being a member of the House

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* Afterward Duke of Chandos.

of Commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman.—*But a great complier with every court.*

LORD GUILDFORD

Is son to the lord-keeper North, has been abroad, does not want sense, nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. He is fat, fair, of middle stature, and past 30 years old.—*A mighty silly fellow.*

LORD GRIFFIN,

Having followed King James's fortunes, is now in France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion; turned of 60 years old. —*His son was a plain drunken fellow.*

LORD CHOLMONDELEY.

This lord is a great lover of country sports; is handsome in his person, and turned of 40 years old. —*Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew.*

LORD BUTLER OF WESTON;

Earl of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the Duke of Ormond; of very good sense, though seldom shews it; of a fair complexion, middle stature, toward 40 years old.—*This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.*

MR. MANSEL.

He is a gentleman of a good deal of wit and good nature; a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion; is very thin, of a fair complexion, middle

stature, and turned of 30 years old.—*Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.*

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq.,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

He is skilled in most things, and very eloquent, [*a great lie;*] was bred a Presbyterian, yet joins with the church party in everything, and they do nothing without him.

MR. BOYLE,

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

Is a good companion in conversation; agreeable among the ladies; serves the queen very assiduously in council; makes a considerable figure in the House of Commons; by his prudent administration obliges everybody in the exchequer; and in time may prove a great man. Is turned of 30 years old.—*Had some very scurvy qualities, particularly avarice.*

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

He is a gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable disposition; of good sense, extremely zealous for the constitution of his country, yet does not seem over forward; keeps an exact unity among the officers under him, and encourages them in their duty, through a peculiar familiarity, by which he obliges them, and keeps up the dignity of being master. He is a handsome man, middle stature, toward 40 years old.—*A fair character.*

MR. SMITH,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY-COUNCIL.

A gentleman of much honour; a lover of the constitution of his country; a very agreeable companion in conversation; a bold orator in the House of Commons,* when the interest of his country is at stake; of a good address, middle stature, fair complexion, turned of 40 years old.—*I thought him a very heavy man.*

CHARLES D'AVENANT, LL.D.

He was very poor at the Revolution; had no business to support him all the reign of King William; yet made a good figure. He is a very cloudy-looked man, fat, of middle stature, about 50 years old.—*He was used ill by most ministers; he ruined his estate, which put him under a necessity to comply with the times.*

MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.,

COMMISSIONER OF TRADE.

On the queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office; is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice: is one of the best poets in England, but very factious in conversation; a thin, hollow-looked man, turned of 40 years old.—*This is near the truth.*

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* He was one time Speaker of the House of Commons.

THOMAS TENISON,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A plain, good, heavy man, now much in years, and wearing out; very tall, of a fair complexion, and 70 years old.—*The most good-for-nothing prelate I ever knew.*

GILBERT BURNET,

BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Of a very good family in Scotland, of the name of Burnet; his father was Lord [*laird*] of Cremont. He is one of the greatest [*Scotch*] orators of the age he lives in. His History of the Reformation, and his Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, shew him to be a man of great learning; but several of his other works shew him to be a man neither of prudence nor temper; his sometimes opposing, and sometimes favouring, the dissenters, has much exposed him to the generality of the people of England; yet he is very useful in the House of Peers, and proves a great pillar, both of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, against the encroachments of a party that would destroy both. He is a large, bold-looked man, strong made, and turned of 50 years old. —*His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, excepting of those who were friends to the Presbyterians. His own true character would take up too much time for me* (*who knew him well*) *to describe it.*

GEORGE STEPNEY, ESQ.,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE EMPEROR.

A gentleman of admirable natural parts, very

learned, one of the best poets [*scarce of a third rate*] now in England, and perhaps equal to any that ever was.

MR. METHUEN,

AMBASSADOR TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

A man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in anything. In his complexion and manners much of a Spaniard; a tall, black man, 50 years old.—*A profligate rogue, without religion or morals; but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind.*

LORD RABY,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

He is a young gentleman *de bon naturel*, handsome, of fine understanding, [*very bad, and cannot spell,*] and, with application, may prove a man of business: he is of low stature, [*he is tall,*] well shaped, with a good face, fair complexioned, not 30 years old.

MR. HILL,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE DUKE OF SAVOY,

Is a gentleman of good family in Shropshire. He was designed for the church, and took deacon's [*priest's*] orders; but having a genius for business, and falling into the acquaintance of my Lord Ranelagh, when tutor to my Lord Hyde, he was sent into Flanders as paymaster-general to the English troops there. He is a gentleman of very clear parts, and affects plainness and simplicity, [*au contraire,*] in his dress and conversation particularly. He is a favourite to both parties [*to neither*]; and is beloved for his easy access and affable way, by those he has

business to do with. He is a thin, tall man, [*short, if I remember right,*] taller than the ordinary stature, near 50 years old.

SIR LAMBERT BLACKWELL,

ENVOY TO THE GREAT DUKE OF TUSCANY.

He affects much the gentleman in his dress, and the minister in his conversation; is very lofty, yet courteous, when he knows his people; much envied by his fellow-merchants; of a sanguine complexion, taller than the ordinary size, about 40 years old. —*He seemed to be a very good-natured man.*

MR. [*Dr.*] AGLIONBY,

ENVOY TO THE SWISS CANTONS.

He has abundance of wit, and understands most of the modern languages well; knows how to tell a story to the best advantage, but has an affected manner of conversation; is thin, splenetic, and tawny complexioned, turned of 60 years old.—*He had been a Papist.*

MR. D'AVENANT,

AGENT AT FRANKFORT.

A very giddy-headed young fellow, with some wit, about 25 years old.—*He is not worth mentioning.*

LORD CUTTS.

He has abundance of wit, but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar,

and very brave; towards 50 years old.—*The vainest old fool alive.*

LORD GALLWAY.

One of the finest gentlemen in the army, with a head fitted for the cabinet as well as the camp; is very modest, vigilant, and sincere; a man of honour and honesty, [*in all directly otherwise,*] without pride or affectation; wears his own hair, is plain in his dress and manners; towards 60 years old.—*A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave: a damnable hypocrite, of no religion.*

EARL OF ORKNEY.

He is a very well shaped black man; is brave; but, by reason of a hesitation in his speech, wants expression: married Mrs. Villiers, and got a good estate by her; is turned of 40 years old.—*An honest good-natured gentleman, and has much distinguished himself as a soldier.*

SIR CHARLES HARO,

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

At the Revolution he had a company in the foot guards, was afterwards lieutenant-colonel to that regiment; was made colonel to the fusileers, and gradually advanced to the post he now has, which he well deserves, being of good understanding and abundance of learning; fit to command, if not too covetous: he is a short black man, 50 years old.—*His father was a groom: he was a man of sense, without one grain of honesty.*

COLONEL MATTHEW AYLMER,*

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

He has a very good head, indefatigable and designing; is very zealous for the liberty of the people; makes a good figure in the parliament, as well as the fleet; is handsome in his person, turned of 50 years old.—*A virulent party man, born in Ireland.*

REAR-ADMIRAL BYNG

Is one of the best sailors in England, and a fine gentleman in everything else; of a good family and estate in Bedfordshire; understands all the several branches of the navy thoroughly; is a fair-complexioned man, and toward 50 years old.—*Of a good old Kentish family.*

JAMES, DUKE OF HAMILTON.

On the queen's accession to the throne, he made strong efforts to get into the administration, but has not yet succeeded, though he is well received at court; he is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness; of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes; ambitious and haughty; a violent enemy; has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts towards the crown of England when the queen dies, being descended from the house of Stuart, and having a great interest in that kingdom, by his relations and dependants. He has a great estate, and three brothers earls, Selkirk, Orkney, and Ruglen; a fourth a commander at sea: he is of a middle stature, well made, of a

* Afterwards Lord Aylmer.

black, coarse complexion, a brisk look; toward 50 years old.—*He was made master of the ordnance; a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding; he was murdered by that villain Macartney, an Irish Scot.*

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Few of his years have a better understanding, nor a more manly behaviour. He has seen most of the courts of Europe, is very handsome in his person, fair complexioned; about 25 years old.—*Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot; has no principle, but his own interest and greatness. A true Scot in his whole conduct.*

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE;

Representative of the ancient and noble family of Graham; great-grandson to the famous Montrose, who was hanged and quartered for Charles I., and grandson, by the mother, to the Duke of Rothes. He inherits all the great qualities of these two families, with a sweetness of behaviour, which charms all those who know him; has improved himself in most foreign courts; is very beautiful in his person, and about 25 years old.—*Now very homely, and makes a sorry appearance.*

EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

A very honest man, a great assertor of the liberties of the people; has a good, rough sense; is open and free; a great lover of his bottle and his friend; brave in his person, which he has shewn in several

duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it: is a fat, fair-complexioned man; 45 years old.—*A blundering, rattle-pated, drunken sot.*

SECRETARY JOHNSTOUN,

NOW LORD-REGISTER.

He is very honest, [*a treacherous knave,*] yet something too credulous and suspicious; endued with a great deal of learning and virtue; is above little tricks; free from ceremony; and would not tell a lie for the world. [*One of the greatest knaves even in Scotland.*] Very knowing in the affairs of foreign courts, and the constitution of both kingdoms; a tall, fair man, and toward 50 years old.

MR. CARSTAIRS.

A Presbyterian minister, who fled from Scotland after the insurrection for religion, in the reign of Charles II. He is the cunningest, subtle dissembler in the world, with an air of sincerity; a dangerous enemy, because always hid; an instance of which was Secretary Johnstoun, to whom he pretended friendship, till the very morning he gave him a blow, though he had been worming him out of the king's favour for many months before; he is a fat, sanguine-complexioned, fair man, always smiling where he designs most mischief; a good friend, when he is sincere; turned of 50 years old. —*A true character; but not strong enough by a fiftieth part.*

EARL OF MARR.

He is a very good manager in his private affairs,

which were in disorder when his father died; and is a staunch countryman; fair complexioned, low stature, and 30 years old.—*He is crooked; he seemed to be a gentleman of good sense and good nature.*

ANDREW FLETCHER.

A gentleman of a fair estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. He has written some excellent tracts, but not published in his name; and has a very fine genius; is a low, thin man, brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and 50 years old.—*A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics: cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes.*

EARL OF MIDDLETON.

He was against the violent measures of King James's reign; and, for that reason, made no great figure at court while that prince was upon the throne; yet he continued firm to his majesty's interest to the last; was proof against all the offers made him by King William; and, after being frequently imprisoned in England, followed King James to France, when he had the chief administration given him. He is one of the politest gentlemen in Europe; has a great deal of wit, mixed with a sound judgment and a very clear understanding; of an easy, indifferent address, but a careless way of living. He is a black man, of a middle stature, with a sanguine complexion; and one of the pleasantest companions in the world: toward 60 years old. — *Sir William Temple told me, he was a very valuable man, and a good scholar. I once saw him.*

EARL OF WEEMS.

He has not yet been in the administration; is a fine personage, and very beautiful; has good sense, and is a man of honour; about 30 years old.—*He was a black man, and handsome for a Scot.*

DR. SWIFT'S REMARKS*

On "The first Fifteen Psalms of David, translated into† Lyric Verse. Proposed as an Essay supplying the Perspicuity and Coherence according to the Modern Art of Poetry; not known to have been attempted before‡ in any Language. With a Preface, containing some Observations of the great and general Defectives of ‖ the present Version in Greek, Latin, and English; by Dr. [James] Gibbs.§ London, printed by J. Mathews, for J. Bartley, over-against Gray's-Inn, in Holborn, 1701."

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* By a memorandum on the first page, it appears that these Remarks were thought valuable, by one who must be allowed to have been of no inconsiderable rank, both as a poet and a humourist:—"The following manuscript was literally copied from the printed original, found in the library of Dr. J. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The marginal notes and parodies were written by the Dean's own hand, except such as are distinguished with this mark, (℘,) with which I am only chargeable. Witness my hand, this 25th day of February, 1745.

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

"N.B.—The original was by me presented to his excellency Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, lord-lieutenant-general and general-governor of Ireland. W. D."

† Bagpipe. ‡ Nor, I hope, ever will again. ‖ this and.

§ Sternholdides.—SWIFT.

DR. GIBBS.

A PSALM OF DAVID.[1]

Comparing the different state of the righteous and the wicked, both in this and the next world.

THRICE happy he that doth refuse
With *impious*[2] *sinners* to combine;
Who ne'er their wicked way pursues,
And does the sinners' *seat*[3] *decline.*

But still to learn and to obey
The law of God is his delight,
In that employs himself all day,
And reads and thinks thereon at[4] night.

For as a tree, whose spreading root
By some prolific stream is fed,
Produces[5] fair and timely fruit,
And numerous boughs adorn its head;

Whose[6] very leaves, tho' storms descend,
In lively verdure still appear:
Such blessings always shall attend
The man that does the Lord revere.

DR. SWIFT.

[1] I warn the reader that this is a lie, both here and all over this book; for these are not the Psalms of David, but of Dr. Gibbs.

[2] But I suppose with *pious* sinners a man may combine safely enough.

[3] What part of speech is it?

[4] A man must have some time to sleep; so that I will change the verse thus:
"And thinks and dreams thereon all night."

[5] Look ye, you must thin the boughs at the top, or your fruit will be neither fair nor timely.

[6] Why, what other part of a tree appears in a lively verdure, beside the leaves? Read—
These very leaves on which you spend
Your woful stuff, may serve for squibs:
Such blessings always shall attend
The madrigals of Dr. Gibbs.

The above may serve for a tolerable specimen of Swift's remarks. The whole should be given, if it were possible to make them intelligible, without copying the version which is ridiculed; a labour for which our readers would scarcely thank us. A few detached stanzas, however, with the Dean's notes on them, shall be transcribed.

DR. GIBBS.

Why do the heathen nations rise,
And in mad tumults join?
Confederate kings vain plots[1] devise
Against the Almighty's reign!

DR. SWIFT.

[1] I don't believe that ever kings entered into plots and confederacies against the reign of God Almighty.

DR. GIBBS.

But those that do thy laws refuse,
In pieces thou shalt break;
[1]And with an iron sceptre bruise
The disobedient[2] *neck.*

Ye earthly kings, the caution *hear,*
Ye rulers, *learn* the same;[3]
Serve God with reverence, and with *fear*[4]
His joyful praise proclaim.

[5]For should the madness of his foes
Th' avenging God incense,
Happy are they that can repose
In him their confidence.[6]

No fears shall then my soul depress,*
Though thus my enemies increase:
[7]And therefore, now arise, O Lord,*
And graciously thy help afford.

And *thus*[8] to grant a sure defence
Belongs to God's[9] omnipotence.

But you, my frail,[1] malicious foes,
Who do my power despise,
Vainly how long will ye oppose,
And[2] falsely calumnize!

DR. SWIFT.

[1] After a man is broken in pieces, it is no great matter to have his neck bruised.
[2] Neak.

[3] Rulers must *learn* it, but kings may only *hear* it.
[4] Very proper, to make a joyful proclamation with fear.

[5] For should the foes of
David's ape
Provoke his gray-goose
quills,
Happy are they that can
escape
The vengeance of his
pills.
[6] Admirably reasoned and connected!

* Deprease, Loard, Scotice.
[7] He desires God's help, because he is not afraid of his enemies; others, I think, usually desire it when they *are* afraid.
[8] The doctor has a mighty affection for the particle *thus:* he uses it four times in this (the 3d) Psalm, and 100 times in other places, and always wrong.
[9] That is as much as to say, that he that can do all things can defend a man; which I take to be an undoubted truth.

[1] Are they malicious out of frailty, or frail out of malice?
[2] That is, they say *false* things *falsely.* I will discover the doctor's secret of making coherence and connections in the Psalms, that he brags of in his title and preface: he lays violent hands on certain particles (such as, *and, when, since, for, but, thus, so,* &c.) and presses them to his service on all occasions, sore against their wills, and without any regard whether the sense will admit them or not.

DR. GIBBS.

Since those alone the Lord has blest
Who do from sin refrain,
He therefore grants what I request,[1]
And hears when I[2] complain.

Then shall my soul with more divine
And solid joys abound,
Than they with stores of corn and wine,
Those earthly riches, crown'd.[3]

And thus, confiding, Lord, in thee,
I take my calm repose;[4]
For thou each night protectest me,
From all my[5] treacherous foes.

Thy heavy hand restrain;
[6]With mercy, Lord, correct:
Do not[7] (as if in high disdain)
My helpless soul reject.

For how shall I sustain
[8]Those ills which now I bear?
My vitals are consumed with pain,
[9]My soul oppress'd with care!

Lord, I have pray'd in[1] vain,
So long, so much opprest;
My very[2] cries increase my pain,
And tears prevent my rest:

These do my sight impair,
And flowing eyes decay;
While to my enemies I fear
Thus[3] to become a prey.

If I've not spared him, though he's grown
My causeless[4] enemy;
Then let my life and fortune[5] crown
Become to him a prey.

DR. SWIFT.

[1] It is plain the doctor never requested to be a poet.
[2] If your requests be granted, why do you complain?

[3] I have heard of a crown or garland of corn: but a crown of wine is new, and can hardly be explained, unless we suppose the wine to be in icicles.

[4] And yet, to shew I tell no fibs,
Thou hast left me in thrall
To Hobkins eke, and Doctor Gibbs,
The vilest rogue of all.
[5] Ay, and *open* foes too; or his repose would not be very calm.

[6] Thy heavy hand restrain;
Have mercy, Dr. Gibbs:
Do not, I pray thee, paper stain
With rhymes retail'd in dribbs.
[7] That bit is a most glorious botch.

[8] The squeaking of a hoggrel.
[9] To listen to thy doggrel.

[1] The doctor must mean himself; for, I hope, David never thought so.
[2] Then he is a dunce for crying.

[3] That is, he is afraid of becoming a prey to his enemies while his eyes are sore.

[4] If he be grown his *causeless* enemy, he is no longer *guiltless*.
[5] He gives a thing before he has it, and gives it to him that has it already; for Saul is the person meant.

DR. GIBBS.

But, Lord, thy kind assistance[1] lend;
Arise in my defence:
According to thy laws[2] contend
For injured innocence.

That all the nations that oppose,
May then confess thy power;
Therefore assist my righteous cause,
That they may thee adore:

For equal judgment, Lord, to thee
The nations[3] all submit;
Be therefore[4] merciful to me,
And my just soul acquit.[5]

Thus, by God's gracious providence,[6]
I'm still preserved secure,
Who all the good and just defends
With a resistless[7] power.

All men he does with justice view,
And their iniquity
With direful vengeance can pursue,
Or patiently[8] pass by.

Lo! now th' inflictions[9] they design'd
By others to be borne,
Even all the mischiefs[1] in their mind,
Do on themselves return.

O'er all the birds that mount the air,
And fish that in the floods appear.[2]

DR. SWIFT.

[1] But why *lend?* Does he design to return it back when he has done with it?

[2] Profane rascal! he makes it a struggle and contention between God and the wicked.

[3] Yet, in the very verse before, he talks of nations that *oppose.*

[4] Because all nations submit to God, therefore God must be merciful to Dr. Gibbs.

[5] Of what?
Poor David never could acquit
A criminal like thee,
Against his Psalms who could commit
Such wicked poetry.

[6] Observe the connection.

[7] That's right, doctor; but there will be no contending, as you desired a while ago.
'Tis wonderful that Providence
Should save thee from the halter,
Who hast in numbers without sense
Burlesqued the holy Psalter.

[8] That is no great mark of viewing them with justice. God has wiser ends for passing by his vengeance on the wicked, you profane dunce!

[9] Ay, but what sort of things are these inflictions?

[1] If the mischiefs be in their mind, what need they return on themselves? are they not there already?

[2] Those, I think, are not very many: they are good fish when they are caught, but till then we have no great sway over them.

DR. GIBBS.

Confounded at the sight of thee,
My foes are put to flight.[1]
Thus thou, great God of equity,
Dost still assert my right.[2]

But God eternally remains,
[3]Fixt in his throne on high,
And to the world from thence ordains
[4]Impartial equity.

And thus consider still, O Lord,
The justice of my cause;
Who often hast my life[5] restored
From death's devouring jaws.

And from the barbarous[6] paths they tread,
No acts of Providence
Can e'er oblige them to recede,
Or stop[7] their bold offence.

And on their impious heads will pour
Of snares[8] and flames a dismal shower;
And this their bitter cup shall be,
[9]To drink to all eternity.

[1]But they were all perverted grown,
Polluted all with blood,
And other impious crimes; not one
Was either just[2] or good.

Are they so stupid[3] then, said[4] God,
Who thus my[5] saints devour?
These[6] crimes have they not understood,
Nor thought upon my power.

DR. SWIFT.

[1] The doctor is mistaken; for, when people are confounded, they cannot fly.
[2] Against Sternhold and Hopkins.

[3] That is false and profane; God is not fixed anywhere.
[4] Did anybody ever hear of *partial* equity?

[5] Nothing is restored but what has been taken away; so that he has been often raised from the dead, if this be true.

[6] The author should first have premised what sort of paths were properly barbarous. I suppose they must be very deep or dirty, or very ragged and stony; both which I myself have heard travellers call barbarous roads.
[7] Which is the way to stop an offence? Would you have it stopt like a bottle, or a thief?

[8] A shower of snares on a man's head would do wonderful execution. However, I grant it is a scurvy thing enough to swallow them.
[9] To taste the doctor's poetry.

[1] But they were all perverted grown,
In spite of Dr. Gibbs' blood:
Of all his impious strains not one
Was either just or good.
[2] For a man, it seems, may be good, and not just.
[3] The fault was not, that they devoured saints, but that they were stupid. Q. Whether stupidity makes men devour saints, or devouring saints makes a man stupid? I believe the latter, because they may be apt to lie heavy on one's stomach.
[4] Clod.
[5] Strains.
[6] Chimes.

DR. GIBBS.	DR. SWIFT.
[1]O, that his aid we now might have From Sion's holy hill, That God the captive just would save, And glad all Israel!	[1] And O that every parish clerk, Who hums what Brady cribs From Hobkins, would attend this work, And glad the heart with Gibbs.
And those that lead a life like this Shall reign in everlasting bliss.[2]	[2] And so the doctor now may kiss ——— !

FINIS.

Fiddling Impudent Nauseous Illiterate Scoundrel Scot
Foolish. Idle Nonsensical Ignorant Sot.

At the end of the MS. is the following note:—

"The above was written from the manuscript mentioned in the first page, now in the hands of Nicholas Coyne, Esq., being the only copy in the kingdom of Ireland; he having purchased the original, and afterward generously given it to his friend Dr. Dunkin, finding the doctor extremely uneasy at the disappointment the Earl of Chesterfield was like to meet with, as he had promised the earl to attend the auction, and procure it for him at any price; and is now transcribed by Neale Molloy, Esq., of Dublin, by the favour of the said Nicholas Coyne, his brother-in-law, and sent by him to his kinsman, and dear friend, Charles Molloy, of London, Esquire.

"*Dublin, May* 26, 1748."

POLITICAL POETRY,

PRECEDING 1715.

POLITICAL POETRY.

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE.*

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty,

THOUGH we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne: yet we beg leave to assure your

* This piece, and those which follow, were first extracted by the learned Dr. Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin, from the

majesty, that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred person and government; insomuch, that the late surprising accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree, that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a general of the Queen of England. And we are not a little pleased, to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant, enterprizing general, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre, as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's fleet, our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security, to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your majesty's subjects.

Lanesborough and other MSS. I have retained them from internal evidence, as I have discarded some articles upon the same score.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such, as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive: that, after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a confederacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the faith, styled Defender, we may live to enjoy, under your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your majesty again prove to *your own family*, what you have been so eminently to the true church, a nursing mother. So wish, and so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, and devoted humble servants.

This address was presented January 17, 1704–5.

—o—

Mr. William Crowe's Address to her Majesty, turned into Metre.

FROM a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,

Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to shew our good breeding.
We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the victory obtain'd in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd, that it soon grew too hot
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to pot,
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim through me, and that I'll not drown ye?
Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such damn'd pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much-injured banks?
Then, swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor Monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd, who deserved to be hang'd.
Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd indeed:
Oh, how we adore you, because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins, by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of, when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorn'd with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed, I'm sure very soon
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the moon:

A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
Now God bless your majesty, and our Lord Murrough,*
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

—o—

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION,

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "I'll tell thee, Dick," &c.

THIS ballad, upon the battle of Oudenarde, is given from a hawker's copy, bound up with various other broadside songs and poems, known to be written by Swift. It is printed for Morphew, in 1708. As Swift was then in London, and intimate with several of the ministers, he seems likely to have celebrated this great public success in one of those popular ditties which he composed with such facility. This song was very popular, and the tune is often referred to as that of "Ye Commons and Peers."

I.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand,
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious Queen Anne.

* Murrough (or Morrough) Boyle, the first Viscount Blessington, who died in April 1718.

II.

How his army so great,
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender:
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

III.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men;*
But when from the spire,
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendôsme,
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

V.

While this he did say,
Without more delay,
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

---

* In the Dutch accounts of the battle of Oudenarde, it is said that the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, with the Chevalier de St. George, viewed the action at a distance from the top of a steeple, and fled, when the fate of the day turned against the French. Vendosme commanded the French upon that occasion.

VI.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,*
In this bloody field, I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

VII.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his veins so blue:
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

VIII.

What a racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year,)
For a little misfortune in Spain!
For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

IX.

Though *Bruges* and Ghent
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing,
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimmitis instead of *Te Deum.*

* The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., behaved with great spirit in the engagement, and charged, at the head of the Hanoverian cavalry, the celebrated French household troops with great success.

X.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums,
They may think, if they will,
Of Almanza still,
But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

XI.

O *Lewis* perplexed,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new one's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

XII.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improved, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly.

XIII.

But as losers at play,
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou had'st better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors * are gone.

---

* A cant word for false dice.

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard * look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands, perhaps, were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden-plot;—
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

* This seems to allude to some oppressive procedure of the Earl of Wharton. There is, Dr. Barrett remarks, a story something similar in the case of Mr. Proby, surgeon-general of Ireland. Swift had a garden which he used to call Naboth's vineyard.

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

WHEN Swift came to London, in 1710, just about the time the ministry was changed, his reception from Lord-Treasurer Godolphin was, as he stated to Archbishop King, "different from what he had received from any great man in his life; altogether short, dry, and morose." To Stella, he owns, that this coldness had so enraged him that he was vowing revenge. The fruits of his resentment was the following lampoon on the treasurer's abdication. It was read at Harley's, on the 15th October, 1710; but was not then suspected to be Swift's. The success of this *jeu d'esprit* was prodigious. The allusion to Godolphin's family name, Sidney, and to his staff of office, are sufficiently obvious.

THE rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till metamorphosed by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resumed the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,

That, raised by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,*
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to shew the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,†
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal:
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and saved his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe,
A circle with their rod describe,

---

* The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.—SWIFT.
† Supposed to allude to the Union.—SWIFT.

Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM,* as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nursed,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian Pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's † shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad? ‡

---

* Godolphin's favour arose from his connection with the family of Marlborough.

† An eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

‡ When Godolphin received the Queen's message, removing him from the office of treasurer, he broke his whole rod into two pieces, and threw them into the chimney, desiring the messenger to bear witness he had obeyed her majesty's commands.

You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then returned to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,*
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711.

THIS city can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her majesty's person and government; and their regard for your grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just administration of the government of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when we consider the share your grace had in the happy Revolution, in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of Popery, we are assured that that liberty and property, that happy constitution in church and state, to which we were restored by King William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your grace's administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your grace's favour and protection, than by assuring you that we will, to the

* Lord Godolphin is satirized by Mr. Pope, for a strong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Essays.

utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her majesty's government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the Pretender, and all his abettors.

The Recorder's Speech explained by the Tories.

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the Church, and for nosing the State,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order
Made the following speech by their mouth, the Recorder:
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

The Speech.

May it please your Grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell,
That we love the Queen's person and government well;
Then next, to your Grace we this compliment make,
That our worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a Dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this government shine.
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your Grace has procured us a Popery Act.

By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your Prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope, that whilst you rule o'er us,
You'll tread in the steps of King William the glorious,
Whom we're always adoring, though hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shews that good zeal may be founded in spleen,
Since a dead Prince we worship, to lessen the Queen.
And as for her Majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin, the Popish Pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her,
Against the sly Jack, and the sturdy High-flier.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless her,
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor.
Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not pity
His Grace, almost choked with the breath of the City!

—o—

The famous Speech-maker of England, or Baron (*alias* Barren) Lovel's *Charge* at the Assizes at* Exon, *April* 5, 1710.

Of the authenticity of this production there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is not only in the manner of Swift, but in his very best and most characteristic style of irony.

———Risum teneatus?———

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus opened and said:

Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

Her majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,
Upon such as offenders have been.

---

* See the original charge in the Examiner, 1745, No. I. p. 55. —Sir Salathiel Lovel died May 3, 1717.

So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold—first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which here I aver,
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea;
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy.
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,
And whatever may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which men pull and haul so,
And they are made for the support of good government also.
Her majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock,
Which all storms will mock,
Since Religion is made the foundation.
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely,
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In church or in state,
(I'm an instance of that,)
But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace,

Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our priests and Papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here:
Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;
As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.
Ye have a Diocesan,—*
But I don't know the man;—
The man's a good liver,
They tell me, however,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colours,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses;

---

* Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1707, and died in 1716. He published a volume of Sermons in 8vo, 1707; reprinted with his other works, in 2 vols. folio, 1723.

Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her majesty won't.
Know, I myself I
Was present and by,
At the great trial, where there was a great company,
Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot,
Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what:
Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne;
And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look:
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflamma-
tion should be extinguish'd without more delay:
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
So the man was tried for't,
Before highest court:
Now it's plain to be seen,
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to bellow:
Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.

Upon this I find here,
And everywhere,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of geer:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?
If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster:
And your making this riot,
Is what she could cry at,
Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.
I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain
Their passive obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it, ho',
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me in short,
What need there is for't?
Ye may say, I am hot;
I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet,
If they do not forget,
May remember what mischiefs it did church and state:

Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be,
That make such an oration
In our Protestant nation,
As though church was all on a fire,—
With whatever cloak
They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths they have took,
As our governors strictly require;—
I say they are men—(and I'm a judge, ye all know,)
That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
For the greater part of them to church never go;
Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.
Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the queen, that they make all this rout;
And to set up, moreover,
A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the House of Hanover.
Ye gentlemen of the jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I'm inform'd by good hands, I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh breaches?
Ye ought to resent it,
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it;

Not only the actors engaged in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could, all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on't,
Get a jot of preferment.
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
I'll tell you a story: Once upon a time,
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
('Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy houses and stews;
Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for that very reason.
When the time came about
For us all to set out,
We went to take leave of the queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:
And she gave us a large
And particular charge;—
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head;—
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbourhood, where-
soever we came; and so I do here;
For that every one, not only men and their wives,
Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;

And told us withal, that she fully expected
A special account how ye all stood affected;
When we've been at St. James's, you'll hear of the matter.
Again then I charge ye,
Ye men of the clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own Bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What's savoury and good;
And together all cling,
As it were, in a string;
Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with Monsieur,—that son of his mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the law; and concluded:

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,
If ye honour, as I do,
Our dear royal widow,
Or have any compassion
For church or the nation;
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten,
When ye are dead and rotten;
That ye would be quiet, and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s all in a quill.

BALLAD.

To the Tune of "Commons and Peers."

THIS hitherto unpublished Poem seems to have been one of the frequent squibs levelled by Swift against the Whigs, during the administration of Oxford; it is taken from an original MS. in the Dean's handwriting, found among Mr. Steele's papers.

I.

A WONDERFUL age
Is now on the stage:
I'll sing you a song if I can,
How modern Whigs[1]
Dance forty-one jigs,*
But God bless our gracious Queen Anne.

II.

The kirk with applause
Is established by laws
As the orthodox church of the nation.
The bishops do own
It's as good as their own.
And this, Sir, is call'd moderation.

---

* Alluding to the year 1641, when the great rebellion broke out.

III.

It's no riddle now
To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed;
Nor is't banter or jest,
That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

IV.

For no soil can suit
With every fruit,
Even so, Sir, it is with religion;
The best church by far
Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet's ass or his pigeon.

V.

Another strange story
That vexes the Tory,
But sure there's no mystery in it,
That a pension and place
Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

VI.

For if it be not strange,
That religion should change,
As often as climates and fashions;
Then sure there's no harm,
That one should conform,
To serve their own private occasions.

VII.

Another new dance,
Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of Pretender,
And those that dare own
The queen heir to the crown,
Are traitors, not fit to defend her.

VIII.

The subject's most loyal
That hates the blood royal,
And they for employments have merit,
Who swear queen and steeple
Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

IX.

The monarchy's fixt,
By making on't mixt,
And by non-resistance o'erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

X.

That viceroy* is best,
That would take off the test,

---

* Lord Wharton.

And made a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found 'twould not do
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

XI.

'Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is't any wonder or riddle,
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

XII.

But now, sir, they tell,
How Sacheverell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn'd rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open'd the eyes of the nation.

XIII.

Then let's pray without spleen,
May God bless the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people;
May they prosper and thrive,
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

1710.

IN these free, and yet complimentary verses, Swift cautions Oxford against his greatest political error, that affectation of mystery, and wish of ingrossing the whole management of public affairs, which first disgusted, and then alienated, Harcourt and Bolingbroke. On this point our author has spoken very fully in the Free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs.

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedlar does his pack;
But, as the pedlar overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710–11.

On Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is left if Harley dies;
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.*

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF

A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE.

1711.

An orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.

* "I told lord-treasurer of four lines I writ extempore, with a pencil, on a bit of paper, in his house, when he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them; and he never heard of them."—*Journal to Stella*, Feb. 19, 1711–12.

When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.*
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,†
And, "mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithstanding I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
The duke shew'd me all his fine house; and the duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master King James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel‡ was got from the den of the lions:

---

* Lord Nottingham's family name.

† Hoppy is supposed by Dr. Barrett to be a person, elsewhere called *old Hooper*, in another part of the "Whimsical Medley."

‡ This was the Earl's Christian name.

I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game.*
I swore to the queen, that the Prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I altered my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game.*
Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while *Dismal's* my name,
And be a true Whig, while I'm *Not-in-game.**

---

* "There was printed a Grub-street speech of Lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court, that Walpole (a great Whig member) said, that I and my Whimsical Club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him."—*Journal to Stella*, Dec. 18, 1711.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.*

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift

---

* "I have written a Prophecy which I design to print. I did it to-day, and some other verses."—*Journal to Stella*, Dec. 23, 1711. "My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day. I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass."—Ibid. Dec. 24. "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them."—Ibid. Dec. 26. "I entertained our society at the Thatched House tavern. The printer had not received my letter, and so brought us a dozen copies of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."—Ibid. Dec. 27.

This Prophecy excited, as well it might, the deepest hatred on the part of the lady against whom it was levelled; indeed the charge of being privy to her second husband's assassination by the villany of Coningsmark, was too gross to be forgiven; and was moreover wholly undeserved. It must be remembered, that the Duchess's favour with Queen Anne was so great as often to shake the confidence of the Tory party, notwithstanding their reliance on the yet superior influence of Lady Masham.

to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Woodward, F.R.S., where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

WHEN *a holy black Swede*, the *son of Bob*,*
With a *saint*† at his chin and *seal* at his fob,
Shall not see *one* ‡ *New-year's-day* in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor § and *Bristow* § then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree*.§
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*‖
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.

---

* Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

† He was Dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.

‡ The New Style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the latter end of December, O.S.; and on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the style, he found January somewhat advanced.

§ Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

‖ Earl of Nottingham.

But, spight of *the Harpy** that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.†
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,
Beware of *Carrots*‡ from *Northumberlond.*
Carrots soon *Thynne*§ a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer set:*
Their‖ *Conyngs mark* thou; for I have been told,
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these Carrots, O *thou,*¶ whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name,
Which *backwards* and *forwards*** is almost the same.
And, Englond, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill.*††

---

* Duke of Marlborough.

† The treasurer's wand, taken from Harley, whose second title was Lord *Mortimer.*

‡ The Duchess of Somerset.

§ Thomas Thynne of Longleate, Esq., married the above lady after the death of her first husband Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son to Henry, Duke of Newcastle, to whom she had been betrothed in her infancy. The marriage was never consummated; and Count Koningsmark having fallen in love with her while abroad, caused Thynne to be shot in his own carriage in Pall-mall. To this horrid story the following lines allude.

‖ Count Koningsmark.

¶ ANNA. ** MASHAM.

†† Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

CORINNA,* A BALLAD.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
  Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
  And he endued her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
  Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
  Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
  "The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she displayed betimes;
  For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
  And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old, the subtle jade
  Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
  And you may swear the tale went round.

---

* This ballad refers to the history of Mrs. Manley, a political writer, whom we have often noticed. It is difficult to say what could have tempted Swift to attack her so severely, at a time when they were both zealously engaged in the same political cause. But wits are not famous for discriminating between friends and enemies.

She made a song, how little miss
  Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p—,
  Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve, a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her commonplace-book all gallant is,
  Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis,
  Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

—o—

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.*

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turned everything he touched to gold:
He chipped his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:

* This cutting satire upon the Duke of Marlborough was written about the time when he was deprived of his employments. Swift thus mentions it in his journal: "To day I published 'The Fable of Midas,' a poem printed on a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night, to lord-treasurer, at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you."—*Journal to Stella, Feb.* 14, 1711–12.

His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told
Old hay is equal to old gold:*
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

---

* The reader will recollect, that the Duke of Marlborough was accused of having received large sums, as perquisites, from the contractors, who furnished bread, forage, &c., to the army.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent. ?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold ?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before ?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or pattern of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plumes for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has asses' ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There s nothing fouls the hand so much;
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.*

---

* The result of the investigations of the House of Commons was the removal of the Duke of Marlborough from his command, and all his employments.

While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may 't do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, Lib. I. Epist. 5.

TOLAND, the Deist, distinguished himself as a party writer in behalf of the Whigs. He wrote a pamphlet on the demolition of Dunkirk, and another called "The Art of Reasoning," in which he directly charged Oxford with the purpose of bringing in the Pretender. The Earl of Nottingham, here, as elsewhere, called Dismal, from his swarthy complexion, was bred a rigid High-Church-man, and was only induced to support the Whigs, in their resolutions against a peace, by their consenting to the bill against occasional conformity. He was so distinguished for regularity, as to be termed by Rowe

"The sober Earl of Nottingham,
Of sober sire descended."

From these points of his character, we may estimate the severity of the following satire, which represents this pillar of High-Church principles as invited by the infidel and republican Toland to solemnize the 30th January, by attending the Calves' Head Club.

Swift mentions the satire in his Journal, 1st July, 1712.—"Have you seen Toland's Invitation to *Dismal*? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you don't understand Horace." It is again mentioned in the 17th of the same month.

If, dearest *Dismal*, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly shew our spite,
And talk, what fools call treason, all the night.

Si potes Archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ,
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.
* * * * * *
Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
Et Moschi causam. Cras, nato Cæsare, festus
Dat veniam somnumque dies: impune licebit
Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
* * * * * *
Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit inertem;
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum?
Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa

Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enlivened when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, even Scarborough is brave,
Hal * grows more pert, and Somers † not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the man you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of comfort by the way.

Corruget nares; ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coëat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et, nisi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, assumam; locus est et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe; et, rebus omissis,
Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

---

* Right Honourable Henry Boyle.
† Swift elsewhere objects to the formality of Somers's manners.

If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

—o—

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the tune of "The King shall enjoy his own again."

I.

Spite of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes;
"But the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hall is off the hooks;

Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
Made false moves, and lost his Queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane;
But a Prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the Queen should enjoy her own again."

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapt by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain:
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the Lord of Oxford swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to General Hill:
"For the Queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast,)
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis * go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)—
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
  Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq., the treasurer's secretary.

Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawked in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth, if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried.
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fastened by the eyes
At Charing-cross, among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,

And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had dined—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect"—
"Well I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early and departed late;
In short the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
A canon!—that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs, and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;

Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, adjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now, all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind,
And Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read† would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"—
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cried,)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:

---

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.
† The lord treasurer's porter.

But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[A few of the first lines are wanting.]

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * By an old———pursued,
A crazy prelate,* and a royal prude;†
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconciled divinity and wit:

---

* Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended, May 14, 1686, was raised from the Deanery of Canterbury, to the Archbishopric of York, July 5, 1691; and died February 2, 1712–13. According to Dr. Swift's account, the archbishop had represented him to the queen as a person that was not a Christian; a great lady [the Duchess of Somerset] supported the aspersion; and the queen, upon such assurances, had given away a bishopric contrary to her majesty's first intentions [which were in favour of Swift.]—ORRERY.

† Queen Anne.

He moved and bow'd, and talk'd with too much
grace;
Nor shew'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's,* never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler sends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes, and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by.
Now Finch† alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.

---

* Coffee-houses frequented by the clergy. In the preceding poem, Swift gives the same trait of his own character:

> "A clergyman of special note
> For shunning those of his own coat."

His feeling towards his order was exactly the reverse of his celebrated misanthropical expression of hating mankind, but loving individuals. On the contrary, he loved the church, but disliked associating with individual clergymen.

† Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham.

Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislaby,* to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the secret's out:
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent, to shew the queen
A dangerous treatise† writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,‡ and repents too late.
Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:§
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.‖
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.¶
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,

---

* John Aislaby, then M.P. for Rippon. They both spoke against him in the House of Commons.

† Tale of a Tub.

‡ He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.

§ Insert "*murder'd.*" The duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, Esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by banditti, the emissaries of Count Coningsmarc. As the motive of this crime was the count's love to the lady, with whom Thynne had never cohabited, Swift seems to throw upon her the imputation of being privy to the crime. See the Windsor Prophecy.

‖ The Duke of Argyle.

¶ For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delawar* again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.†
By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

—o—

THE FAGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE, 1713.

THIS fable is one of the vain remonstrances by which Swift strove to close the breach between Oxford and Bolingbroke, in the last period of their administration, which, to use Swift's own words, was "nothing else but a scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel and misunderstanding, animosity and hatred;" so that these two great men had scarcely a common friend left, except the author himself, who laboured with unavailing zeal to reconcile their dissensions.

OBSERVE the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?

* Then lord-treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift, while the proclamation was impending.

† He was visited by the Scots lords more than ever.

Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable, and the moral.
  This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.
  In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the prætor down!
  Come, courtiers: every man his stick
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.

Come, trimming Harcourt,* bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey †
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.

—o—

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paullum silvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dî melius fecere.——

---

* Lord chancellor.
† Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general.

A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
[* "But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
"If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,†
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.' "]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;‡

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,
Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.

---

* The twenty lines within hooks were added by Mr. Pope.

† An apprehension of the loss of intellect gave the Dean great uneasiness through life.

‡ Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his

Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I trust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!"

Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar.——
——Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.——
——Si vis, potes, addit, et instat.

Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England, and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negotiation had nearly taken place between the Dean and Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negotiation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebury, Lord Bolingbroke's seat.—WARTON.

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to shew
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed:
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you *——"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.

---

* Very happily turned from "Si vis, potes,——"—WARTON.

Since Harley bid me first attend,*
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;†

———Subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ.
Frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor;
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit.——

---

* The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very interesting Journal to Stella. And the reasons why a man that served the ministry so effectually, was so tardily, and so difficultly, and so poorly rewarded, are well explained in Sheridan's Life of Swift, and arose principally from the insuperable aversion the queen had conceived to the author of a Tale of a Tub as a profane book; which aversion was kept alive and increased by the Duchess of Somerset, against whom Swift had written a severe lampoon. It appears from this Life, that Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke always kept concealed from Swift their inability to serve him. One of the common artifices of ministers and great men is to retain in their service those whom they cannot reward, and "spe pascere inani," for year after year. With whatever secrets Swift might have been trusted, it does not appear he knew anything of a design to bring in the Pretender.—Swift was a true Whig. His political principles are amply unfolded in an excellent letter written to Pope, January 20, 1721: and indeed they had been sufficiently displayed, many years before, in The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; a treatise replete with strong sense, sound principles, and clear reasoning.—WARTON.

The real cause of Swift's disappointment in his hopes of preferment is explained in Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Both Gay and Swift conceived everything was to be gained by the interest of Mrs. Howard, to whom they paid incessant court.—BOWLES.

† Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in Lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old

Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ? "
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well :
" How think you of our friend the Dean ?
I wonder what some people mean !
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tête-à-tête ;*
What ! they admire him for his jokes ?—
See but the fortune of some folks ! "
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court :
I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great :
Inform us, will the emperor treat ?
Or do the prints and papers lie ? "

Jurantem me scire nihil, miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.
Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque, licebit,

---

woman, won the game. Bolingbroke, overtaking them one day in their road to Windsor, got into Lord Oxford's coach, and began some political conversation; Lord Oxford said, " Swift, I am up; there is a cat." Bolingbroke was disgusted with this levity, and went again into his own carriage. This was

——" Nugari et discincti ludere "

with a witness.—WARTON.

Faith, sir, ye know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us pray,
When have the troops to have their pay?
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.*

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda, oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

---

* Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714. The remaining part of the satire was afterwards added by Mr. Pope: in whose works the whole is printed. See Dr. Warton's edition, vol. VI. p. 13.

—o—

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.*

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

DICK, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's† pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley filled the commons' chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout,
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.

---

* This, and the next poem, were first added to the Dean's Works by Mr. Nichols, from copies in the Lambeth Library, K. 1, 2, 29, 30. 4to.

† Samuel Buckley, publisher of the Crisis.

The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'st got into the fire,
And can'st not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends."*
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;†
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,

---

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy, with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.—SWIFT.

† Not alluding, as I conceive, to Steele's researches in alchemy, but to his assumed character of Squire Bickerstaff, a conjuror, whose advice to various distressed females may be seen in the Tatler, and is ridiculed in the lines which follow.

Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge * wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot like, thou'lt strut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter,)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.†

---

* The borough which, for a very short time, Steele represented in Parliament.

† Abel Roper, a blackguard Tory bookseller.

What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp * keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney † thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart.
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

---

* The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.

† General Macartney, second to Lord Mohun, in the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION
TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER,
TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT. 1714.

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford;
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas box,*
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,

* See the Pamphlet written against Steele under the name of Toby, (Edward King,) Abel Roper's kinsman and shopman.

With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's Field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,*
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country's generous produce.
The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington † when third time mayor.

---

* Poor Dennis had a notion, that he was much dreaded by the French for his writings, and actually fled from the coast, on hearing that some unknown strangers had approached the town, where he was residing, never doubting that they were the messengers of Gallic vengeance. At the time of the peace of Utrecht, he was anxious for the introduction of a clause for his special protection, and was hardly consoled by the Duke of Marlborough's assurances, that he did not think such a precaution necessary in his own case, although he had been almost as obnoxious to France as Mr. Dennis.

† Pilkington was a zealous adherent of the opposition party, in the latter years of Charles II.

That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.
Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.

Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I must incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even Somers to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,

As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.*
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it 'stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S******, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest you at their sight should'st make wry faces,
The girl has scour'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are pease.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation
From men of greater quality and station.

---

* See the grounds of this charge in Examiner, vol. III. p. 366.

Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though, if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk through postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

—o—

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?

My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging, tender friend,
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burthen grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715,

ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

THE intelligent reader will easily perceive why the name of Music is given in this apologue to the Church of England; and Bawty, a Scotch name for a dog, to the dissenters.

A BITCH, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here, and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's house * she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh, and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty † did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her;)

---

* The Church of England.
† A Scotch name for a bitch, alluding to the kirk.

Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire,
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried—"A bite! bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

—o—

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1716.

THESE spirited verses, although they have not the affecting pathos of those addressed by Pope to the same great person, during his misfortunes, evince the firmness of Swift's political principles and personal attachment.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack;
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
  Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff,* nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
  Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.
  Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:

---

* The ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

—o—

ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER.*

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh.
In those we love not, we no danger see,
And where they hang'd, there would no danger be.
But we must silent be, amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the Peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

—o—

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH.

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,

* This and the following pieces are from the Lanesborough MS. They bear strong marks of Swift's style.

Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will choose
The Conformity Bill for bumfodder.

—o—

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETON IS EXPRESSED.

Not asking or expecting aught,
One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer;
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean?
Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture shew its face?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet-tongued Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas! what strange confusion's bred!

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein;
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain:

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
  In wanton pride to shew his skill,
How easily he can reduce
  And curb the people's rage at will;

In wild uproar they hurry on;—
  The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
  Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
  Finding, too late, he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
  And truly sets the world on fire.

—o—

A TALE OF A NETTLE.

THESE verses occur on the same paper which contains the ballad, p. 278, and are also in the Dean's hand-writing. They relate to the proposed repeal of the Test-act, and may be compared with the "Fable of the Bitches," p. 325.

A MAN with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use:
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet but a seed,
A nettle rear'd up his inglorious head.
The gard'ner would wisely have rooted him up
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop;

But the master forbid him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell'd to relinguish my home,
'Cause I wouldn't subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit's bark,*
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you, I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There's none so renown'd for compassion as you;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with your garden in forms:
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,
Will peaceably stick to our own education.
Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest 'em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest 'em;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, sir, I'll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,
And into his breast doth his enemy bring.
He little suspected the nettle could sting;
Till flush'd with success, and of strength to be fear'd,
Around him a numerous offspring he rear'd.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done,
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone;

* In allusion to the supremacy of Rome.

But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well-rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay'd, and in their room grew
A stubborn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted,
They stung like ingrates and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncropp'd, increased to such store,
That 'twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY RELATING TO

IRISH POLITICS,

SUBSEQUENT TO 1715.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY RELATING TO IRISH POLITICS.

—o—

PARODY

ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT, PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THIS piece is extracted from the Lanesborough Manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Pratt's speech, which is here parodied, was made when the Duke of Ormond, Swift's valued friend, was attainted, and superseded in the office of chancellor of Trinity College, which he had held from 1688–9, by the Prince of Wales, afterward George II.

There is great reason to suppose that the satire is the work of Swift, whose attachment to Ormond was uniformly ardent. Of this it may be worth while to mention a trifling instance. The duke had presented to the cathedral of St. Patrick's a superb organ, surmounted by his own armorial bearings. It was placed facing the nave of the church. But after Ormond's attainder, Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's, received orders from government to remove the scutcheon from the church. He obeyed, but he placed the shield in the great aisle, where he himself and Stella lie buried, and where the arms still remain. The verses have suffered much by the inaccuracy of the noble transcriber, Lord Newtoun Butler.

The parody is so close, that it will render it more interesting to give the original speech from the London Gazette of Tuesday, April 17, 1716. The Provost, it appears, was attended by the Rev. Dr. Howard, and Mr. George Berkeley, (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne,) both of them fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. The speech was praised by Addison, in the Freeholder, though his classical taste must have suffered, while his loyalty approved.

"Then the provost proceeded and made the following speech to his royal highness:

"Permit us, most illustrious prince, with hearts full of duty, to approach your royal person. His majesty's loyal university of Dublin, which glories in its most renowned foundress, Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, aspires now with greater honour, and zealous for the dignity and welfare of their body, seeks a head and governor equal in birth to their glorious foundress, the same magnificent patron of learning, constant defender of our true religion, and bright example of virtue, a character belonging only to your royal highness.

"As this noble view alone fills all their thoughts, and most agreeably points out their choice, pardon, most gracious prince, the ambition of their present address; deign, with that goodness which guides all your actions, to receive into your protection a society, which, from duty, interest, and affection, humbly hopes to be placed under it: That society wherein his majesty's faithful subjects of Ireland received those principles that render them now eminent in the service of their country, firm in their allegiance to their prince, and unshaken in their zeal for the apostolical faith established amongst them. Here it was they were first taught obedience to the king, and wisely instructed, that out of the illustrious house of Hanover, would come the greatest and best of kings.

"Happy, indeed, were our presages, and joyful, altogether, is the accomplishment of them. Our eyes behold a prince now sitting on the throne of his royal ancestors, wise, valiant, just, and magnanimous: a monarch loaded with all the martial glories of the field, and long distinguished for the nobler arts of peace, and of civil government. His early years he devoted to the cause of religion against Turks and infidels; he afterwards employed his arms in defence of the liberties of Europe, at a time when they were in the utmost danger from abroad; and now he completes his glories at home in delivering Britain, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, from the inconsistent rule of a Popish pretender. By his wisdom, he has defeated all secret attempts; by his valour, conquered in the open field: his justice awes the daring and the violent; his clemency gains the weak and deluded; his large

revenues he employs in securing those liberties, for whose preservation his undoubted title is most justly founded; and in endowing that church, whose rise and fall, like a true and affectionate friend, does ever accompany the English monarchy. A prince of fewer virtues might make a nation happy; but every quality of his exalted mind has contributed to our present peace and safety.

"Forgive me, most serene prince, that I attempt thus faintly to touch that great character so fully copied in your royal person; but there a noble virtue which adorns the rest, forbids me, in your august presence, to name those heroic qualities, which, in other places, are the constant subject of our praise and delight. We congratulate each other on the felicities of the present reign: A glorious successor lengthens out the pleasing prospect; and we see our joy perpetuated in a beautiful offspring which fills our palaces. The pious care and example of a most excellent princess, instils their parent's virtues; and virtue, recommended in these lovely forms, must draw the imitation of all below them. Hence may these kingdoms date a second reform from vice and irreligion, a glory which Providence seems to have reserved to your illustrious house.

"And such happy assurances his majesty's university of Dublin has conceived of those blessings which will attend your royal family, that joyfully they lay hold of this first opportunity to place themselves under the immediate government of it. Not content to share with their fellow-subjects the distant influences derived through other hands, they approach near the throne, submitting themselves with the profoundest veneration to your princely authority. And most willing must their obedience be to those commands, where private interest cannot mix, or designs be formed against that happy settlement whose preservation lies nearest at all our hearts.

"Descend then, most mighty prince, to give us laws. Ireland submits its harp into your royal hands. Rule, instruct, and nourish the attending muses; make them the envied subjects of your present care, and the lively image of a happy people. Protect and govern, now, the nursery of that faith, whereof we daily beseech Heaven, in sincerity of heart, to establish your royal highness the next most glorious defender."

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

LLUSTRIOUS prince, we're come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.*

II.

The noble view of your high merits,
Has charm'd our thoughts, and fix'd our spirits,
With zeal so warm and hearty;
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

III.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloistered life;

* The Rev. Dr. Benjamin Pratt was, at this time, April 1716, Provost of Trinity College; he had been formerly of the Tory party; to which circumstance the phrase, "from this day well-affected," alludes.

We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.*

IV.

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees† punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting,
But now we're come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant‡ bishopric,
This bait can't fail of hitting.

V.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty.
For you surpass all princes far,
As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

VI.

To you our Irish Commons owe
That wisdom which their actions shew,
Their principles from ours springs,
Taught, ere the deel himself could dream on't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't,
Should rise the best of kings.

---

* The statutes of the university enjoin celibacy.

† "Paid levees punctually, and courted." The provost was a most constant attendant at the levees at St. James's palace.

‡ The see of Killaloe was then vacant, and to this bishopric the Reverend Dr. George Carr, chaplain to the Irish House of Commons, was nominated, by letters-patent. See Beatson's Political Index, p. 307. Edin. 1786. A.D. 1716.

VII.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

VIII.

Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous; *
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

IX.

For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side,
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry, and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

X.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

---

*. Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession.

XI.

Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio* Phœbus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

XII.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favour;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve,
By future good behaviour.

XIII.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

XIV.

If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

---

* This is spelled Chloe, but evidently should be Clio; indeed, many errors appear in the transcription, which probably were mistakes of the transcriber.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

THIS ballad alludes to the Dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which Waters the printer was prosecuted with great violence. Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed sent the jury repeatedly out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.

BROCADES, and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and Dean,
Seditiously mean,
Our true Irish hearts from Old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be clothed like a carcase would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.

Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore, I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book, they were in a
great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and
their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And if swearing can do't shall be swingingly maul'd;
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off
clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

—o—

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.*

1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
  Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general sweep,
  Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
  Are said to represent the seas,
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
  Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
  Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
  Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
  Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day,
  Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
  The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
  The birds are met to strip the jays.

---

* This poem was printed some years ago, and it should seem, by the late failure of two bankers, to be somewhat prophetic. It was therefore thought fit to be reprinted.—Dub. Ed.

"Riches," the wisest monarch sings,
"Make pinions for themselves to fly;"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er their bills and bags,
Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Exposed with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
  From his own hand foresees his fall,
They have his soul who have his bonds;
  'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
  When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet unprepared,
  And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call,
  Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall;
  Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
  And they, in men's and angels' sight
Produced with all their bills and gold,
  "Weigh'd in the balance and found light;"

—o—

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN,
THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG,*

In a Dialogue between a WHIG *and a* TORY.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?

* In Atterbury's trial a good deal of stress was laid upon the circumstance of a dog called Harlequin being mentioned in the intercepted correspondence. The dog was sent in a present to the bishop from Paris, and its leg was broken by the way.

He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjured dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.
WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
TORY. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,*
An English or an Irish hound;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander-by was marking,
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dogs-head in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish,

* John Kelly, and Skin, or Skinner, were persons engaged in the plot. Neynoe, whose declaration was taken before the lords of council, and used in evidence against the bishop, is the "t'other puppy who was drowned," which fate he encountered, in attempting to escape from the messengers.

Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.
WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I proved my proposition full:
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confest as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks:
For statesmen never want dog-tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot;
And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.

TORY. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have proved it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops are all dogs indeed!

—o—

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat;
Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press,
His lading little, and his ballast less?
Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvas furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end † he founders in the port.
With water ‡ fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are placed, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.§

---

* A street in Dublin, leading to the harbour.—F.
† A village near the sea.—F.
‡ It was said he died of a dropsy.—F.
§ A cant word for a Jacobite.—F.

He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
  Behold the awful bench, on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out, we find at last,
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry;
Charon in him will ferry souls to Hell;
A trade our Boat * has practised here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus: and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green: †
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry; look, here's our Boat, and there's the
    pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree,
No boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.‡

---

* In condemning malefactors, as a judge.—F.

† Where the Dublin gallows stands.—F.

‡ Query, Whether the author meant scholar, and wilfully mistook?—Dublin Edit.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S* MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale solum: †
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now thy words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to shew my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;‡
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious Dean:
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.§

---

* That noted chief-justice who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him.—F.

† This motto is repeatedly mentioned in the Drapier's Letters. See Vol. VII. page 7.

‡ Allan Broderick, Lord Viscount Middleton, was then lord-chancellor of Ireland.—F.

§ Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason when you stole 'em.

—o—

VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH,

DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A.D. 1724.

BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.*

QUOTH King Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of colour more gay,
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honours.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my commands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes.
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

* These verses were communicated by the kindness of Dr. Barrett, from a copy in his father's hand-writing. The subject and style authorize the tradition which ascribes them to Swift.

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

—o—

A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER,

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin,
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.

So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,*
Join'd with a brazen politician,†
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment‡ of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the Devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

—o—

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Enclosed *cap à pié*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears;

---

* The Duchess of Kendal, who was to have a share of Wood's profits.

† Sir Robert Walpole, nick-named Sir Robert Brass.

‡ The patent for coining halfpence.—F.

And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.*
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest,
Or sick of obstructions, and pains in her chest.
The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post,
But a kettle of scalding hot-water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps† in a caldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a fagot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

---

* He was in jail for debt.—F.
† Counterfeit halfpence.—F.

PROMETHEUS,

ON WOOD* THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE.

1724.

I.

As when the squire and tinker Wood
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck,
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And every one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:

---

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's Letters.—N.

So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end,
They say all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass;
(Venus * was bribed to let it pass.)
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice on altars blazed;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

* Duchess of Kendal again alluded to.

III.

Ye powers of Grub-street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

—o—

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;

Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit all evening at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw.
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

—o—

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN, BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER.—1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,

---

* The Drapier's printer.—F.

By day and by night for to rob him :
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes ;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d—d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade ;*
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass ;
And so I conclude my petition.

---

* Two famous bankers.—F.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The squire who has got him twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire is too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which, &c.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which, &c.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swopping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shews us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he shews it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown:
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's,
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
Which, &c.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

—o—

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON

WILLIAM WOOD,

BRAZIER, TINKER, HARDWAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

THE two passages within crotchets, which do not occur in former editions of the Dean's works, are added from the original broadside copy.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood, and drawers of water.

Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil,
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.
Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name,
My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.
I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech:
And said, "By my shoul, he's the son of a BEECH."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us ver-juice;

And therefore his witnesses justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the post.
[But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;
He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps,* and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.
But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times, from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts:
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe'er, let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission.]
I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.

---

* Forge his own bad halfpence.

A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about; *)
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the de'il in a drum.
From me, I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may shew him about for a new groaning board.
[Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.
I often have seen two plays very good,
Call'd Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: Squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell them for gold, or he can't shew his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;

* He was burnt in effigy.

But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be crost?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.]
Hear one story more and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.*
I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

—o—

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

To the Tune of "London is a Fine Town," &c.

O DUBLIN is a fine town
And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down,
Come listen to my ditty,
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

---

* The place of execution near Dublin.

In full assembly all did meet
  Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
  To save the sinking nation.
    O Dublin, &c.

The bankers would not let it pass
  For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
  And fill their small-beer cellars.
    O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
  The Gild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
  And so their names they writ.
    O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
  And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
  They want so many grains.
    O Dublin, &c.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
  And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Woods an inch,
  We know he'd take an ell.
    O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
  Of honour and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence
  They will be all cast down.
    O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vext,
Take money stampt on leather.
O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.
O Dublin, &c.

And that if Woods were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.
O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Woods, that cunning scoundrel knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down.
O Dublin, &c.

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.
O Dublin, &c.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.
O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.
O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confounded in a maze,
They seem'd to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.
O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Woods, have at you.
O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Woods has got a rope.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE,

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

THE church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand :
He cut his weasand at the altar ;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married.

—o—

ON THE SAME.

(THE JUDGE SPEAKS.)

I'm not the grandson of that ass * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-Church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce.*

—o—

EPIGRAM. April 1735.

In Answer to the Dean's Verses on his own Deafness.

What though the Dean hears not the knell
Of the next church's passing bell;

* An alderman.—F.

What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not: At the DRAPIER'S ear,
Chink but *Wood's* halfpence, and he'll hear.

—o—

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

POOR floating isle, tost on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain; *
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.†
Lost are thy oars, that used thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.‡
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,§
The single pillar for his country's good,

---

* O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.

† ——— Fortiter occupa
Portum.

‡ Nudum remigio latus.

§ ——— Malus celeri saucius Africo.

To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel *
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,†
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.
A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now ‡
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,§
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;

---

* ——— Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

† Non tibi sunt integra lintea.

‡ Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

§ Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis—

Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,*
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,†
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick, when in thee confined,‡
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
The lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

---

* Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit.

† Tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

‡ Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF

ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy * o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renowned for valour, policy, and arts,
Hither from Colchos,† with the fleecy ore,
Jason arrived two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas called her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown:‡

---

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and whence he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, by poetical licence, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy.—Dub. Ed.

† Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Thessaly, sailed to Ireland. And Adrianus Junius says the same thing, in these lines:—

Illa ego sum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne
Dicta, et Jasoniæ puppis bene cognita nautis.—Dub. Ed.

‡ Tacitus, in the Life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain.

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace*
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize;
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons.
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,†
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time has made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduced in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land:

---

* Fordun, in his Scoti-Chronicon, Hector Boethius, Buchanan, and all the Scottish historians, agree that Fergus, son of Ferquard, King of Ireland, was the first King of Scotland, which country he subdued.

† In the reign of Henry II. Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxiliaries.

The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,*
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.
With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,†
The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;

---

* There are no snakes, vipers, or toads in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here till about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since.—Dub. Ed. These plagues are all alluded to in this and the subsequent stanzas.

† The university of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591.—Dub. Ed.

Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemned to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in thy native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,*
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed,†
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

---

* Wood's ruinous project against the people of Ireland was supported by Sir Robert Walpole in 1724.—Dub. Ed.

† The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England.—Dub. Ed.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister* so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he† who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,

---

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. Young's seventh satire is inscribed to him.

† Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards Earl of Wilmington, to whom the eighth satire is dedicated.

Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he ?
  Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation :
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown :
If clergymen, to shew their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ :
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate :
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor :
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst ?

—o—

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
  And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,
  And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
  But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,
  And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change Alley goes down,
  And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
  And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, Your guinea to-night would be spent!
  Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
  Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
  Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
  That would turn a man out of his own?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 1728.

THIS is a severe satire upon Richard Tighe, Esq., whom the Dean regarded as the officious informer against Sheridan, in the matter of the choice of a text for the accession of George I. Swift had faithfully promised to revenge the cause of his friend, and has certainly fully redeemed his pledge, in this and the following pasquinades. Mad Mullinix, or Molyneux, was a sort of crazy beggar, a Tory politician in his madness, who haunted the streets of Dublin about this time. In a paper subscribed

Dr. Anthony, apparently a mountebank of somewhat the same description, the doctor is made to vindicate his loyalty and regard for the present constitution in church and state, by declaring that he always acted contrary to the politics of Captain John Molyneux. The immediate occasion for publication is assigned in the Intelligencer, in which paper the dialogue first appeared.

"Having lately had an account, that a certain person of some distinction swore in a public coffeehouse, that party should never die while he lived, (although it has been the endeavour of the best and wisest among us, to abolish the ridiculous appellations of Whig and Tory, and entirely to turn our thoughts to the good of our prince and constitution in church and state,) I hope those who are well-wishers to our country, will think my labour not ill-bestowed, in giving this gentleman's principles the proper embellishments which they deserve; and since Mad Mullinix is the only Tory now remaining, who dares own himself to be so, I hope I may not be censured by those of his party, for making him hold a dialogue with one of less consequence on the other side. I shall not venture so far as to give the Christian nick-name of the person chiefly concerned, lest I should give offence, for which reason I shall call him Timothy, and leave the rest to the conjecture of the world."—*Intelligencer*, No. VIII.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter,
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)

Our whole accounts of public debts ?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets!
[*Aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As Popish craft ? did he not rail on't ?
Shew fire and fagot in the tail on't ?
Proving the earl a grand offender;
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon ?
M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Mar-all,* gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seized the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites, (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teazing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.—H.

Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious: *
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste you know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain,

* King William III.—H.

While Punch is hid behind the scene:
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause.
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shews
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mixed with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviled all people in his jargon,
And sold the King of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he's teazed,
How well are the spectators pleased!
Who in the motion * have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;

* Old word for a puppet-show.

Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
  Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in:
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound:
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
  But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.
  T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.

But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, reform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' souls to death,[1]
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
  But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, "a plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
  Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town:
Or blest with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!

Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destined at thy chops;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied;
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. ——)
I have a coat at home, that you may try:
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;

Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke,
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot-meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;

One shews how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanack 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G—d d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

—o—

TIM AND THE FABLES.

My meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world;
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.

"By ——," says Tim, and let a f—t,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say they ought to starve."

—o—

TOM AND DICK.*

Tom† and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at farting.

---

* This satire is a parody on a song then fashionable.
† Sir Thomas Prendergast.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
  But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
  But Dick was from an oven.*

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
  But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
  And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
  And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
  And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
  Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
  But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
  Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
  The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
  His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
  His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
  And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
  But Tom had better learning.

---

* Tighe's ancestor was a contractor for furnishing the Parliament forces with bread during the civil wars.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

—o—

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issuing wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz in show,
Like a fresh t—d just drop on snow.

—o—

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.*

FOULEST brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.

* This is a parody on the tenth poem of Cowley's "Mistress," entitled, "Clad all in White."

Fresh from the mud, a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou should'st take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries "Dust to carry out!"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules;
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the Pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the House of Peers;
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.*

* Tighe, it is said, used to beat his wife. There are allusions to his matrimonial discipline, in Swift's Journal to Stella.

Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antichamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.*

---

* Farquhar, who inscribed his play of the "Inconstant" to Richard Tighe, has painted him in very different colours from those of the Dean's satirical pencil. Yet there may be discerned, even in that dedication, the outlines of a light mercurial character, capable of being represented as a coxcomb or fine gentleman, as should suit the purpose of the writer who was disposed to immortalize him.

"SIR,—Dedications are the only fashions in the world that are more disliked for being universal; and the reason is, that they very seldom fit the persons they were made for; but I hope to avoid the common obloquy in this address, by laying aside the poet in everything but the dramatic decorum in suiting my character to the person.

"From the part of Mirabel in this play, and another character in one of my former, people are willing to compliment my performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman. My genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of description; and my veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since, in all these happy accomplishments, you come so near to my darling character, abating his inconstancy.

"What an unspeakable blessing is youth and fortune, when a happy understanding comes in, to moderate the desires of the first, and to refine upon all the advantages of the latter; when a gentleman is master of all pleasures, but a slave to none; who has travelled, not for the curiosity of the sight, but for the improvement of the mind's eye; and who returns full of everything but himself. An author might say a great deal more, but a friend, Sir, nay, an enemy, must allow you this.

"I shall here, Sir, meet with two obstacles, your modesty and your sense; the first as a censor upon the subject, the second as a critic upon the style; but I am obstinate in my purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the world on my side; nay, I have your very self against you, for, by declining to hear

TRAULUS. PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.* 1730.

THE Dean in his Speech to the Corporation of Dublin, complains of the strictures passed upon him by Lord Allen. His lordship's allegations that Swift was disaffected, produced the following severe retort. See Vol. VII. pages 270—276, 284.

TOM. Say, what can Traulus† mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?

your own merit, your friends are authorized the more to proclaim it.

"Your generosity and easiness of temper, is not only obvious in your common affairs and conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling amusement, that opener and dilater of the mind, music;—from your affection to this delightful study we may deduce the pleasing harmony that is apparent in all your actions; and be assured, Sir, that a person must be of a very divine soul, who is so much in love with the entertainment of angels.

"From your encouragement of music, if there be any poetry here, it has a claim, by a right of kindred, to your favour and affection. You were pleased to honour the representation of this play with your appearance at several times, which flattered my hopes that there might be something in it which your good nature might excuse. With the honour I here intend for myself, I likewise consult the interest of my nation, by shewing a person that is so much a reputation and credit to my country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome compliment to the place of my pupilage, by informing the world that so fine a gentleman had the seeds of his education in the same University, and at the same time with, Sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

"GEORGE FARQUHAR."

* Son of Dr. Charles Leslie.

† Joshua Lord Allen.—F.

Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?
ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.
T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, sprawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nursed,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.*

* "In vain would his excusers endeavour to palliate his enormities, by imputing them to madness, because it is well known that madness only operates by inflaming and enlarging the good or evil dispositions of the mind," &c. Vindication of Lord Carteret, Vol. VII. p. 285.

T. Agreed: and yet when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangued,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—" *
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.

---

* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation.—SWIFT.

I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS. PART II.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung;
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,*
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing:
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:†

---

* The mother of Lord Allen was sister to Robert, Earl of Kildare.

† John, Lord Allen, father of Joshua, the Traulus of the satire, was son of Sir Joshua Allen, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1673, and grandson of John Allen, an architect in great esteem in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear a knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
  Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder:
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
  In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race or imps of Hell?

—o—

A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.*

ONE time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester.
The doctors all in concert join'd,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The lion in this consternation,
Sends out his royal proclamation,
To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his den,
He spoke,—My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment,
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let's judge from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest beast,
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.

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* The following poem is transcribed from the Dublin Weekly Journal, Saturday, November 17, 1730. "Many fugitive pieces by Swift and his friends occur in this paper, and, from internal evidence, one is strongly tempted to ascribe the following fables either to the Dean himself, or Sheridan or Delany, under his auspices."

And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that's ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder'd many a gallant horse;
Robb'd woods and fens, and like a glutton,
Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton;
Nay sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company.—
He had gone on, but Chancellor Fox
Stands up——What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honour'd when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,
Not fit for courage, or for battle;
And being tolerable meat,
They're good for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,
Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice,
Hunting's a princely exercise:
And those being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, sir, if this will not content ye,
We'll vote it NEMINE CONTRADICENTE.
Thus after him they all confess,
They had been rogues, some more, some less;
And yet by little slight excuses,
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could but scratch and bite,
Nay e'en the Cat, of wicked nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An Ass of stupid memory,

Confess'd, as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a church-yard full of good grass,
Finding they'd open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop'd down and eat. [ate.]
Hold, says Judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
'Twas sacrilege, and this vile ass,
Shall die for eating holy grass.

—o—

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.* 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny: †
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.—F. See Swift's Considerations on this and the bill for clerical residence. See also his remarkable letter to the Bishop of Clogher, and another to Sheridan.

† The Bishop of Ossory.

But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhorsed them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Carr, and Lord Howard,*
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;

---

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton was Archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr, Bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard, Bishop of Elphin, from 1729 to 1740.—N.

And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't)
If your stockings were off, you could shew cloven feet.
But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shewn,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your spittals!
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but, let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

—o—

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.,*
LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and played;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,

* Originally annexed to the Presbyterians' Plea of Merit.—1731.

Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
  Fondly pleased to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
  Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
  Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
  Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
  Waged the ten years' famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
  Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
  And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
  Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
  Some old king, without a name.
But O Humphry, great and free,
  While my tuneful songs are read
Old forgetful Time on thee
  Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep cut notes shall fade
  On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
  The perishing inscription;
Forgotten all the enemies,
  Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
  Lost and sunk in Stygian night;
Still thy labour and thy care,
  What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
  And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind and not untried,
  For Hibernia now doth stand,

Through the calm, or raging tide,
  Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
  He is only so that knows,
His plentiful or small estate
  Wisely to enjoy and use.
He in wealth or poverty,
  Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
  More than death abhors and flies:
Flies from death!—no, meets it brave,
  When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
  Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
  Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
  Generous Humphry, thou art he.

—o—

ON MR. PULTENEY'S* BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR ROBERT,† wearied by Will Pulteney's teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;

---

* Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esq., since Earl of Bath.—F.

† Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Garter, chief Minister of State, who resigned all his employments, December 4, 1741, and, on the 19th of February following, was created Earl of Orford. His lordship died the 18th of March 1745–6, in the 70th year of his age.—F.

Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
  Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.
  A hare had long escaped pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when.)
Out bounced the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
  Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.

Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.*

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND. 1733.

An inundation, says the fable,
Overflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and sacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to shew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."

* This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.—H.

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we, the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,*
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth;
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton† his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.

---

* This provocation occasioned Bettesworth's personal attack upon the Dean, mentioned at length in the Life of the Author, and commemorated in the poems which follow.

† Henry Singleton, Esq., then prime sergeant, afterwards lord-chief-justice of the common pleas, which he resigned, and was some time after made master of the rolls.—F.

But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
  As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
  Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

—o—

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

By WILLIAM DUNKIN.

Well! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:—

Lampoon'd did I call it ?—No—what was it then ?
What was it ?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen :
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile ;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious :
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one ;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one :
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal :
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas ;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby ?*
A man is no more who has once lost his breath ;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king, or the peasant ;
Re-act our old deeds, and make what's past present :
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero ;
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.

---

* Ambrose Philips.

The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so; so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

—•—

AN EPIGRAM.

INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE.

Now first published from a copy in the Dean's hand-writing, in possession of J. Connill, Esq.

In your indignation what mercy appears,
While Jonathan's threaten'd with loss of his ears;
For who would not think it a much better choice,
By your knife to be mangled than rack'd with your voice.
If truly you [would] be revenged on the parson,
Command his attendance while you act your farce on;
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,
Bid *Povey** secure him while you are haranguing.
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense.

* Povey was sergeant-at-arms to the House of Commons.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of "Derry Down."

GRUB STREET JOURNAL, No. 189, August 9, 1734.—"In December last, Mr. Bettesworth of the city of Dublin, serjeant-at-law, and member of parliament, openly swore, before many hundreds of people, that, upon the first opportunity, by the help of ruffians, he would murder or maim the Dean of St. Patrick's, (Dr. Swift.) Upon which thirty-one of the principal inhabitants of that liberty signed a paper to this effect: 'That, out of their great love and respect to the Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, they would endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against a certain man and all his ruffians and murderers.' With which paper they, in the name of themselves and all the inhabitants of the city, attended the Dean on January 8, who being extremely ill in bed of a giddiness and deafness, and not able to receive them, immediately dictated a very grateful answer. The occasion of a certain man's declaration of his villainous design against the Dean, was a frivolous unproved suspicion that he had written some lines in verse reflecting upon him."

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's,* St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

---

* Kevan Bayl was a cant expression for the mob of this district of Dublin.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse!
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd jestures, been prating some years,
What honester folk never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates;
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less;
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master, (I need not him name,)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounced, and he swore how he swore.*
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;

* See the Dean's letter to the Duke of Dorset, in which he gives an account of his interview with Bettesworth, about which he alleges the sergeant had spread abroad five hundred falsehoods.

We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

—o—

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL,* AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR DICK, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

—o—

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.†

YE paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who, for a dinner, sell a vote;

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton, a particular friend of the Dean.
† In the Dublin Edition, 1729.

Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses!*
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * *
* * * *

ON NOISY TOM.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I., SAT. VI.,* PARAPHRASED. 1733.

If Noisy Tom† should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, farther, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of him‡ who shamed our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though, by the female side,§ you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of the king:
What was thy grandsire,‖ but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:

---

* Qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare, et quærere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysî filius, audes
Dejicere é saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?
HOR. I. Sat. vi. 34—39.

† Sir Thomas Prendergast.—F.

‡ The father of Sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.—F.

§ Cadogan's family.—F.

‖ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.—F.

Whose master Moore* preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
Thy founder's grandson,† and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?‡
Then vote a worthy citizen to jail, §
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail;"‖

---

* The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq., who procured him a pardon.—F.

† Guy Moore was fairly elected member of Parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the House against him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.—F.

‡ "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat." —F.

§ Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. Sergeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish Parliament, having made a complaint to the House of Commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not discovering the author.—F.

‖ Among the poems, &c., preserved by Mr. Smith are the following verses on the same subject and person with these in the text. The Dean, as appears by the endorsement, ascribed them to Dunkin.

A full and true Vindication of Sir Thom. P—— from the many scandalous Libels lately written against him, with the Resolution of the House; by a Member of the House of Commons.

——————— Nos
Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges.
Juv.

Ye dealers in doggrel, and friends to the Dean,
Who dare the transactions of senates arraign,
And give to our men of distinction no quarter,
From the knight of the post to the knight of the garter.

How false are your libels! How weak is your spite,
To rail at Sir Thomas, that worshipful wight,
Sir Thomas of peerless, Sir Thomas the true-son,
That bulwark and prop of the grand revolution!
You call him the spawn of a traitor and felon,
A vermin raised up from the dung, like a melon,
You swear, that his father had no more religion
Than the ass of old Balaam, or Mahomet's pigeon,
That so he escaped but the rope, and got prog,
Whoe'er was the miller, he would be his dog;
And what he perform'd for our glorious defender,
He would do as well for a Popish Pretender.
This stupid old maxim, in short, you would add,
"The treason was good, but the traitor was bad."
Which plainly discovers the cause of your hate,
And proves you all traitors and foes to the state.
The treason you fairly allow to be good;
(I hope information is here understood,)
But then the informer (for traitor's a term
Of double construction) was bad, you affirm:
If so, your false logic we quickly detect,
"The cause being nobler than any effect;
Nor was he a traitor who brought to their end,
Such rebels as Fenwick, and Perkin, and Friend.
If he was a traitor, it must be a mystery;
It never could be—see Burnet's own History:
'Twas loyalty made him discover the Plot,
Not the neck that he saved, nor the fortune he got.
You give out in speeches, and fain would enlarge on't,
He was an old Jacobite, vagabond serjeant,
Or corporal rather—but Sarum has told
For certain, that he was an officer bold;
And we, from the orthodox prelate deceased,
Judge, he was a major, or captain at least.
Our knight by the dam's side, you trace but of blood low,
And call him the descendant of king-killing Ludlow;
And what must become, at this rate, of all true hearts,
Who bravely brought under the pride of the Stuarts?
Our dear brother Protestants, on whom they droll,
(I mean the disciples of goodly St. Noll,)
With very good reason may tell their debentures,
And go to America for new adventures;
To avoid cursed tithes, remove all their chattles,
And leave us in God's name to fight our own battles.
You trump up his grandsire, and gladly would dwell

On something that happen'd some time at Clonmell;
You write with ill nature, that he, among rogues
Convicted, had like to have died in his brogues.
That he was a worthy, I grant you indeed,
Whose gallant achievements on record we read:
Some make him a Briton, and some a Milesian,
But I would derive him from Ajax the Grecian;
Great Ajax, who caused many widows to weep,
And gave in his anger no quarter to sheep!
Or Jason, that travelling captain of Greece,
So cried up by poets for bearing the fleece;
But Jason, however renown'd for his plunder,
With humble submission to him must knock under;
That captain one fleece in his life only bore,
Our hero in one night would have beat off a score;
Not such as the Argonaut's was, we are told,
And yet he converted them all into gold,
For which the king granted him out of his bounty,
Pro tempore use of his house in the county;
Whence he, like a Roman, in duty strict tied,
For the good—but for Moore—for his country had died;
Which great disappointment and high provocation,
Was revenged by Sir Thom in the third generation;
For all through his doings, and not without cost,
His grandson a seat in the senate has lost.
Some people allege, that Sir Thom, in his sad age,
Thus acted, that he might fulfil an old adage,
And some say the knight's good instruction was double,
To serve his dear country, and save him some trouble.
You style him a blockhead, among other slanders,
But I, to confute you, appeal to bystanders,
With what oratorial grace and energy,
He honour'd his father, and humbled the clergy;
How grand was his aspect, his action how just,
Before the assembly of wise-heads august!
The words of sage Hector, or else Homer lies,
Descended as soft as the snow from the skies;
The words of Sir Thomas, though pompous and big,
Descended as soft as the snow from his wig.
You add, that Dick Bettesworth and he of one feather
Would ruin the church and the clergy together;
Which shews that your doctrine can ne'er stand the test,
And proves it all Heathenish, or Popish at best;
The church and the clergy are things as remote,
As courtier and patriot, or gown and laced coat.

Religion he wishes may daily increase,
But thinks her at present so much out of case,
That as for her pastors he fairly would quarter 'em,
Since *Semen* * *ecclesiæ sanguis est martyrûm.*
Or grant them united, his project will hold,
And still the church flourish, though never so old,
While from her own members her nature she draws,
As bears in Westphalia by sucking their paws.
But, lastly, to sum up your long accusation,
He votes for the drovers that eat up the nation;
They eat up the nation! (that scandal sarcastic
Was broach'd by some covetous, proud ecclesiastic;)
They eat up the nation who float it with milk,
And bring us in brandy, tea, claret, and silk;
The drovers are honest men to all intents,
Their votes they bestow us, and pay us our rents.
Sir Thomas loves mutton and beef in their prime,
And hopes to see nothing but stock here in time;
The drovers he stands for, and tells you, moreover,
That old father Abraham was but a drover:
But as for your rectors, and bishops, their masters,
Those mere allegorical, nominal pastors,
He wishes their drivers to heaven would speed 'em,
And deems them a burthen to true British freedom.
Then who would endeavour to render notorious
A knight so undaunted, a patriot so glorious?
Who, sir, but the vilest of scribblers, or rather
That dreadful Drawcansir, who libell'd his father?
But tremble, ye wretches, for know the next session
Each sinner shall pay for his present transgression.
To work when the serjeant and I set our engines,
Such sage resolutions shall pass with a vengeance,
That you and the clergy shall all be as mute
As fishes, and dumb as a church-mouse to boot.
The press shall be bound to such narrow restriction,
A capital letter shall pass for conviction.
If in a whole poem, without rhyme or reason,
One ——— but appear, then it shall be high treason.
No hawker or hawkers shall open their throats
In crying of paper, but journals and votes.
No poet or author shall dare to be witty,
Unless he be licensed first by a committee;

* The seed of the church is the blood of her martyrs.

And if any person should ever think fit
To rail at his morals, or carp at his wit,
All members shall hear him, however absurd,
And no man speak in his favour a word.
However, for ends or amusement, some folks
Caress him in private, and smile at his jokes,
Each senator circumspect there shall, before him,
Condemn him with silence, and seem not to know him.
Shake hands with Sir Thomas, shew how he can plod well,
With a sneer, and a shrug, and a wag of the noddle.
All true loyal members shall vote for a tax,
And parsons submit to a modus in flax,
But no saucy rector or prelate shall sue
For herbage hereafter, in courts as their due,
Unless peradventure they should be inclined
To take it like Nebuchadnezzar in kind.
That error in state which so long hath prevail'd,
The test sacramental shall then be repeal'd;
Thus we with our brethren shall strengthen the union,
By sharing *all places* without a communion.
No merchant or tradesman shall then demand payment,
From member whatever, for meat, drink, or raiment,
Or sue him at law for't, (a trespass not venial,)
Or murmur, though hector'd and kick'd by his menial.
These wise resolutions to keep man in awe,
Maturely consider'd, shall pass into law:
Whoever gainsays them, shall then be forthwith,
Like Faulkner and Waters,* committed to Smith.†

---

* Two printers, who were sent to Newgate by the Irish House of Commons, for printing a very innocent paper on quadrille.

† Tom Smith, the keeper of Newgate, a most cruel, barbarous, inhuman, mercenary wretch.

On the back of this paper these.—A Vindication of S. T. P. sent me by an unknown hand, May 1736. By Dunkin, I am sure.

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

1734–5.

MAKE Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew:
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?

For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so Gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who shew'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refused *episcopari.*
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin * chaste, and witty Crosse,†
How sorely I lament your loss!

* Richard Baldwin, Provost of Trinity College in 1717. He left behind him many natural children.

† Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin, in 1722; before which time he had been chaplain to the Smyrna Company. See the Epistolary Correspondence, May 26, 1720.

That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

—o—

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

—o—

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB. 1736.

THIS poem was the last of any importance that the Dean ever composed. While engaged in retouching it, one of his fits of giddiness and deafness returned with such intense violence, that he never recovered from the consequences. The occasion of the satire is thus stated by my learned friend Mr. Berwick: "In the year 1733, a petition was presented to the House of Commons by Dr. Swift, Dr. Archibald Stewart, John Grattan, Daniel Jackson, &c., in behalf of the clergy of Ireland, to be heard by counsel, on a clause in the heads of a bill to encourage the linen manufacture, &c. See some reasons against the bill for settling

the tithe of hemp, &c., by a modus, vol. VIII. p. 322. In the following year, 1734, an almost general resistance was made to the payment of the tithe of pasturage, called the tithe of agistment; at which period a most violent spirit prevailed, not among the peasantry, but the Protestant landlords, to attack the income of the church. Unfortunately, however, for the clergy at that time, the persons principally, if not solely affected by this species of tithe, were the best able to bear it, namely, the great graziers and Protestant proprietors of land, who, as they possessed considerable influence, directly or indirectly, in the House of Commons, brought the question before themselves, as we may say, in that interested tribunal, on two different occasions; and, by raising false alarms, (one of which was, that the Protestant interest would be impaired by it,) eventually succeeded in deterring the clergy from making, and the courts of law from entertaining, any demands for the tithe of pasturage, though the act of Henry VIII. for enforcing it was as clear and plain as that for corn and hay; and till the Union in 1800, no legal legislative act was passed for its abolition. 'The conduct of the landholders,' says a spirited, well-informed writer, 'was then as reprehensible as that of the White-Boys at a subsequent period; and it was that unjustifiable conduct which called forth Swift's indignation against the aiders and abettors of it, in the following poem.'"

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.*

---

* On a scrap of paper, containing the memorials respecting the Dean's family, there occur the following lines, apparently the rough draught of the passage in the next.

"Making good that proverb odd,
Near the church and far from God,
Against the church direct is placed,
Like it both in head and waist."

Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd.
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,

With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir Tom,* that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.

---

* Sir Thomas Prendergast. See the verses on Noisy Tom, p. 427.

Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul:*
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,†
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,‡
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,§
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick ‖
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What! said I, is this the mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,¶
Shews a bribe in all his hands;

---

* Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui.—*Virg. Æn.* VI. 264.

† Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus et ultrices, &c.—*Ibid.* 273.

‡ ——— Discordia demens,
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.—*Ibid.* 281.

§ Corripit hic, subita trepidus, &c.
——— Strictamque aciem venientibus offert.—*Ibid.* 290.

‖ Et ni docta comes tenues sine corpore, &c.—*Ibid.* 291.

¶ Et centumgeminus Briareus.—*Ibid.* 287.

Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.*
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian streams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop.
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.

* The Right Honourable Walter Carey. He was secretary to the Duke of Dorset when lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Duke of Dorset came to Ireland in 1731. In 1737 he was succeeded by the Duke of Devonshire. In Boulter's Letters there is one addressed to him from that primate.

Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.*
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.†
Keeper, shew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,‡
Old acquaintance, are you there?

---

* John Waller, Esq., member for the borough of Dongaile. He was grandson to Sir Hardress Waller, one of the regicide judges, and who concurred with them in passing sentence on Charles I. This Sir Hardress married the daughter and co-heir of John Dowdal of Limerick, in Ireland, by which alliance he became so connected with the country, that, after the rebellion was over, the family made it their residence.

† Rev. Roger Throp, whose death was said to have been occasioned by the persecution which he suffered from Waller. His case was published by his brother, and never answered, containing such a scene of petty vexatious persecutions as is almost incredible; the cause being the refusal of Mr. Throp to compound, for a compensation totally inadequate, some of the rights of his living which affected Waller's estate. In 1739, a petition was presented to the House of Commons by his brother Robert Throp, gentleman, complaining of this persecution, and applying to parliament for redress, relative to the number of attachments granted by the King's Bench, in favour of his deceased brother, and which could not be executed against the said Waller, on account of the privilege of Parliament, &c. But this petition was rejected by the House, *nem. con.* The Dean seems to have employed his pen against Waller. See a letter from Mrs. Whiteway.

‡ Richard Tighe, and Richard Bettesworth, Esquires, both sufficiently commemorated elsewhere. Bettesworth is termed the *player*, from his pompous enunciation. The epithet, Fitzbaker, alludes to Tighe's descent from a contractor who supplied Cromwell's army with bread. He is elsewhere called Pistorides.

Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and sink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,*
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,†
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave and search his trunks,
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in this vocation.
For the court against the nation.
Those are Allens Jack and Bob,‡
First in every wicked job,

---

* "Right Honourable Owen Wynne, county of Sligo.—Owen Wynne, Esq., borough of Sligo.—John Wynne, Esq., borough of Castlebar."

† "Sir John Bingham, Bart., county of Mayo.—His brother, Henry Bingham, sat in parliament for some time for Castlebar."

‡ John Allen represented the borough of Carysfort; Robert Allen the county of Wicklow. The former was son, and the latter brother to Joshua, the second Viscount Allen, hated and satirized by Swift, under the name of Traulus. The ancestor of the Allens, as has been elsewhere noticed, was an architect in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and was employed as such by many of the nobility, particularly Lord Howth. He settled in Ireland, and was afterwards consulted by Lord Stafford in some of his architectural plans.

Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sit Clements, Dilks, and Harrison;*
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and Dilks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us! Morgan,† art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.

---

* There were then two Clements in Parliament, brothers, Nathaniel and Henry. The former was grandfather to the present Lord Leitrim, whose character as a patriot, a gentleman, and a scholar, ranks high in his native country.—Michael Obrien Dilks represented the borough of Castlemartye. He was barrack-master-general; William Harrison represented the borough of Bannow.

† Doctor Marcus Antony Morgan, sometimes mentioned in a friendly manner in Swift's correspondence about this period, represented the borough of Athy. He seems to have been bred to the church, yet was chairman to that committee to whom was referred the petition of the farmers, graziers, &c., against tithe agistment. On this petition the House reported, and agreed that it deserved the strongest support. At the same time, a motion was made and carried, that commencing suits on the above subject must impair the Protestant interest.

Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth! *
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
From their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.

---

* See Hogarth's Works, 4to., Vol. I. p. 93.

Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can shew two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!" *

—o—

ON A PRINTER'S† BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;

* Whilst Swift was writing these satires on the Irish Parliament, he was seized with one of those fits, the effect of which was so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and, after that period, very rarely attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one or two sittings to finish. One of these was "The Beasts' Confession." From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he foresaw was his lot, when he must become, as he said, a perfect slabberer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred.—D. S.

† Mr. Faulkner, for printing the Proposal for the better Regulation of Quadrille. See Vol. VII. p. 364.

Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

—o—

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR, A NEW BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley * set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;

---

* See the next poem.—F.

Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and
brush,
He gallantly ventured his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great
news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's * full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a
drubbing;
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?†

---

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office.—F.

† The proposal for regulation of quadrille. See Vol. VII. p. 364.

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

> But he by bawling news about,
> And aptly using brush and clout,
> A justice of the peace became,
> To punish rogues who do the same. HUDIB.

I SING the man of courage tried,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind, and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;

So with a colonel * at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharged with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
So, Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to shew his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
And so the Ephesian villain fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

---

* Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer.—F.

AY AND NO. A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

WRITTEN IN 1737.

IN 1737, the gold coin had sunk in current value to the amount of 6d. in each guinea, which made it the interest of the Irish dealers to send over their balances in silver. To bring the value of the precious metals nearer to a par, the Primate, Boulter, who was chiefly trusted by the British government in the administration of Ireland, published a proclamation reducing the value of the gold coin threepence in each guinea. This scheme was keenly opposed by Swift; and such was the clamour excited against the archbishop, that his house was obliged to be guarded by soldiers. The two following poems relate to this controversy, which was, for the time it lasted, nearly as warm as that about Wood's halfpence. The first is said to be the paraphrase of a conversation which actually passed between Swift and the archbishop. The latter charged the Dean with inflaming the mob, "I inflame them?" retorted Swift, "were I to lift but a finger, they would tear you to pieces."

AT Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "The cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.

Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

—o—

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN by Dean Swift, on the bringing down of the gold coin, and which produced, it is said, a powerful effect upon the public mind. It has never been printed in his works, and was taken down from recitation by my friend Mr. Hartstonge.

I.

PATRICK astore,* what news upon the town?
By my soul there's bad news, for the gold she was pull'd down,
The gold she was pull'd down, of that I'm very sure.
For I saw'd them reading upon the towlsel† *doore.*
Sing, och, och, hoh, hoh.‡

* Astore, means my dear, my heart.

† The Tholsel, where criminals for the city were tried, and where proclamations, &c., were posted. It was invariably called the Touls'el by the lower class.

‡ It would appear that the chorus here introduced, was intended to chime with the howl, the *ululatus*, or funeral cry, of the Irish.

II.

Arrah! who was him reading? 'twas a *jauntleman* in ruffles,
And Patrick's bell she was ringing all in muffles;
She was ringing very sorry, her tongue tied up with rag,
Lorsha! and out of her shteeple there was hung a black flag.*

Sing, och, &c.

III.

Patrick astore, who was him made this law?
Some they do say, 'twas the big man of straw;†
But others they do say, that it was Jug-Joulter,‡
The devil he may take her into hell and *Boult-her!*

Sing, och, &c.

IV.

Musha! Why Parliament wouldn't you maul,
Those *carters*, and paviours, and footmen, and all;§
Those rascally paviours who did us undermine,
‖ Och ma ceade millia mollighart on the feeders of swine!

Sing, och, &c.

---

* Swift, it is said, caused a muffled peal to be rung from the steeple of St. Patrick's, on the day of the proclamation, and a black flag to be displayed from its battlements.

† The big man of straw, means the Duke of Dorset, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; he had only the name of authority, the essential power being vested in the primate.

‡ Jug-Joulter means Primate *Boulter*, whose name is played upon in the succeeding line. In consequence of the public dissatisfaction expressed at the lowering the gold coin, the primate became very unpopular.

§ "Footmen" alludes to a supporter of the measure, said to have been the son or grandson of a servant.

‖ Means "*my hundred thousand hearty curses* on the feeders of swine."

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL.

So the following very remarkable verses are entitled, in a copy which exists in the Dean's hand-writing, and is now before the Editor. It bears the following characteristic memorandum on the back: "A traiterous libel, writ several years ago. It is inconsistent with itself. Copied September 9, 1735. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him." And at the bottom of the paper is subjoined this postscript. "I copied out this wicked paper many years ago, in hopes to discover the traitor of an author, that I might inform against him." For the foundation of the scandals current during the reign of George I. to which the lines allude, see Walpole's Reminiscences, chapter II. and vol. I. of this work.

WHILE the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,
Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than, now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son; say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right Prince of Wales,
To succeed, when, (God bless him,) his majesty fails;
Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two Protestant *parallel* lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,
Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.

But, alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be mastered;
For, take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

—o—

EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY,

BY SWIFT AND OTHERS.

CHARLES CARTHY, a schoolmaster in the city of Dublin, was publisher of a translation of Horace, in which the Latin was printed on the one side, and the English on the other, whence he acquired the name of Mezentius, alluding to the practice of that tyrant, who chained the dead to the living. Carthy was almost continually involved in satirical skirmishes with Dunkin, for whom Swift had a particular friendship, and there is no doubt that the Dean himself engaged in the warfare. The following epigrams were selected by Dr. Barrett from two scarce pamphlets in the Trinity College Library. One is entitled, "Mezentius. 1734." (Marked R. R. 19. 60.) The other, "Florilegium Carthianum," in the same year. They are probably the productions of Swift, Dunkin, Sican, &c.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

Containing, on one side, the original Latin, on the other, his own version.

THIS I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS.

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus braced,
For here we see the man and there the beast.

ON THE SAME.

Once Horace fancied from a man,
He was transform'd to a swan;
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

ON THE SAME.

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;
Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longæva senectus,
Te vero extinxit, Carole, prima dies.

IMITATED.

So blush'd Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom'd the goddess in a mortal's arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish'd on its natal day.

AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM.

Lectores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Mævius omnes:
Sic triviis veneranda diu, Jovis inclyta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

IMITATED.

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command.
But who can bear the death's head in his hand?

AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME.

While with the fustian of thy book,
The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look,
As pitiful as Tom M'Lobe.*
Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount,
And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumble once into the fount,
He'll make it muddy as a bog.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS.

High as Longinus to the stars ascends,
So deeply Carthy to the centre tends.

RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA.

Æthereas quantum Longinus surgit in auras,
Carthius en tantum ad Tartara tendit iter.

ON THE SAME.

What Midas touch'd became true gold, but then,
Gold becomes lead touch'd lightly by thy pen.

CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY,

For saying he could not live by the profits of Carthy's works, as they did not sell.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm,
I broke his teeth, but where's the mighty harm?

---

* A notorious Irish poetaster, whose name had become proverbial.

My work he said could ne'er afford him meat,
And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat!

TO CARTHY,

On his sending about specimens to force people to subscribe to his Longinus.

Thus vagrant beggars, to extort
By charity a mean support,
Their sores and putrid ulcers shew,
And shock our sense till we bestow.

TO CARTHY,

On his accusing Mr. Dunkin for not Publishing his book of Poems.

How different from thine is Dunkin's lot!
Thou'rt curst for publishing, and he for not.

ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS.

So witches bent on bad pursuits,
Assume the shapes of filthy brutes.

TO CARTHY.

Thy labours, Carthy, long conceal'd from light,
Piled in a garret, charm'd the author's sight,
But forced from their retirement into day,
The tender embryos half unknown decay;
Thus lamps which burn'd in tombs with silent glare,
Expire when first exposed to open air.

TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN.

[From the Gentleman's London Magazine for January.]

My lines to him you give; to speak your due,
'Tis what no man alive will say of you.
Your works are like old Jacob's speckled goats,
Known by the verse, yet better by the notes.
Pope's essays upon some for Young's may pass,
But all distinguish thy dull leaden mass;
So green in different lights may pass for blue,
But what's dyed black will take no other hue.

UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR.

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O Bard, how you proceed:—
For should you give him once the reins.
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

DR. SWIFT

WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM ON ONE DELACOURT'S COMPLIMENTING CARTHY ON HIS POETRY.

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

Deliciæ, Sheridan, Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi;
Ast, illi causas orant: his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris

Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernas;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Et cœlum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

—o—

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

FROM the original manuscript in possession of Leonard Macnally, Esq., Barrister at Law, Dublin.

SOME ancient authors wisely write,
That he who drinks will wake at night,
Will never fail to lose his rest,
And feel a streightness in his chest;
A streightness in a double sense,
A streightness both of breath and pence:
Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
He that comes home at hour unseasonable,
(Besides a fall and broken shins,
Those smaller judgments for his sins;)
If, when he goes to bed, he meets
A teazing wife between the sheets,
'Tis six to five he'll never sleep,
But rave and toss till morning peep.
Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
Because you feel your lungs inflamed;
But if you would not get a fever,
You never must one moment leave her.

This comes of all your drunken tricks,
Your Parry's and your brace of Dicks;
Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
Too, was the time you saw that Drab lae a Pery.*
But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
And always cries he is like Cassandra;
I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
If once this company you were rid on,
Frequented honest folk, and very few,
You'd live till all your friends were weary of you.
But if rack punch you still would swallow,
I then forewarn'd you what would follow.
Are the Deanery sober hours?
Be witness for me all ye powers.
The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckon'd
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,
And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word,
The coach is come, I 'scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a-talking
How sweet a night it is for walking;
For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
I'd think a quart a-piece unreasonable:
It strikes eleven,—get out of doors.—
This is my constant farewell.

Yours,

J. S.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dine with me than with the provost.

---

* So in the manuscript.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW

IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE.

Soon after Swift's acquaintance with Dr. Sheridan, they passed some days together at the episcopal palace in the diocese of Kilmore. When Swift was gone, it was discovered that he had written the following lines on one of the windows which looks into the church-yard. In the year 1780, the late Archdeacon Caulfield wrote some lines in answer to both. The pane was taken down by Dr. Jones, Bishop of Kilmore, but it has been since restored.

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to live on earth?

Dr. Sheridan wrote underneath the following lines.

Thus spoke great Bedal* from his tomb:—
"Mortal, I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state,
To be unfortunately great;
To flatter fools, and spurn at knaves,
To shine amidst a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain,
And only rise to fall again:
No! let my dusty relics rest,
Until I rise among the blest."

---

* Bishop Bedal's tomb lies within view of the window.

THE UPSTART.

THE following lines occur in the Swiftiana, and are said by Mr. Wilson the editor, on what authority does not appear, to have been composed by Swift, in order to humble the pride of a person of this odious disposition, who chanced to reside in his parish of Laracor.

"———— The rascal! that's too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar's brat;
As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run,
Witness his lazy, lousy son!
Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense.
See with what consequence he stalks!
With what pomposity he talks!
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar!
How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall virtue hide her face.
And leave her votaries in disgrace?
—Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains—
Let purse-proud C——n next approach;
With what an air he mounts his coach!

A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave!
His heart in poison deeply dipt,
His tongue with oily accents tipt,
A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—"

* * * * *
* * * * *

—o—

ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD.

WHILE viewing this town, the Dean observed a stone bearing the city arms, with the motto, URBS INTACTA MANET. The approach to this monument was covered with filth. The Dean, on returning to the inn, wrote the Latin epigram, and added the English paraphrase, for the benefit, he said, of the ladies.

——URBS INTACTA MANET—semper intacta manebit,
Tangere crabones quis bene sanus amat?

TRANSLATION.

A THISTLE is the Scottish arms,
Which to the toucher threatens harms:
What are the arms of Waterford,
That no man touches—but a ———?

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

THE original of these verses is in the possession of Leonard Macnally, Esq. They have been, I believe, already published under another name than that of the Dean.

Atria longe patent, sed nec conantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas!
MART. lib. 12, Ep. 50.

SEE, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;*
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

* A lion tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim House; a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator.

TO THE CITIZENS.

THIS and the two following poems are taken from rare broadside copies, which were transmitted to the Editor from Dublin.

The Address to the Citizens appears, from the signature M. B., to have been written by Swift himself, and published when the prosecution was depending against Harding, the printer of the Drapier's Letters, and a reward had been proclaimed for the discovery of the author. Some of those who had sided with the Drapier in his arguments, while confined to Wood's scheme, began to be alarmed, when in the fourth letter, he entered upon the more high and dangerous matter of the nature of Ireland's connection with England. The object of these verses is, to encourage the timid to stand by their advocate in a cause which was truly their own.

AND shall the Patriot who maintain'd your cause,
From future ages only meet applause?
Shall he, who timely rose t' his country's aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray'd?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn'd for parricide.
Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,
Some hero, with superior virtue bless'd,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress'd;
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil'd of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero's heart;

Struck with the sight, your souls would swell with grief,
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief,
But, if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to—die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast,
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?
If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down your ruin,
If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence,
That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise;
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom, whilst yourselves are free.

M. B.

—o—

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY.

THIS is an address of congratulation to the Grand Jury who threw out the bill against Harding the printer. It would seem they had not been perfectly unanimous on this occasion, for two out of the twelve are marked as having dissented from their companions, although of course this difference of opinion could not, according to the legal forms of England, appear on the face of

the verdict. The dissenters seem to have been of French extraction. The ballad has every mark of being written by Swift.

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.*
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.

So Nell of the Dairy, before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.
Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no vonder dat you vere collogue,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You be but von fool after seventeen rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

---

* Whitshed or Carteret.

Some sell it for profit, 'tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson, challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland, and haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.
Which nobody can deny.

But P——r and copper L——h we'll excuse,
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
Which nobody can deny.

—o—

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, rose high in Swift's estimation by his opposition to Wood's coinage. These verses contrast the conduct of the clergy and the lay proprietors to their tenants, and are written in the style which Swift knew so well how to assume when he addressed the common people. They are taken from a broadside printed by Harding, who published the Drapier's Letters.

BY HONEST JO, ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL.

To the Tune of ———

I sing not of the Drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.
In ev'ry council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by't.
And though some think him in the wrong, yet still there comes a season
When ev'ry one turns round about, and owns his grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it swore,

Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand
pounds and more.
Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave
him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than
Woods's dross.
To beg his favour is the way new favours still to win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to
give a pin.
Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all
in money wallows,
He would not give a groat to save his father from
the gallows.
" A bishop," says the noble squire, " I hate the very
name,
To have two thousand pounds a-year—O 'tis a
burning shame!
Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! And I
to have but five!"
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to
thrive:
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece
of ground,
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the
pound.
Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me,
" Honest Jo,
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before
you go."
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the
money locks,
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor
man's box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see
his grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in
the face:

Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to
obtain ;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
" Then," said my lord, " I'm very glad to see thee,
honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope
they soon will mend,
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when
you can ;
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest
man."
Then said his lordship with a smile, " I must have
lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same
Woods's trash !"
" God bless your Grace," I then replied, " I'd see
him hanging higher,
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin
spire."
To every farmer twice a-week all round about the
Yoke,
Our parsons read the Drapier's books, and make us
honest folk.
And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way
I found,
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
" Why, sirrah," said the noble squire, " how dare
you see my face,
Your rent is due almost a week, beside the days of
grace."
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the
rack,
That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quickly
break my back.
Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make
him live as long
As did Methusalem of old, and so I end my song.

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A POEM.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo.——HOR.

[From a broadside printed by Harding.]

GREAT, GOOD, and JUST, was once applied
To one who for his country died; *
To one who lives in its defence,
We speak it in a happier sense.
O may the fates thy life prolong!
Our country then can dread no wrong:
In thy great care we place our trust,
Because thou'rt great and good, and just:
Thy breast unshaken can oppose
Our private and our public foes:
The latent wiles, and tricks of state,
Your wisdom can with ease defeat.
When power in all its pomp appears,
It falls before thy rev'rend years,
And willingly resigns its place
To something nobler in thy face
When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
Had drawn his sword for Marius' fall,
The godlike hero with a frown
Struck all his rage and malice down;

---

* The Marquis of Montrose thus commences his epitaph on Charles I.:

"Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs to thy too rigid fate."

Then how can we dread William Wood,
If by thy presence he's withstood?
Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
In vain he brings his brazen shield;
Though like the sibyl's priest he comes,
With furious din of brazen drums,
The force of thy superior voice
Shall strike him dumb, and quell their noise.

PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?——

THIS poem partly relates to Wood's halfpence, but resembles the style of Sheridan rather than of Swift. The latter would not have used such frequent elisions, or left so many bad rhymes; though some of the last may be the errors of the transcriber. It is copied from a manuscript occurring in a thick volume of broadsides and loose tracts, chiefly printed, containing several of the Dean's. In the same hand and volume I find a manuscript of the Dean's version of Horace, Book I. Ode XIV., and Mr. Hartstonge inclines to think the hand-writing of both corresponds with that of the Lanesborough MS. Hoppy, or Hopkins, here mentioned, seems to be the same rapacious master of the revels satirized in Vol. XIV. p. 143. He was secretary to the Duke of Grafton, when Lord-Lieutenant. Verses on the Puppet-Show occur in the same volume, p. 200.

FAIR ones who do all hearts command,
And gently sway with fan in hand
Your favourite—Punch a suppliant falls,
And humbly for assistance calls;

He humbly calls and begs you'll stop
The gothic rage of Vander Hop,
Wh' invades without pretence and right,
Or any law but that of might,
Our Pigmy land—and treats our kings
Like paltry idle wooden things;
Has beat our dancers out of doors,
And call'd our chastest virgins whores;
He has not left our Queen a rag on,
Has forced away our George and Dragon,
Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
To Doctor Faustus nor the devil;
E'en us he hurried with full rage,
Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
And faith our fright was very great
To see a minister of state,
Armed with power and fury come
To force us from our little home—
We fear'd, as I am sure we had reason,
An accusation of high-treason;
Till, starting up, says Banamiere,
" Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
For 'gainst the Brass we used no power,
Nor strove to save the chancellor.*
Nor did we shew the least affection
To Rochford or the Meath election;
Nor did we sing,—' Machugh he means.' "
" You villain, I'll dash out your brains,
'Tis no affair of state which brings
Me here—or business of the King's;
I'm come to sieze you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,

---

* Lord Chancellor Middleton, against whom a vote of censure passed in the House of Lords for delay of justice occasioned by his absence in England. It was instigated by Grafton, then Lord-Lieutenant, who had a violent quarrel at this time with Middleton.